

Frontier Memories III

Rev. John Dabney Shane Interviews
As taken from the
Draper Manuscripts



Including a New and Revised Edition of
Frontier Memories (2002)
As taken from the
Draper Manuscripts

Dale Payne
2008

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Frontier memories III : Rev. John Dabney Shane interviews as taken from the Draper Manuscripts (Book) :

Rev. John Dabney Shane interviews as taken from the Draper Manuscripts [Book]

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Contents

This work contains 91 interviews with frontier settlers of the Kentucky and Ohio Valley, originally recorded in the mid-19th century by Presbyterian minister John Dabney Shane. These interviews provide an oral history of the everyday life of the early pioneers in the region.

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Frontier Memories III

Rev. John Dabney Shane Interviews

As taken from the

Draper Manuscripts

John Dabney Shane, a Presbyterian minister, came to Kentucky and Indiana (West Virginia) in 1835. He was instrumental in founding the town of Lebanon, Indiana, and became a prominent figure in the Presbyterian Church in the area. In 1847 and 1852 he conducted a remarkable series of interviews with pioneer settlers that he may have used for establishing a history of the area. His wife is reported to have been instrumental in helping him to obtain information in his research project. The interviews were conducted in Kentucky and the Ohio Valley.

He would eventually dedicate more than twenty years of his life to his research project, using the oral history technique, similar to Draper manuscripts. Lyman Cushing Draper, Shane initially sought out those of an older generation to interview, writing down their reminiscences. Although Draper's focus was on the early settlements, the greatest thing about his interviews was the personal accounts of pioneer life that he was able to obtain from the old pioneers themselves. These daily details of everyday living that very often are lost to history can be found in the Shane Interviews. If the old pioneers were deceased, their children and descendants, many of whom were very young when they died, would tell their stories, giving quite an exceptionally valuable information.

The Rev. Shane was a frail man, with a very small and weak handwriting, and sometimes very difficult to read. No doubt his extensive traversing across the country-side, sometimes under less than favorable conditions, contributed greatly to his ill health. Reverend Shane was apparently held in high esteem as a faithful minister and a man of God. Yet, only a small notice of his death appears in the *Circusitl Commercial* of February 3rd, 1864, "On Sabbath evening, February 1st, at 9 o'clock Rev. J. Dabney Shane, aged 52 years. Funeral services at the residence of his son Mr. A. J. Shand, 359 Main Street, between Clark and Chezine. Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock."

After Rev. Shane's death his collection of manuscripts, for about \$2,000 had for books, notes and manuscripts. Lyman Cushing Draper purchased most of the manuscript portion at a cost of \$1,000. The remainder was sold to the Presbyterian Historical Society.

Including a New and Revised Edition of
Frontier Memories (2002)

As taken from the

Draper Manuscripts

Dale Payne

2008

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The Reverend John D. Shane Interviews can be found in Vols. 11-19 of
The Kentucky Papers, (Series CC) of the *Draper Manuscripts*.

The Lyman C. Draper Manuscripts

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Rev. John Dabney Shane 1812 – 1864

John Dabney Shane was born in Cincinnati Ohio in 1812 to Henry and Nancy (Williams) Shane; he received his education in Virginia, and returned to Ohio and Kentucky as a Presbyterian minister. From his earliest years he had a passion for collecting and hoarding everything that had any bearing upon the history of the Presbyterian Church in the Ohio River Valley. Possessing a remarkable zeal for his project, Rev. Shane declined pastoral office and set aside any intentions that he may of had for establishing a family, so that he could roam the country side in his quest to obtain as much information as he possibly could, concerning the early times in Kentucky and the Ohio Valley.

He would eventually dedicate more than twenty years of his life to his research project, using the oral history technique, similar to his contemporary, Lyman Copeland Draper. Shane intentionally sought out those of age and experience to interview, writing down their reminiscences. Although Rev. Shane had an interest in all aspects of the early settlements, the greatest thing about his interviews are the little everyday parts of pioneer life that he was able to obtain from the old pioneers in his interviews. These little details of everyday living that were left out of the history books can only be found in the Shane interviews. If the old pioneers were deceased, he interviewed their descendants, many of whom were very young when they came west, but nevertheless were able to give him extremely valuable information.

The Rev. Shane was a frail man, with a very small and close handwriting, and sometimes very difficult to read. No doubt his extensive traveling across the countryside, sometimes under less than favorable conditions, contributed greatly to his ill health. Reverend Shane was apparently held in high esteem as a faithful minister and a man of God. Yet, only a small notice of his death appeared in the Cincinnati Commercial of February 8th, 1864, "*On Sabbath evening, February 7th at 9 o'clock Rev. J. Dabney Shane, aged 52 years. Funeral services at the residence of his sister Mrs. A. J. Mulford, 359 John Street, between Clark and Chestnut, Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock*"

After Rev. Shane's death his collection was sold at auction for about \$3,000 total for books, notes and manuscripts. Lyman Copeland Draper purchased most of the manuscript portion at a cost of approximately \$300, and a portion of that was resold to the Presbyterian Historical society for \$30.

Those portions of Rev. Shane's collection that are part of the Draper Manuscripts can be found in the section called the "Kentucky Papers," or Series CC, Volumes 11-19.

Introduction

Frontier Memories III

This is the third and final edition of *Frontier Memories*. With the publication of this issue I have presented to you all of the interviews that I believe are the most important and the most interesting, especially to those who are searching for facts and information on the everyday life of the American pioneer. This book includes revised interviews from the first edition and also many interviews never before published.

In the first book I only presented those bits and pieces of the interviews that related to the out of the ordinary occurrences, or were of a particular interest to those seeking documentation of certain items for their 18th century persona, therefore a great deal of valuable and interesting information was omitted. I have went back and revised all of those interviews from the first edition of 2002 where such information was left out and have included them along with the others in this the third edition of *Frontier Memories*.

The Shane interviews contain information on the pioneers that is not available anywhere else. I believe they are the most valuable source of information to be found.

When I first began reviewing the Shane interviews in 2002 they were all very new to me and presented a definite challenge. Sometimes his handwriting was very hard to read and his abbreviations make it even more difficult. All of this, plus the poor quality of the microfilm at times, created an atmosphere where mistakes may happen. I have strived to minimize these, and I ask your forgiveness should they occur.

Once you began reading these interviews you will enter a bygone era and experience the closet thing available to a time machine. So, sit back, relax and enter the 18th century through the stories of the everyday folks who lived then.

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Memo of Conversation with Capt. Nathaniel Hart
17cc191-209

In 1777, Capt. Hart was coming out with two young men from North Carolina, who were hired for that purpose. As they were advancing through the wilderness, they saw 7 Indians sitting on a log beside one another, with their guns across their thighs, and their budgets lying on the ground beside them. As they had come too near to retreat, and a fight was inevitable, Capt. Hart told the young men to come on, here were Indians and they must fight. They then slipped up to within 60 or 80 yards of the Indians, as the Indians had their backs towards them, when Capt. Hart fired and rushed on. The Indians, seeing him coming and the others behind, caught the panic, left their budgets and fled precipitately. Their budgets contained all their things; a soup bowl made of cane splits, and so close that it would hold soup, a very pretty piece of workmanship; a piece of wire which was twisted so as to have a spring to it, and with which they drew their beards; looking glasses, &c. these all being in their budgets, were picked up and carried on to the fort, and a long time preserved.

All the bread we had when we first came to the fort at Boonesboro was made in a mortar, standing in the middle of the fort, in which the grain was beaten with a pestle, moved by a long sweep, and at opposite ends, up and down. As late as 1788 I ate bread made that way at Tom Allen's in Mercer Co.

The next improvement was a hand mill. The runners made of limestone about a foot or 18 inches across and four or five inches thick, they were made light so as to be turned by hand. The lower was fastened into a gum; upon this, the other was turned by means of a little handle. This gum took the place of the mortar, always going day and night, as this was necessary in order to supply the fort.

In the fort at Boonesboro (siege of 1778) the bullets were as thick as could be stuck, as if a large double handful had been scooped up and thrown against it.

A porthole was a small hole, enlarging as it passed from within to without, so as to give sweep to the fire. These were kept plugged. And in the time of an attack, whenever the plug was removed, sometimes many guns would fire right at the hole. They were also watched in ambush.

The communication, in time of an attack, in the night, when a gun was shot was "all's well"; and this went round till it came to where it started from, it was then kept going on round to let everyone know there was no harm done.

The powder was, at first all brought from England, and was regarded as most precious. It was afterwards kept in little gourds as priming powder, down to as late as 1784 or 85.

The women could read the character of a man with invariable certainty. If he lacked courage they seemed to be able to discover it at a glance. And if a man was found to be a coward, he stood a poor chance to get his washing, mending or anything done.

A universal rush was made to the fort gate to see; when any alarm was given.

Schools were kept in all the forts. Mr. Hart went to school in 1786 or 87 in Harrod's Tract, in sight of the station, to Malcolm Worley, who came from Botetourt, Virginia and kept a Latin school. When Mr. Hart was 15, he and his brother John Hart, went 4 ½ miles to school carrying their guns. This was in Strode's Station, in Clark, now Winchester.

At Gilbert's Creek, now Garrard County, in 1784, the first Latin school in Ky. was taught by Dr. Brooks. Mr. Speed, now in the Legislature was one of his pupils.

Jack Calloway, son of Mrs. Calloway and half-brother to Major Hoy, and Jones Hoy, a son of Maj. Hoy were school mates of Mr. Hart (at Boonesboro ?). Jack Calloway went down from Boonesboro to Hoy's Station on Friday evening with Jones Hoy, after getting there they went out into the watermelon patch and were there taken by the Indians. On Saturday, I and the Misses Calloways were out in the patch at Boonesboro when Clark rode by and put us on our guard, that two boys had been taken by the Indians yesterday from the watermelon patch at Hoy's Station.

The first honey I ever saw in this country was at Harrod's house in 1786. Harrod went probably in 1784 or 1785 to the Monongahela country and got a bee-gum, which he said he would steal for good luck. But, if they would look they might find something in its place. The gum was taken down by Harrod in a canoe. This visit made to Harrod, by Mr. Hart was in company with his teacher, Mr. Worley, and for the purpose of getting some honey.

Gov. Shelby gave a cow and a calf for a gum, and which he probably got from Harrod, and this was the first that Mr. Hart knows of.

The bees that were found in such abundance in the Indian country by Wayne's men, must have spread in that direction from Pittsburgh.

Hoys' Station was 7 miles from Boonesboro. There was no alarm at Hoy's Station.

Bryan's Station was about 5 miles northeast of Lexington, established in 1779.

Kincheloe's Station was in Nelson County. This place was attacked and destroyed by the Indians who destroyed everything in it and burnt all the houses, except for one that stood in the center. They had a potatoe(sic) hole in it, into which two women got, one of

whom, afterwards married Bill Harrison. They found a whiskey keg in the potatoe (sic) hole, which they put on the outside and then shut themselves in. The Indians came along and found the keg, which probably pleased them, they took it and went off.

Moulding's Station was established on Red River in 1780. It is a tributary of the Cumberland.

Strode's Station was in what is now Clark County, near Winchester.

John Crow's Station was in Lincoln County.

There were 6 stations in the Bear-Grass in the spring of 1780, containing 600 souls.

In the winter of 1780 was when Shelby came out.

James McAfee was left-tenant under Col. Preston at Fort Vaus, on the head of the Roanoke, the residence of old Col. John Madison, the father of President Madison. Col. Preston had discretionary power of appointing left-tenants. The McAfee's were raised on the Catawba, in Botetourt County. They stopped one day and to reflect, and they determined to steer for the 9 o'clock sun. They were an honest set of men. They were bold, hardy, enterprising men. Time of this expedition, Capt. drank with his gun in his hand. The greatest piece of precaution I ever witnessed. He could then run anyway he wished; whereas if he stood it against a tree, 3 feet from him, he might have been shot down, in the act of turning that way to get it.

1788 – In pursuit of the Indians. Not a man from McAfee's Station to the Ohio. I went in the place of Allen's brother-in-law, who came out from North Carolina in 1787 (Tom Berry). He was so scared he could not eat, and his wife and children began to cry as if the Indians were at the door. It was Berry's tour. I told him to go and saddle his mare and I would go in his place. In less than an hour after the notice I was at McAfee's Station, which was 10 miles off. It was not 15 minutes till we took to the woods and we overtook the Indians at Chaplain's Fork of the Salt River where they had stopped to load their guns. The Indians fled and scattered. We found we couldn't track the Indians with any success and we just took to the river to intercept them. We never saw them, suppose they hid when they found we had passed. The company was just ready to start when we got there. I told them I wanted something to take with me as I had no provisions. Mrs. McAfee said, "young man, (I was then 18) I have just taken seven loaves of bread out of the oven so take what you want." I went in and took one loaf under one arm and my gun under the other. As I went out I met a man who said, "stranger you seem to be pretty well supplied, supposing we join". I just handed him the bread and he put it in one end of the bag and the bacon in the other, he had bacon and no bread, I had bread and no bacon.

Returning, when we parted, Capt. Sam McAfee said, "Hart, whenever you want a wife, come to my fort and you can get one mighty easy. The girls were mighty pleased with you, you are so keen to go into the woods."

The Scotch were Tories. A settlement was in the neighborhood of the Bryans. Always loyal. A young Scotch merchant was not permitted to marry here, lest he should form new attachments, and if he did they, his employer or company would have nothing more to do with him. (They had any kind of women, negroes or not, to keep, that they could.) If an American young man got married, they would lend him money and furnish him with all the facilities of getting along, that they might reap the benefit of it. That feeling forced the negroes on us. The benefit of our trade and keeping us and them separated in interest. Date from 1765 to 1775.

Mr. Hart moved to Woodford in the spring or fall of 1787. In March of 1785, Mr. Hart's mother died. _____ had violated the chest, and was scattering the papers, this about 1783. Mother got word and she sent and got them, $\frac{1}{2}$ ream perhaps, and this book were all they got [The book was Hart's Ledger] the rest were preserved by the company in Carolina.

The Floyd papers and correspondence fell into his hands after the death of his father. A cabin was built on Mr. Hart's place by Robert McCoy in 1776. McCoy's claim was covered the year before by a military claim, of which he was ignorant. In an Ash tree, Mr. Hart got three bullets, which in counting the accumulations in the tree, reached exactly to 1776, where a blaze as a mark could be seen. In an Oak the acid would have destroyed them.

Nathaniel Hart born May 8th 1734, killed July 22, 1825.
Sarah Hart his wife born Feb. 24, 1744, died unk. 1785.
They were married on Dec. 25, 1760

Their children:

Keziah born March 18, 1762
Susannah born Feb. 18, 1764 (married Gov. Shelby)
Simpson born April 30, 1768
Nate Jr. born Sept. 30, 1770
John born Feb. 5, 1772
Mary Ann born April 7, 1775
Cumberland born July 7, 1776
China born Oct. 25, 1779
R. Green born Jan. 29, 1782.

(There were other birthdates of the Thompson family that were not included in this article).

Joseph Ficklin

16cc257-285 (This is included only in part, as most would be of little, if any interest to the reader)

I left Yorktown in 1781, when the cannon were firing, came out by Abingdon and stopped at Logan's Station in now Lincoln County and came from there to Bryan's Station. William Bryan was the founder of Bryan's Station. The Bryans rested under the imputation of being Tories, and all went back to North Carolina. One Williams, who was

in the station and was regarded as a Tory, and who did not return with the Bryans, went out from the station to hunt, as the men from the station were accustomed to do, and he never returned. It was never known what became of him, whether he went off and joined the Indians, or was killed by them, or killed himself, or how.

The Battles of Bryan's Station and of the Blue Licks that were in Bradford's Notes on Kentucky were furnished by me.

Out of the forty-four (44) families that were in Bryan's Station. I remembered 42 of them and furnished them to L. C. Draper. I took the paper that I prepared after Draper left down to Mrs. General John Payne in Scott, her maiden name was Betsy Johnson, and among these named she remembered many, and one that I didn't.

Betsy Johnson's father was Robert Johnson, who commanded at the station. He was a Virginia Capt. of Militia and had the company at Bryan's Station under his charge. At the time of the attack he was absent in Virginia, and John Craig had the command at the time of the siege. I recollect that he stood near my father's house when he talked to the British Commander Simon Girty.

Persons at Bryan's Station – I will begin at my fathers' cabin and go round, as well as I can recollect.

1. John Ficklin
2. John Williams
3. Mr. Beasley and his three sons, Charles, James and John. John Beasley shot an Indian farther than anyone on that day. He shot him over across the branch, 120 yards. They were friends of my fathers. My father had two guns and he loaned the better one to John on that day. John Beasley lost the gun at the crossing of the Blue Lick. James Beasley got killed on the hills on this side, near the Blue Lick. John Beasley was taken prisoner at the Blue Lick and was carried to Montreal, sold to the traders and from there he was brought home. Charles was taken prisoner on the Licking River, sometime afterwards. He escaped in some way and got in. I was almost gone (I recollect) when he got in. His eyes were as big as a plate. (Their eyes were all large). He had his hat in his hand with some turkey eggs he had just picked up. The turkey had been sitting on them and they were rotten. Their father was unhappy with these occurrences, he had one son killed and two taken prisoners and he went back to Virginia. John and Charles afterwards settled Manchester, on the other side and became men of wealth.
4. Frank Lay, hid in the time of the fight [No don't say that for some of his relations are living about here now]
5. Tom Bell died only here lately [swearing Tom bell, I asked ? Mr. Ficklin, replied hesitantly, "he used to swear"] Tom bell served in the late war and lived to draw a pension. He lived to be a very old man. He died in Henry County, only here lately.
6. John Craig and his son John, the oldest son, he is yet living.
7. Robert Saunders he was absent in Virginia.

8. _____ Gatewood, nephew of Robert Saunders.
9. Abijah Wood.
10. Phillip Drake, from Jersey, his little girl Hannah, I used to think was the prettiest girl I ever saw.
11. Jerry Craig, brother of John
12. Wm. (?) Williams, the one who was regarded as a Tory and was missing and they thought had gone to the Indians. He was no relation to John (No. 2) who was from Virginia. This Williams was from North Carolina. I have heard some say that it was a slander, that he was a Tory. But, he bore that character & he knew it and I don't know that he ever did anything to repel the charge.
13. Mr. Childress, a hatter.
14. Mr. Story, a schoolmaster. I learned my letters of him. A paddle with big letters on one side, and small letters on the other, and was covered over with horn made transparent and fastened on. It was called a horn book. I used one of them, letters and books were scarce and we had to take care of them.
15. Widow Stucker, her husband was killed by the Indians.
16. Widow Stucker, again her husband was killed by the Indians and her sons Jacob and David. Jacob killed an Indian during the siege and the Indian was found. I remember throwing a stone at the Indians head, when they scalped him. Jacob became famous for his sweep against the Indians. He commanded a volunteer company in 1813 in the Battle of the Thames.
17. _____ Long, I think it was Thomas Long.
18. Aaron Reynolds, he took the liberty of taking Mr. Craig's place, for he talked with the Indians. He stood on a stump close to my father's house. Craig stood on it, then got off and Reynolds got on. It was just after sundown, towards the close of the day. Girty came up in a hemp patch. The hemp was high as a man's head, nearly ripe. A tree was broken off about ten or fifteen feet above the ground and Girty stood behind that, we could hear his voice. After the next day we went to look at it. It looked as if a good many, perhaps, ten or fifteen had been there.
19. John Adkinson, a single man, was wounded, and they led him to my father's house where he died. I remember when they were leading him to my father's house. I was astounded, he looked so pale from bleeding. He asked for a piece of watermelon and they gave it to him, and he died off directly. He was inside of the fort and was shot through a crack. In the left arm, then through the stock of his gun and then in his side. He was able to walk a hundred yards. It was the only place the Indians came near the fort.

They killed Michael Mitchell, he was a cooper, he was putting up a window at the time he was shot. He was shot just above the eye. The wife came out and said she was very thankful they had not shot him in the eye. She said she would rather they killed her cow, "Pretty." I saw her lamenting and wringing her hands. She settled with her children in Woodford County, down on Glenn's Creek. We had no Irishmen in those days and it was the amusement of the wits, to make fun of the Dutch. David, her oldest son, went down to Natchez in 1790. While he was there he took sick, "O, if he was only where the Kentucky River ran into his mother's spring branch."

20. Arnold
21. Wilcox
22. Wm. Tomlinson, two sons, Nicholas and Rd., Ambrose was a younger son.
23. Robt. Johnson, Captain who was commander of the fort, but was absent in Virginia. He was the father of Col. R.M.J. late, Vice-Pres. Was a Solomon, he counseled his sons not to take sides in the Creath & Lewis matter, he was wiser than any of his sons. His wife was a Reading woman. He was the preacher at the Crossings.
24. David Suggett, an elderly man, pious, good old man, everybody liked him, I think that maybe he was a preacher. He was the father-in-law of Robert Johnson. He was a man, I suppose of 70. I remember that I had to run from him once. A number of us boys were by his door playing and he come out and drove us off.
The Indians at the time of the siege set fire to Childress' hat shop (No. 13). It was when they rushed up, in the morning. It was on the south-west side of the fort. Several other houses (stables.) I think there were two stables there. There were some horses burnt. It was so near the fort, that the heat of the flames, baked the houses of the fort facing on the outside of that place. It was their design to set fire to the fort, and if the wind had set strong towards the fort, it would have been inevitable. The distance was not greater than across Mill Street (from Mr. Ficklin's to D. S. Sayer's house). On rushing up they went first to these houses.
The windows in the hat shop had skins made transparent and from the short distance of the fort, they could see and fired on them, which compelled the Indians to leave and they set fire to the houses. It was considered a gone case. The wind was still when they set to the fire. This old Mr. Suggett prayed and a strong easterly wind sprang up (N.E. a thing, rather unusual, but not so much in this country) and blew the flames so that they baked the ground for 20-30 feet out. It was regarded as a wonderful circumstance.
25. Thomas Ficklin
26. David Herndon, my uncle.
27. Thomas Herndon, my uncle.
28. He (Thomas Herndon) was the man I was riding with I hurt my leg in 1783. His oldest son, Josiah was old enough to be counted as one of the 44. Matthew, the second son was about my age.
29. John Suggett, son of David Suggett, John Suggett's grandson is living in Lexington now.

There were 44 in the battle, son's of the sons counted to make out the number. Some who were old enough. Lay was sick that day, as he pretended, in bed. Some thought that he was only pretending. At any rate, he was not of much account. Was a man of some property. Nancy Tomlinson, daughter of Wm. and sister of Nicholas was out running bullets that day.

The express to Lexington; Nicholas Tomlinson and Tom Bell were sent off in the morning before sunrise. When they got to Lexington they found that the men had all started to Holder's Defeat, up somewhere near McGee's Station, in Clark Co. They

followed, overtook them and brought them to Bryan's Station, but not by way of Lexington.

I recollect seeing Aaron Reynolds when he came in. He had nothing on but his shirt. He had both hands on an ear of corn he had pulled as he came through the cornfield. He had eaten nothing for 24 hrs, and he got this as he came through the cornfield at the station. We boys were out in the field shooting hemp stocks as he came. We were fond of him and glad to see him. We were anxious ourselves, shooting on that hillside and field. The hemp stalk was big near the ground, we used them like spears to throw. The fort was on sort of a ridge, there were two springs. The larger spring broke out near the creek, under the hill at the north end of the fort and a good ways off. The little spring was the one that the Indians gathered around. It ran into the little branch which runs south to north. The spring ran into the branch about 200 yards from where that branch ran into the creek, about midway of the fort. The branch makes a hollow in the hillside in which we were playing, it was up this hollow that the express was sent to Lexington. By this spring was the stump of the Elm tree, about 11 feet to the ground, behind which Jacob Stucker shot an Indian. So many had crowded there, as we saw later from the trodden down appearance, that the tree could not conceal them all, this one had crouched down as much as possible to conceal himself.

Aaron Reynolds had gotten Fields' horse, Fields had been killed. The saddle had turned under the horse and Field's foot was hanging in the stirrup. Reynolds took out his knife and cut the stirrup and soon overtook Patterson. Patterson wanted to get up, but the horse would not take both. Reynolds was a generous fellow, he moved to Tennessee. Fields was father of one, in Madison, I think.

John Bradford was from Culpepper (married in Fauquier). My father was from Spotsylvania County. John Bradford came from Fauquier to Bryan's Station in 1782. He had been to here before. He ran in 1783 as a candidate for representative of this county to the Virginia Legislature, but failed. Andrew Steel was also a candidate, but they ran him off at the election with Cohea. It was told on him that his wife came to the door and said, "*Andrew, come to your mush. The pigs have been in it and will be in it again.*" Mush was a western dish (western Virginia), knew nothing about it much in eastern Virginia. It, mush, was a Cohea dish. John Fowler was the candidate elect. They called it hominy in eastern Virginia.

(I asked about the name Lexington) When they came out here first, they supposed there was peace and settled out. There had been a treaty made with the Indian. The Todd's were among the number who had done so. They had built cabins out on the Richmond Road, just beyond the tollgate, under the impression that these treaties being made, there was now no longer any danger. Upon the appearance of danger there was a general moving into Lexington; the Todd's and others. There is a spring just below Leavy's Corner (southwest corner of Main and Mill Street) that was included in the station. The Todd's and others who had been settling about in this way, built at this place (Leavy's Corner). The Battle of Lexington was fought in April 1775, heard of it here in September and the place was so named.

**Samuel Matthews
11cc157-158**

A short sketch of the author's life and adventures from his own mouth until 1818 in the first part.

It was very common for 4 or 5 families to be settled together by some good spring. It was so here, and it was so that Kentucky was settled.

At the Sulphur Spring, about a mile from here, when Grant was going to the spring to kill some game, he looked around cautiously to see if there were any Indians around, and discovered one in the forks of a sycamore, on the east side. He came around from the west side and from behind an elm, he shot the Indian who had fallen asleep. That Sulphur Spring is about two miles from Bryant's Station.

Peyton was coming from Lexington, he got to a branch, Davis's Fork, where the road crossed leading from Bryant's Station to Grant's. While his horse was there drinking he was shot. His horse started on, but not having drank enough, he stopped at another branch about a mile off where Peyton then dropped off dead. There was another man with him.

When Bryant's Station was attacked, some man went on to Lexington to carry the news. When he had gone about a mile and a half on his way he was shot. He ran about 300 yards to the right of the road where he was found dead. The road now goes right along over that pond and within a few yards of where it was, some say he was scalped, some say not.

There were a great deal of walnut about Bryant's Station. The land that had not cane on it was grown up with white blossoms and the trees were tall ash, sugar trees, elm and hack-berry. All tall and very thick. What locust there was were very high and wind broken.

Locust, walnut, low scrub hack-berry and some elm and sometimes sugar trees and a vast quantity of buck-eyes were found where the cane grew abundant. The soil was much better where the cane was. The buck-eye outlasts the sugar tree.

Plums, haws, wild-cherry, papaws, hack-berries, grass nuts the turkeys fed on. Mistletoe grew on walnuts and elms.

There were no chestnuts north of the Kentucky River, they were all south and west of that river.

William Tyler
11cc128, 159

Mr. Tyler is a blind man, his information is brief, he is quite infirm.

I came to the west from Holland's Point on the Potomac, 15 miles from below Mt. Vernon & in the spring of 1785 I settled at Lee's Station. I cut the first grub on the 25th of April and on the 6th of June I planted 6 acres in corn. On these and my hunting I kept all my friends. I was never a day or a night without visitors, persons coming to the west, either strangers or those from my parts and I always had plenty to spare. I staid two years at Lee's Station and I think I must have killed two hundred buffaloes, some weighing more than 800 pounds. There were some 70 odd of us in the station and I killed the meat for the chief of them. I don't think a dozen others were killed.

On Sept. 29, 1786 was when the Indians attacked Lee's Station in the morning. They killed two of old Mr. Phillips boys and a yellow boy of his and they took off a Negro boy and a lad of hers that belonged to Billy Bryan, Phillip's son-in-law. These and some others had gone out very early in the morning to gather corn. At breakfast the others came in, but these that were taken went to eat melons and were either killed or taken. At this time most of the station had gone on an expedition over the river Ohio. John Vansandt, Jimmy Martin and myself were sent back to Limestone, being that far on the way ourselves, to help protect the station. Besides us, the only men that were there were old Mr. Masterson, old Mr. Simpson & old Mr. Phillips. It was the next morning after we had left that this happened.

After we had left Lee's Station and come up here they were out at that place frosting their tobacco when the Indians came again on them and killed and took several. In the spring of 1787 when I came up here I was drafted to guard one month down on McConnell's Run while they planted corn. In the fall I was out in the same way down by Lee's Town. For anything of this kind we never got a cent.

Thomas Steele
11cc215

As we came down in November of 1789 there was a treaty going on at the mouth of the Muskingum, at Fort Harmer. John Todd, James Lowrey and John Hutton where going up by where Hutton's Shoals are, as they are still known. This was about two miles above Todd's Ferry, they were in a canoe on a fishing trip. Hutton was shot by two Indians, wounding him so that he was not able to travel further through the wilderness and he was left there on the banks of the river. They were not far from the shore when they were attacked. The men, all at once jumped out, with the help of their setting poles made off up towards Harrodsburg. Hutton was not able to travel and was left in a secure place in a cave. Next day when the company returned, he was found to have been pulled out by the wolves and destroyed. The Indians had drawn the canoe ashore, some went down to the point above Indian Creek, cut through now by Curd's Road Turnpike, gone up this point,

they then broke their own guns and threw them over the cliffs, keeping the guns they had taken out of the canoe.

Thomas Butler

11cc215

I came out here in the fall of 1789 through the wilderness, there were 300 persons in our company and 100 guns.

The spring of 1789 was when the Cooks were killed in the lower part of Frankfort.

John Hutton belonged to McMurtry's Station, located somewhere between Harrodsburg and Danville. John Todd and James Hutton (James and John Hutton were brothers) were the other two that formed the party. They had been keeping a canoe at the mouth of Dick's River. It had gotten loose and had floated away. They had found it and were taking it back again. Coming to Hutton's Ripple the channel confined itself to the left hand side of the Kentucky River. They were close to a willow bar on this side, as they passed up close to where the bushes grew next to the water's edge, when some Indians that were there concealed, fired and mortally wounded John Hutton. The other two escaped to the station. The Indians overtook Hutton on the bank and killed him. He might have died anyway because of his wounds. The pursuing party found the two Indians guns at the foot of the cliff where the turnpike crossed the river. Below this point the Indians could not very well be pursued. They left no traces as they went on the rocks and in the water, so that they left no trace. It was afterwards found that the Indians always got away about this place and that they had an encampment here. From this the creek adjacent to these rocky cliffs was called Indian Creek. The place where the Indians came together was about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the river, up the creek, and right in its bed, where the two forks come together, a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from here, right astride the now turnpike.

At the mouth of Shawnee Run the Indians had a salt spring. I suppose it was a place they resorted to formerly, for the purpose of getting salt. It was camped upon when Harrodsburg was besieged. The Kentucky River was our frontier, in common with the McAfee's Station, all the way down the Kentucky River when I first came here.

Capt. George Stocton

12cc231-232

My father came and located land here as early as 1776, but did not remove until January 1787. He might have been here and built in 1786, in the spring. I was ten years old when my father came. He first came from Berkley County, to Uniontown in Frederick County. From there he removed to Morgantown. Nobody lived on this side of Washington, Mason Co. when we came to Kentucky to live.

Major George Stocton, his half brother John Fleming and William McCleary, a brother-in-law came down the Ohio from Pennsylvania in a pirogue in 1776, they hunted a sycamore at the mouth of Cabin Creek, where they hid their ammunition, intending to go on to Strode's Station, but happened into these parts and built cabins in this neighborhood in 1776 and planted corn, intending to make a settlement. McCleary was a lawyer; he never moved out here, Fleming remained here. If he went back at all it was only on a visit. Stocton had a family, returned and came out repeatedly to make surveys and cover entries. I was born while he was out here in the year 1776.

Mr. Williams and Barnes came and settled with us in the station. Our station was never attacked, but Zadock Williams was killed in the fall of '87 or '88. My brother was killed while hunting in the fall of 1789.

A portion of the land was separated from the station (Stocton's) and it was divided into parts. The residents of the station were allowed use of this land, (blank) acres, seven years for clearing it.

Zadock Williams had a field of corn and a patch of tobacco in which he had been at work in the forenoon of the day. While he was gone to dinner the Indians made a blind, and when he returned they shot him. We boys were out gathering walnuts at the time and were so near in an open space, that the Indians could scarce have helped seeing us. I saw them and saw the gunfire and immediately ran to the fort and cried Indians. A loud conch shell that was used to assemble the men to dinner was immediately blown and the gates closed the rest of that evening. The alarm amounted to a panic on both sides. The women would not let the gates be opened for the men to go out until after dark. With Major Stocton, who was the sole reliance at such an hour, being at Kenton's Station, an express, consisting of Williams, a brother of the one that was killed and Ben a trusty servant of Maj. Stockton's was permitted to go with the news & to bring Maj. Stocton to their relief.

After arriving at Kenton's, Williams went on to spread the alarm to the other stations. The Major and Ben, his servant returned. Maj. Stocton came to the fort and just before day went out to pass round and to make some discoveries and found the trail of only three Indians. Instead of being a formidable force to attack the fort, they were but a few scattered Indians that wanted to steal horses. Accordingly, at day the gates were thrown open and Williams was brought in. A tomahawk had been left lying beside him, which the Indians in their panic had forgotten to take.

French boats from Vincennes would bring coffee, sugar, tea, blankets, lead, powder &c. to Limestone to trade for furs and peltries. Beacham Rhodes and my brother were hunting with this view and at night had gone aside and camped. Two Indians had crossed their trail and found them at a lick at some distance from the trace to the Fox. They shot my brother, but Rhodes made good his escape. Their flight was through the mountains and over onto Kinney.

Basil Stout built the house Mrs. Fearis is now occupying for someone in 1797. I had Davis' house built before I was Sheriff, Stout did that work too, which was in 1798. The Courthouse was built in 1798, at first was not of brick.

Tucker, an earlier Methodist preacher than Northcutt, was killed by the Indians; coming down the river after fighting bravely.

Col. Thomas Jones

12cc232-234

I was at the taking of Cornwallis in 1781. Wintered on the Monongahela, the winter of 1779-1780. I came out to Kentucky by water, to Louisville in the spring of 1780. There were 27 family boats under one Jacob Van Meter, who had a fort on Muddy Creek on the Monongahela, that all came down together. Capt. Fleming formed one of the companies and it was with him that I came out. I returned by the wilderness in the fall. The company consisted of 100, among who were, Gov. Shelby, Col. John Todd & Col. Lyons. Commissioners set this year for the first time for the settlement of pre-emption at Harrodsburg. Col. Lyons had been to Harrodsburg as a commissioner. He afterwards came to Kentucky and made salt at the Lower Blue Licks. I came to Kentucky again to Strode's Station in November 1783, by the wilderness.

Patrick Donaldson, my father-in-law was killed at Strode's Station. Mrs. Spaugh had been out to milk, and she told her husband, Jacob Spaugh to drive the cattle away, as was customary, out of the fields into the cane. Two little girls, Polly Donaldson who was my sister-in-law and Rebecca Spaugh had slipped out to follow Mr. Spaugh to see him drive the cows away. Just at this juncture, the Indians attacked the fort and shot Spaugh. The little girls turned and ran. A little door was opened for them in the back of the fort, Polly Donaldson in the haste of running in, struck her forehead against the top and left a mark, which she carries to this day. They both however escaped; their retreat being covered by a large dog of Spaugh's that ran out to their relief. John Judy, who also at this time was out in the cane, was wounded but made his escape to the fort. After the gates were closed, Patrick Donaldson advanced with his gun to get a shot, where there was a little gate between two cabins. He was told not to go there, the Indians would kill him. As he put his head above the gate, gun in hand, to get a shot, an Indian fired and struck him in the forehead. This occurrence was in 1781. Polly Donaldson married a John Craig who was a Methodist preacher. Both are yet living at Tick-Town in Montgomery. In June 1784 Capt. Fleming's company, consisting of a party of 4 or 5 surveyors, surveyed these lands; of the party was one Samuel Strode, cousin of John Strode of Strode's Station. Another, Patrick Alison, whose brother John Alison, gave name to the creek.

In the attack on Morgan's Station they took Joe Young's wife and carried her to the towns. The object of their attack was supposed to be to take Harry Martin. In the first settlement of the place, Martin had fallen out with some sort of an Indian, who, it was supposed brought on the expedition and led the Indians. One Tamage was tomahawked

near Lee's Station. Burk's Station was the first ever settled on Locust, perhaps 2 or 3 miles from the mouth.

About the 10th of April 17_____, Blue Jacket with a party of Indians stole horses from about Strode's. There were about 20 of us about there who usually followed on such occasions. On this we crossed the Licking about the mouth of Fox and we came upon the Indians about the head of Cabin Creek, they had taken 8 or 10 horses. We discovered them by the smoke. It was a rainy time and they had set fire to an old white oak stump. We desired to surprise them but the horses betrayed our approach and they scattered and escaped, all excepting Blue Jacket, who was running up a naked hill when two of our men came up and made him prisoner. As soon as he was taken he pointed towards Maysville and called Boone! Boone! We all got our horses and some strays they had picked up, making about fifteen. We made Blue Jacket our pilot, with strict injunctions to take us direct and we proceeded that night to Maysville, where we put him under charge of Daniel Boone, who lived there for several years, for the night; we being weary and needing rest. Blue Jacket got away from us before we got home. He had been put in a new cabin, and it was thought it was quite secure. But a knife happened to be sticking in a log near him, he worked around until he got it and cut the rope with which he was bound and cleared out just about day. A young man, who afterwards came away, was at the towns at the time Blue Jacket arrived. He said Blue Jacket came naked and greatly torn and bruised by the bushes. His leggings were found by some who pursued after him. Blue Jacket called the young men together and told them never to go there any more to steal horses, for they would be sure to catch them.

I spent most of the year 1790 on the Big Sandy. A man named Vancouver got ten of us to go up with him and make a settlement on the Big Sandy. We cleared out 18 acres of ground right in the forks of the Big Sandy. In the spring of 1791 some men came to make a settlement on the Kentucky Fork of the Big Sandy, about 40 miles east of us. One Harman headed them, from Clinch. When our company heard of these men they started up in a hunting canoe, which they had kept there, going to pay them a visit. After getting about 20 miles up, as it was common for some to take the canoe and others to go on either side & perhaps with dogs, those on the land started some buffaloes. The dogs raised a bark and pursued the buffaloes. There were there at that time 16 Indians; encamped regularly for the season. Eight of these were engaged in watching the main wilderness trace & killing and plundering the travelers. The other eight carried the spoils and the booty to the towns. With these Indians a woman was detained, taken somewhere on Clinch, now about nine months ago. She had become sufficiently acquainted with their language and their ways to guess the fact of a settlement in the neighborhood and the direction above. At the noise made by the dogs the Indians told her to stay there till they should go and drive off or kill those white fellows that were troubling the buffaloes. As soon as they departed she hid, and early escaped to the station, which as she had apprehended was above. From this she was forwarded to our station by the return party in the canoe, who previously had had no knowledge of the Indians. Vancouver had been on to Philadelphia and had obtained a supply of goods. He gave her a suit of new clothes and forwarded her perhaps to the Greenbrier country, from there she succeeded in getting back to Clinch and the station was abandoned. I came up here in 1793.

George McIlvaine

12cc234

November 25, 1796, date of my title bond, which I got from Cassidy. About two weeks before I moved down, and the week I moved the Indians had been up above stealing horses.

I lived three years down by Elizaville before moving up on Locust. Grimes at the Mill below Porter and the Hedricks up towards the plains, can give you information.

Stoctor's son was killed up on Fox. He and another man were hunting up there. They were camped at night and the Indians came upon them. Stoctor was killed and his companion was wounded. They had a large dog with them that was so fierce that the Indians were kept at bay so much that the wounded man crept off and made good his escape and Stoctor, they never got to scalp. When the men came out they could hardly get up to Stoctor for the dog. This place is known as Stoctor's Lick to this day. They had gone there to kill deer.

Andrew Thompson

12cc235-236

(An old man just married to a young girl, quite certain of his statement when I read it to him, very enthusiastic)

I came down the river in a boat belonging to Silas Dexter and landed at what is now Maysville in 1783. Dexter was bringing a family and going to the south of the Kentucky, near to Dick's River, where his wife's brethren, Asabel (?) and William Davis lived. Old Col. Marshall that opened the land office came passenger with a parcel of his Negroes. When we first landed, Marshall and some others went on, the early part, about the 1st of November. But, Dexter and I were there with some other families, just below Washington about two months, which flung us into 1784. The winter at last set in so hard we had to break up. In 1783-84 at the time above mentioned a family started to come from now Maysville to Bryant's Station (one of the above families) and they lost their way and staid out 30 days, during which time the woman had a child, and it was a deep snow.

John Smith's and Garret Fernane's or Fernanner's (Shane wasn't sure of the spelling) were the first two wagons that were ever driven from Maysville to Lexington, it was before any road had been cut out.

The last of March or the first of April in 1784 I returned from the Dick's River settlement, put up at William Martin's in Lexington and the next day I set out as a hunter for the surveyors going to the mouth of the Licking. The works had been rented to Col. Marshall, below Lexington.

In 1784 the people began to scatter. Johnson made a settlement on North Elkhorn and these were the first strokes in those parts. Dexter kept the trace and was employed in helping on with the packhorses he had the people moving. Marshall had sold us land,

which Simon Kenton was to & did point out to us; four of us were concerned in Dexter's company. I was employed 7 weeks and had cleared about four acres, when the three of us who were at work, John Byles, Peter Dewitt and myself were driven off by the Indians; with the loss, only of our horses. We gave it up then, this was in June 1784. There was no Washington then. On the 8th of May 1785 I came back, having been gone to the Monongahela. I understood that the February while I was gone the settlement at Washington had been commenced. It was here I found Dexter and his family. In Feb. 1785, Arthur Fox and William Wood, having bought a 1000 acres of land of Simon Kenton, laid off Washington as I have said. They had a station; one Clark also had a station.

In 1786 I was under Logan, went out under Kenton brought 33 prisoners and 11 scalps. We crossed and re-crossed the Ohio at Maysville. McGary killed Molunthy there. I was within 25 or 30 steps at the time. Molunthy was cutting tobacco in his hand at the time he was killed. After this the Indians were very troublesome and Kenton's company was again called upon and we went to Paint Creek. Obannon, from the falls and Harding came and insisted on my going to the other side of the Ohio to make some surveys. We commenced above the mouth of the Little Miami. These were the first chains ever drawn across the Ohio.

Cassidy's & Fleming's Stations were settled the same spring and Stocton's the year before. They had a crop, some small truck. Parks and I got out bread. We went three miles to Cassidy's and chopped rails at a rate of a bushel of corn per hundred. When we had earned it in that way we went 42 miles by hunter's paths and buffalo traces to Strode's Station to get it, where Cassidy had raised it the year before.

Seven hundred acres were proposed for settlement and the nine families were each to clear fifteen acres, within two years, for which they were to have the fifteen acre lot. But two of the men were on our lot, the rest had one each.

Old Col. Thomas Marshall's two sons, Thomas and Humphrey came out in 1784 also John Crittenden.

Col. Benjamin Harrison and company went up Licking and located land just below where Riddle's was burned. They then took the buffalo traces and followed them to the Lower Blue Licks. From there they followed in their direction to the mouth of Limestone, which they marked. This was probably in 1783. They then went around, took their canoes and went on up. When they returned to Kentucky in the fall of 1783, they landed at this place. Other boats seeing them stopped there also, instead of going, as they had formerly done on down to Louisville. Lawrence Harrison and one Wilson were with Col. Marshall when he came down in the boats.

The tomahawk mark was by a party of men going from Lexington in 1783. In 1782 I understood there were only Bryant's, Lexington and Strode's Stations south of the Kentucky.

**David Strahan
12cc246**

My father came to Kentucky in 1790, staid in Bourbon for three years, one year in Nicholas and then he came up here. We lived about a mile from Stoner's Mouth, had a lease there for four years, but we staid only three. Parson McClure was the preacher there then. We helped put an addition on the meeting house, each man hauled a log. This was the summer, or it may have been the 2nd summer after we came out.

One John Cord was shot going to church at Stoner's Mouth, the summer or fall before we came. He and his wife were riding double when he was shot in the mouth. The ball went in the front and passed out, knocking out some of his jaw teeth. His wife was going to jump down from behind, but he told her not to, and laid the whip to his horse and got in.

Abraham Riddle was a Baptist preacher. His brother Stephen and himself both had Indian wives and brought them in. When they saw the white women again they let their Indian wives go. This Indian woman, if not both of their wives I saw. They were brought in while I was there.

Mrs. Riddle was made to lay across three roots, her Indian keeper threatened to thrash her if he caught her sinking into an easier position, as she tried to do and he discovered. Killed some of the children on the road.

Hinkston's son, (Capt. John Hinkston of Hinkston's Station or Riddles) was in Harmer's Campaign. A half-brother and a young man that lived with my father were in Harmer's Campaign.

The first year that we came up here the Indians stole our horses, as they had done in Bourbon. We came here in the spring; they stole them in the fall. My father's, when he moved here was the outside house to Virginia. The first horse stealers were pursued, by, I think Capt. Hunt, afterwards, Colonel Hunt. They were never overtaken. Shortly thereafter a fine fat horse came to us while at work out in the open field. This we regarded as providential and we persuaded father to take it up and to post it. We had lost ours but here was one in their place, and one in good order. It was posted as a stray, but no owner was ever found. It was a valuable animal to us for a great while, till he died. There were a great many strays through the country then. Some man's horse I heard of returned to Virginia. The man's friend wrote to him of it and he went and got it and brought it out a second time. A second time the animal made its way back to Virginia and the owner then sold it.

About two years after this first time the Indians came and got horses again. By that time, Heddricks, Crawford and McRoberts had moved out east of us towards, and about the plains. They lost horses and the Indians were pursued. They found the horses in a deep valley, hemmed in by bushes so they could not get out. They saw a man that they

took to be an Indian standing sentry on a knob. They saw no other Indians. They gathered their horses and put out for home, keeping on both day and night.

Old Robert Andrews first built the Martha Mills and named them after his wife.

When we were pushing the first settlement out here, it was then thought, that out on Fox would never be settled. Those were hilly places, but they were mistaken. We lost two horses here, that was all that we had. Not many horses in Bourbon. They pursued from there but the Indians had crossed the Ohio.

Samuel Potts Pointer

12cc247-250

I was born in Loudon County, Virginia in 1769. I was 6 years old when I came to Brownsville, lived there 16 years or thereabout. I came to Kentucky the 1st of November 1788.

There was one hewed log house at that time in Washington, Daniel Peck lived in it, but there was a heap of cabins, also, but one hewed log house in Lexington, a swearing man lived there, name forgotten. I think he rented the house. I was in Lexington at the time of Harmer's campaign. I said if I'd have gotten \$2 more, I would have gone, a fellow that stood by listening as we made our bargain, said he would take what Charles Landers was offering me to go as his substitute.

It was 13 miles from the Lower Blue Licks to the first house going towards Lexington, one Smith lived there, he kept liquor. Hunters from Lexington, that went out to hunt, put up there; they had pack horses with them to carry the wild meat on.

Masterson's Station was 15 miles to the right of Lexington. On Christmas Eve, 1788 the snow fell nearly one-half leg deep, that night we staid there. The next day the sun shined warm and in two days it was all gone.

I made my home at Cross Plains, Boone's old station. John Henry, Jno. Bledsaw, (butcher we called him) old Robert Franks (the owner of the station at that time), Rd. Chancy and Geo. Sharp (a son-in-law of old Robert Franks) a one handed man were in that neighborhood. Henry and Chancy I had known up in Pa. The station was evacuated, but these men kept arms. There was no station there anymore. Daniel Boone at this time was living at Boonesborough. My father wanted me to come and live with him & I wouldn't, I had a stepmother. My grandfather had raised me, so I came off down to Chancy's and Henry's at the Cross Plains. I went with this Henry thru Lexington to Masterson's. It was peace then about Lexington and Cross Plains. Every few week's trouble broke out about there. The Irish Station was three miles this side of Millersburg, became a station afterwards. Only this family living there as I first came. Had settled out on account of the range, cane was plenty there.

I got in one Elijah Phillip's boat coming down at Wheeling. As I came along, leaving Limestone, I had left 5 or 6 wagons at the Lower Blue Licks; I had been with them the day and also the night before. They traveled so slow, I wouldn't stay with them. I started as soon as I could see, five miles on, just as the sun got to the top of the trees I saw three guns with their muzzles pointed over a log that had been cleared out of the road, and it lay along by the roadside. I looked for Indians, but couldn't see any. I kept my eyes directed to them and passed on. When I had passed, I saw about twenty steps from that log, three Indians behind some brush eating. I saw them from their shoulders up. I passed on about 100 yards to a turn in the road, and then went on faster and faster till I got to Smith's. Smith said no hunters had been out there yet, but Indians had been about there a day or two before. Old Col. McDowell said these three Indians took me to be a spy, if I had turned back they would have shot me a t once. If I turned back they would have supposed there was danger before. Never heard more of these three Indians.

I lived at Reuben Smith's, near Boone's Station. I had known him in Pa. I worked with Eli Cleveland harvesting 10 days in 1789. He lived at the mouth of Boone's Creek, had a mill there. He had hounds to hunt, lived in a neck, called Cleveland's Neck. He had a place posted in to keep in deer. If anybody went in to shoot they would set the dogs on them. Twas said the dogs were dangerous, but they never troubled me. Cleveland was rich! rich! twas said he hadn't slept with his wife for 14 years.

Major Netherlands I knew nothing of.

There was word every few days from Cincinnati to Lexington that if anybody wanted to go up to P.M. to meet them at Limestone. Strong, a captain that lived down about Cincinnati, not at Cincinnati for there were but two families there, they were living by the river, Captains Bartlett and Benham. My business was with them. It was to get loading for one William McDaniel that lived at Washington and kept a little grocery there, two log cabins that were between the fort and the river. Harmer's troops were there then. Bartlett & Benham had gotten from the Indians; 300 bearskins, 150 dress patterns of deerskins, 150 in the hair of deerskins, besides the 6 horse loads of skins and furs. McDaniel was taking them to Philadelphia to pay a debt. McDaniel moved over by Chillicothe and General McArthur married a daughter of his. Sent word to be ready at Maysville by the 15th of March 1791. I got down to Maysville on the 11th. When I got down there Capt. Strong was there, he said he couldn't provide for anymore, (Maysville was then called the Point or Limestone) he had 53. The boat couldn't haul all that he then had with the loading. I don't know what he was loaded with. Wm. Forsythe that I had known in Pa. had gotten in the last. Strong said he would be glad to have my company, if I had had provisions I could have gone, he said he had promised to find some men but couldn't find anymore. I came out to Washington to one Benj. Roebucks to get some meat and bread for provision. I worked and I got a ham and a loaf of bread. It rained wonderfully overnight, the night of the 14th and I couldn't get down till the 15th at 2 o'clock. Jacob and Matthew Boone were then living at Limestone. Jacob Boone told me that he knew the boat was then 6 miles up the river. I never could hear of another boat to start till June. I worked for Roebuck a month on Tom Marshall's place and for John Young that lived in Washington, covering a house and kitchen that joined to it. I then

went down to Cincinnati for McDaniel and after we had gotten back a while, started up the river on the 9th of June. This was the first boat that went up after Strong's. His boat and this last boat were both keel boats.

Strong's boat only got 8 miles above the mouth of the Scioto. The boat came back down again. Twenty-six of the fifty-three were out on the bank, Twenty-three of these were killed. The other three were ahead as spies and they got back to Washington. There was then no settlement on the Ohio above Bill Brook's. It was all a wilderness at the mouth of the Scioto. That day it came back was a week to the day after the boat started. I think it was Sunday they started and it was Sunday it came back. They returned in a day, next morning, having gone down all night. The river was high and they had gone up very slow. Dick, an Irishman, was wounded in the boat, and the only one in the boat that was hurt. The bullet sunk just below his ear, think it was his left ear. It was just buried in his neck. It was thought there were three hundred Indians. They shouted and made a great noise. William Husy, John Barker and Jas. Clifford that were along had been out on Harmer's campaign. Husy shot an Indian that had jumped up and shot a white man in the river, both the Indian and white man sunk, they never got either of them. Mr. Husy jumped on an Indian and tomahawked him in the river. The boat had to go close to shore so they could touch bottom in poling. Husy shot four times after he had shot that Indian in the head, making in all five times before another man rose up in the boat, but he didn't know what execution he did after the first fire. The place was in a little narrow bottom being about 50 yds. before any raised ground appeared. The company that went up for the purpose buried the dead in three holes. I was down, I believe at Cincinnati at the time. The varmints had eaten off all the flesh, leaving nothing but the bones.

We had to pole the boat also, the one we took up in June. Passing this place we found old clothes lying there. This Mr. Husy, and I think Barker and Clifford, before named, went up with us in June also. Husy took sick at the mouth of the Little Sandy and we buried him at the mouth of the Kenawha. They wouldn't let us bury him at the Kenawha burying ground and we had to bury him on the bank, just above the high water mark. The planks were not to be had there. We just dug a hole in the sand and wrapped him in a couple of blankets and put some clapboards round him.

Old Daniel Boone lived at the mouth of the Kenawha then. Thomas Boone lived just above Limestone Creek a few hundred yards in a red house. The place became a landing. Bill Brooks lived still above him, in sight, this became a landing too. Brooks was the highest up, till the blockhouse at the Three Islands, on the Indian side. Here there were about 30 or more 6 months soldiers. They had a floating mill at the Three Islands that ground corn for them. I never heard that they were attacked there. There were no others then till Bellville, where there were also some 6 month soldiers.

Jacob Boone lived in Limestone, right at the corner, right at the mouth of the creek. He had a warehouse in which he used to load and unload boats out of the creek. The house was frame. The bank of the river broke and the house fell in. I was there when the bank had broken away more than half way. They lost the first row of houses there at Maysville. They had just left room for a wagon to pass between them and the river, but

the bank was falling in continually. From the Kenawha, Daniel Boone went to Mo. He only staid at Kenawha 2 years. One Jonathan Bryan said he was going to settle at the mouth of the Little Sandy and in a year or two he thought he and Daniel Boone would go to Missouri. This was in 1803. The blockhouse at the Three Islands was built in the spring of 1791, or the fall before. The blockhouse at the mouth of the Ohio Locust, 12 miles below Limestone, was a wonderful place for the crossing of the Indians. They were all drunk, the night I staid at the Ohio Locust, coming from Cincinnati. In May, this Matt Rogers and I went up from the boat to the blockhouse, they were playing cards and keeping up such a rippity, I went back to the boat again. Rogers staid there. Towards day they put up the sentry, and towards day two guns went off. The sentry shot an old work ox. I went to Limestone from there that night.

There were a few houses at this time 6 miles below Maysville on the Ohio called Germantown. When I got to Brownsville, I was drafted for _____, we were gone 33 days, Henry Gregg was the Captain. A family, Alexander Leggs, had been taken within one mile of the Virginia line. He and his wife and their nine children, and his wife's mother. The 10th child, his wife had the night they were taken and the Indians killed it and drove her on. Legg lived on Dunkard's Creek. Morgantown and Clarksburg were on the Monongahela, towards the head. Dunkard's Creek empties into the Monongahela where I was viz. at Worley's, ten of us stationed there. Worley's and Varney's all in sight, good deal as if one. Part of us at one, part of us at the other. Only one mess at Varney's all mustered at Worley's. Legg lived on Dunkard's Creek 1 ½ miles from Worley's and Varney's.

There were 60 of us, all together in the company, but we were the farthest out. We pursued after a delay of a week or ten days, but only to the headwaters of Wheeling. We cut Alex. Legg's grain and attended to some little things for him. I heard that he sent in a letter from Quebec the fall after he was taken, saying that he expected to be on his farm the next spring. They were all alive and well.

Samuel Treble

12cc43-44

We came from Orange County, Virginia, staid a time in Craig's Station. We then moved down and staid a year on the bend in Dick's River. The name was spelled Crag, but was called Craig, as Stroud for Strode & Crosswight for Crossthwait. There was an apprehension that the Indians would attack the station on Liberty Creek. Joe Craig laid down in a sack cloth and ashes and prayed. When he arose, he said the Lord had granted his prayer, the Indians wouldn't attack them. The Indians took an alarm and left there. This was about a year before we came. Esquire Crooks has heard a hundred anecdotes about him. In early times pack-saddles were very much used and in great demand. Joe was preaching one day and in looking up observed a fork of a tree that was before him. That said he, and pointing up to it, would make a good pack-saddle. There were two of them preachers. His brother Samuel to be a man of some good parts. Joe represented him

as coming along with a tomahawk and ineffectively hacking at the tree, but himself as coming with a broad-axe, hewing and falling all before him, and taking a broad swarth.

There was a place on Four Mile in Clarke denoted as the Big Stamp. The horses when out on the range resorted there for the brackish water. Sometimes there would be thirty or forty there in a gang. In an affray with the Indians that took place at the Big Stamp, two persons were killed and one wounded, one of the three was a white man, whether he was one wounded or if it was an Indian I cannot say. If I know the man's name at all it was Brown.

Michael Stoner was at Boonesborough at the time of the attack. In the morning the first intimation was in the killing of Skaggs. He had started out to go on a hunt and was shot. Say, some 6 or 7 ran out concluding it was some straggling Indians. Michael Stoner was one of them. He received two wounds, a flesh wound in the right hip, the ball going in and out about two inches apart, and a wound in the left arm. The ball passing between the bones. Wm. Bush ran to help him along, Stoner called to him "for God's sake," to let go of him, they were too big a mark; one was enough to shoot at, he then scuffed along on his well leg and arm into the fort. Monk fired thru the gate when the Indians pressed on and made a hole through them. Stoner had fainted from the loss of blood and exhaustion and "Mima" Boone was bathing him when he came to himself a little, He asked her what she was doing. She explained to him what had happened and how the Indians had attacked the fort. "Py my life," said he, "my gun, my gun" and that day killed several Indians while Mima ran bullets for him. Michael Stoner was married to my oldest sister.

Michael Stoner and myself went out hunting. Stoner had an idea that I couldn't shoot. We had both gotten down and shot at some game, but he got the first shot and then tantalized me, offering to shoot. We had gotten down and I was loading my gun, having shot at some turkeys. Stoner shot after me, he also missed. While I was loading, he got thru first and shot and killed the turkey before I got ready to fire, just as I was in the act of pulling the trigger, and before I could recall it. It was a rule in the woods for both to never shoot at the same time for fear of Indians. I determined then to shoot the first thing that I could that we met with. Stoner was indifferent, it was hard for him to shoot at a mark, at this I could beat him. But when shooting at game he was the best man in Kentucky. He seemed to understand the motions of living animals.

We had gotten our load on. We had three horses, loaded with as much as we could carry and still ride. I saw some three deer fawns lying off to the right. I was going along a little piece before Stoner. I jumped down and shot one, unnoticed by him. He was very much alarmed, he had turned deadly pale when I saw him, he sprang down and treed in an instant and he called to me three times to know if I was hurt. Then he found out that it was I that had shot and not that I was shot off from my horse, when he had gotten on apiece he asked me if I killed it. I said, "Yes," that I had seen the others run off, but it made 2 or 3 jumps only, tumbled and fell down in the grass. He proposed that we should go back for it. I told him "no," that all we could get was the skin; we had as much meat as we could carry and that wasn't worth going back after.

William Hays married Mima Boone, Daniel Boone's daughter. A James Davis now yet living on Lester, in Calloway Co. Missouri, married Mima Hays and William's daughter and killed his father-in-law out there in a drunken spree. Hays ran into the woods, Davis said, "ah you needn't run, all the trees in the woods can't save you." Hays treed and Davis ran close up to him and shot him.

Three of us, one turned back, left Clark at Winchester, or at least met at Nichols, a frontier cabin in the fall of 1791 and were gone 17 days, I think. We were divided into three messes. Nov. 5,6,7,8 was Stoner's mess. Burroughs's mess Nov. 9,10,11,12, and then there was a third mess. The 2nd day after we got on Big Sandy, the provisions we had taken with us gave out and we killed a big buck elk. The next day killed another fat elk. The fourth day we got pretty well up on Paint. This was a fork of Sandy where the Indians had had a large encampment and made a great many pictures on the trees with paint, giving name to the creek. Here we found two big rockhouses; Pittman had spoken of these, which should correspond with Swift's mine. The 5th day we determined to start home, we encountered a big buffalo. One of my dogs caught it by the nose, another by the hamstring and another by the tail. _____ said it was such a pretty shot, that if an angel from Heaven had told him not to, he couldn't have helped shooting, he ran up to it , put the end of his gun against it and shot it.

John Morehead was with me at Fort Pitt. He said he had been scalped and tomahawked there as a young boy and had been left for dead, but was found and recovered. There was his head, perfectly bald. No doubt they thought they had killed the child.

John McKinney – The wildcat had her kits in the end of a hollow log, the children went out and were playing around her, and this annoyed her. She thought they would interrupt her kits. McKinney went out, and just as he went to go out she met him. He crushed it to death with his arm, but while he held it, it tore his leather breeches in front all to pieces.

Stoner and Billy Bush were out hunting. They got a bear in his cave, Stoner went in with his gun and a piece of cane lighted so that he could see it, to shoot it, and when he got far enough he shot it. Bush then called him out and his dog went in and overcome the bear. Stoner then went in and pulled it out. Another time they were out, Stoner found a bear and her three cubs in the top of a hollow poplar stump. He fell a limb across from another tree and went on in with a sharp stick. He was going to punch the bear and force her to come out, so that Bush could shoot her. When he got there the bear and her three cubs stuck their heads down in the stump as much as possible out of sight. Stoner kept punching away at her and presently the old she bear came up in a great rage. Stoner called out to Bush not to shoot and he got out his tomahawk, brandishing it at her as he walked backwards on the pole and he knocked her to swinging under and he then cut off her feet and she fell.

The hunt continued, when we lay there camped that night something came up towards the fire. It stomped and then stood. Stoner's dog would put his nose against his master, or utter a low growl every time it stomped, it had learned never to bark in the woods. I got on the dark side of the tree to watch its motions. It was a deer. The next morning I went out to a treetop and have liked to have, sat down on the deer. It had been dazed by the fire and couldn't get away and had laid down there. I learned after this to always shoot first if I got a chance.

William Camper

12cc197-199

Mrs. Camper is a niece of Jos. Rogers, her father; William Rogers came out to Bryant's Station in the fall of 1783. He removed down to the Crossings in the spring of 1785, in then Fayette, now Scott, and within half a mile of McClellan's Blockhouse. Jos. Rogers came out in 1785 and they all then moved down. Barnett Rogers was killed at the Blue Lick Battle. John Rogers, all these were brothers from Culpepper County, Virginia. McConnell had been killed long before we went there. Didn't see the sign of any house there when we went. It was but only cleared away some around the spring. We used to go there sometimes to get water.

Uncles Joseph, John and Barnett came down in the fall of 1784 & were frozen up all winter. Had to let their boat into the landing by digging to keep the ice from tearing it away. The Indians came about twice a week, duly to steal horses. At Johnson's Defeat about 1787, over the Ohio, Samuel Grant, Elijah Craig's son-in-law was killed and a single brother of Elijah Craig. Grant made a will before he left, and was making his bequests of one thing and then another, when Henry Hearndon asked him what he willed to him. Grant, in a joke, replied his wife. In 1790 when I went down there Hearndon had married her. The company had met an overmatch of Indians for them at a lick, over the river.

I was with Clark in 1786, campaign was only a march by Vincennes for rations and then every man took his own course. The road was scattered full almost from Vincennes to Louisville. We saw no Indians, but 40 that were friendly at Vincennes. Clark waited ten days then sent on a Frenchman and a half-breed to let the Indians know that if they didn't come & treat that he would fall on them. They sent word they wouldn't. He fired a brass piece he had there thirteen times, one for each state, and then he took it and marched on.

I was also with Robert Todd in 1787 on the Scioto. We collected from two counties, Bourbon and Fayette, but we didn't elect our officers until we had gotten on the other side of the river. We Bourbon troops were the strongest and were afraid that if we elected, the Fayette troops might not go with us. We made their choice the second in command. There were but 180 of us. At a camp on Paint Creek we killed 7 and took 13. The 13 were taken to Maysville & then we let them loose. We were volunteers and no one wanted to be troubled with them. I inquired afterwards and found they wandered up

and down the river for two or three days and at length all disappeared. I suppose they all went to their towns.

When Logan came to the Shawnee towns they told him that 500 Indians had left there to join the Indians against Clark. Tighlman Kemper, our cousin, was with Clark in 1778. I was as far as Fort Greenville in 1794 under General Wayne.

James Stucker, my wife' brother-in-law (he married a daughter of Wm. Rogers) and his brother David Stucker and Nicholas Tomlin & my wife's brother John Rogers were all killed in Harmer's Defeat & all under Hardin.

In 1787, the same evening before Peyton was killed, John Saunder's little girl had been up to her cousin's, John Grant's little girl. When Miss Saunders went to return, Miss Grant went with her and at the $\frac{1}{2}$ way place they separated. Which ever got home first was to make a call. Miss Saunders hadn't got a 100 yards before she was met and tomahawked & scalped by the Indians. Miss Grant went home and told that she had heard her scream too soon.

I saw Peyton brought in on a sled next morning to Grant's Station. Peyton was killed on the dividing ridge between Davies Fork & Houston. Hardesty was at work on his own house and heard the guns. The sun was about an hour high. It was in the winter, like towards spring.

In 1788, the Shanks lived on Cooper's Run, now in Bourbon, in a double cabin. The girls were in one room and the men were driven out of the other by the house being set on fire by the Indians.

Jas. Kemper, my cousin, we were raised 3 miles apart in Fauquier County, Va. He first settled in Garrard. I got to Bryant's Station in October 1785. General Butler and Col. Monroe came down with us as far as Limestone, where we stopped. Then they went on down and stopped at the mouth of the Big Miami & Major Finley went on to now Jeffersonville with his command. I passed Finley's encampment in 1786 going to the Wabash towns. Butler was afterwards killed in Harmer's Defeat.

Jacob Lawson

12cc251-254

I was born November 1763 in Shrewsbury Township, Pennsylvania, 25 miles this side of Baltimore. My father lived on a place in Pa. called the Garden's of York, a very poor place. My father had purchased land on the South Branch, but the Indians were troublesome and he didn't move for a year or 2 afterwards. He wasn't one of the earliest settlers. I was small when we moved there.

The people forted up on the South Branch at Ashby's Fort on Patterson Creek, and at Parker's Fort on the South Branch. Patterson's Creek came into the south side of the N.

Branch (?). The Indians broke up Ashby's Fort on Patterson Creek. They killed a good many so that they cleared off. There was a grave containing seven persons, in one hole on my father's place, adjoining Patterson's Creek. They had all been killed in Ashby's Fort.

From where the north and south fork conjoin was called the Potomac River. At the point of junction on the Maryland side was a place called Old Town, which the Indians had settled. Parker's Fort was nine miles from the forks, up the South Branch. We lived on the South Branch, a mile below Parker's Fort. Romney was on the river, 8 miles from us. From Romney to Parker's Fort was seven miles. We lived on the South Fork before we moved to Patterson's Creek. We moved on account of the range. Our land on Patterson's Creek didn't bind on the river, the farm where the fort was, was between us and the creek. We lived four miles up Patterson's creek from the mouth. The mountains hemmed in the cattle so they couldn't get over.

Fairfax Manor, now Moorefield, was on the South Branch. The manor was the choicest spot that was on all that river, it was the largest body of pretty land.

Jas. Lawson, in Greenup, married Sophia Johnson, old Mr. Johnson's daughter, my brother William Lawson, another brother now dead.

I came in November 1789 from Hampshire, 8 miles from Romney, this was in November, and Symmes settled the Big Miami and Stites settled the Little Miami, where the city is in the spring of 1789. When I landed at Maysville one of the 1st men that I saw was Sam Blackburn. I don't know if I ever heard a man express more wickedness out of his mouth than Sam Blackburn. I had often been to his father's mill on Patterson's Creek. Blackburn was early in the campaigns; he was a wild and wicked young man. He wanted me to stay at Limestone but I wouldn't and I went on from there to the Lower Blue Licks that night. Congress granted 100 acres to all that should go there to support those two stations and to raise corn there. Jeremiah Johnson that married my half-sister and Michael Shanks concluded to go together. They staid there awhile and the Indians stole all their horses. They became afraid and came away; they never raised corn so they got no land. They went late in the spring of 1790.

As we came along that day to the Lower Blue Licks we met the Drakes with their axes on their shoulders going back to Washington to where their families were. They had raised the only cabin at Mays Lick. Nobody had lived there yet. When we got to Mays Lick there was but the one cabin raised and covered, which I supposed the Drakes had done that day, and there were logs for another, not raised, but laying there. The next spring they came and settled. Bonnel settled at Mays Lick at about the same time as the Drakes. But, his house was outside and some mischief being done by the Indians, he got afraid and moved up onto North Elkhorn. There was but one shingled roof at Maysville, the people lived in boats, knocked (not legible) & stuck up.

On the 10th of March 1790 William and I started from Bryant's Station and were gone about five weeks. As we took water at Limestone Jeremiah Johnson and Michael Shanks started on down. When we left on the 10th of March, the Drakes were at Mays Lick.

At one Crawford's, ten miles from Danville, on the falls of the Ohio road, a man drew his dirk on Judge Symmes, as he and some others were going up to Danville for court, because Judge Symmes was so friendly with the Indians. He let them have provisions, ammunition &c.

The Long Licks were upon Salt River.

Col. Lyons and one Stout, lived at the Lower Blue Licks, I put up with Stout as I first came down.

My brother William and I started from Bryant's Station on the 10th of March trapping. We went up Kinney and Tyger, and on to Big Sandy. In the woods buffalo were pretty plenty, we had four hides and some wool, as we went up, to keep the vermin from them, the hides were scaffolded (sic) up. Had gone up to Vancouver's, at the forks. There we met three canoes, two men to each. They were from the Monongahela, this was sometime in April. They told us the Indians had stolen all of Vancouver's horses and that two Indians had crossed the river just above us. I asked them if they would stay all night, but they said no, they were going home. They had furs and buffalo wool considerable. We went back to our old camp and staid there that night. We thought that if six men couldn't stay, then we couldn't go. The next morning just as I had cut down the two buffalo hides, as they fell we heard a noise, like one walking on the dry woods, in the bottom in which we lay. My brother William snatched up one of the hides & ran. We then gathered and put in the canoe and as we crossed over the river a dog barked at us. We didn't see it. It was yet before day. I was just about to cut down that scaffolding. We would have gone on that night, but it was stormy. We gathered immediately into the canoe and shot to the other side of the river. That night we got to Maysville.

As we were about to start on this trapping tour a keel was laying there at Maysville that had come back the day before. It had been defeated by the Indians at the Three Islands, so as to be compelled to drop back. I think only a horse was wounded, no persons killed that I heard of. We saw large rafting on our way tied to the banks with grapevines.

William and three of the Stulls and Blackburn were out on a trapping tour in 1780.

Fuqua, on South Fork, his father moved from Virginia to the Falls, from there to the mouth of Tyger, and from there back to Virginia, had a son.

A widow Shanks was living out on Townsend Creek, there was no fort just near, the old man Shanks was dead. In the night the Indians came and asked for admission, Who Are You?, the Indians gave a name. That wouldn't do, said they couldn't open the door for that name. It was a double cabin and they went in at the door of that other cabin. There was Michael Shanks and two daughters in that room with the mother. Another son, whose name I never heard was in the other end. The Indians went in and killed one young woman. It was supposed she must have fought some, as they lost one killed, which it was supposed that she did, and for which she was killed. The other young women they got

prisoner. The daughter called to this one that the Indians were catching at her. It was supposed that he killed the brother and the brother killed the Indian, that is the brother Michael. My brother-in-law, William Rice married Susan Shanks, the youngest, and one of the two that was in the house with her mother. The other of the two that was taken in the house was Betsy, a widow. Her husband, Gillaspie had been killed on that ground before. They pursued still and shot old Mrs. Shanks, wounding her, of which she turned aside and died. They hid that Indian in the hollow of a log. Capt. Standers was the nearest house, they got there that night.

John McClure married a Scott, and Nancy Scott married a Scott. These remained and a young McRury that was with these was killed & they were taken prisoner. Scott ran off and afterwards bought his wife at the treaty. This was after I leased a place on North Elkhorn.

In going up the Cumberland River I saw the highest and the stoutest cane I ever saw, there was none upon Tyger, Kinney or the Big Sandy.

There was a covered way to the spring at Bryant's Station. At the taking of Riddle's Station, taken were Michael Goodnight, Peter Goodnight and perhaps John Goodnight and their brothers and sisters.

We met a horse upon Kinney, he came running along with his bell on. We judged that he had wintered there. We went up to him and took his bell off and then we left him. On the Ohio below Kinney we saw a black horse, but he wouldn't let us come nigh to him.

Capt. William Burk and old John Hunt bought a large tract and then Burk built a station. He lived there and raised corn for four years uninterrupted.

David Thompson 12cc199-201

My father removed from Louisa County, Virginia to Craig's Station in the spring of 1787. Mrs. Searcy and Scott's son were killed that spring. He then moved up to Boone's creek in now Fayette County and got land of Eli Cleveland. This in the fall of 1787, or rather the summer of 1787.

The next spring, 1788 one Crossthwaite's family, living about a mile from where Winchester now is and about three miles from the Strode Station was interrupted by the Indians. Crossthwaite himself was away from home. The men were out in a clearing. The family all fled. Two or three of his sons were in the clearing; the Indians shot at them, but did not hit them. They shot the Negro woman in the clearing with two arrows and then tomahawked and scalped her. She lived a couple of days. Mrs. Crossthwaite was sick in bed, but she got up and ran with her daughter. The Indians didn't stop to rummage the house, but got the horses and put off. As they went they met one Robert Basson and killed him and his horse.

When my father landed at Limestone on May 1st 1787 had then a fort and a warehouse there. He never owned the land at (not legible) Boone's Station. He thought he did, but it belonged to one Gordon of Spotsylvania Co. Va. Old Robert Frank married (not legible) his sister and got the land and settled there. From Limestone, Boone moved up to the mouth of the Kanawha and from there came onto the Brushy Fork of Hinkston, in Bourbon Co. and from there he went to Missouri.

Instead of five, Boone told me that there was only himself and his brother-in-law Stewart and that they were out here for two years without seeing any other human being and they got 900 skins. They then went in and got 13 horses, as they came out, 17 Shawnees, that had been down on a visit, on their return fell on the horses trail and followed them to the rock-house on the Red River. There they got their horses and all their skins, and took them prisoner, and went on down to the Ohio. The 2nd night they could have gone on over, but they had 30 horses and there was no cane on that side. At night they had their two prisoners tied by a tree, their guns were standing against a large white-oak tree, while one Indian minded, the others made a fire and put away their horses and hobbled them in an open place. Boone motioned to Stewart to snatch up a gun. Stewart understood it and they jumped into the cane. The Indians pursued, but they crawled in under a log that was raised up from the ground and where the cane had grown winding over from both sides. They saw the cane shaking and heard it cracking ahead of them. They waited until the Indians were quiet, or stopped their pursuit, and then having been allowed to keep a knife apiece, they cut their tugs and went on. The Indians raised a loud laugh at letting them escape. As soon as they heard that, Boone said, they might now go. One kept his load to make a fire, the other killed a doe. They went into North Carolina after two years with nothing but their guns.

When Boone went after the girls he went on until he saw the smoke arise, he then stopped his men and he went on and he came around to where he could see Blackfish's son between the girls on a log. The fire from his gun killed Blackfish's son and that was the signal for the others, who rushed in, while the girls rushed towards them and so escaped.

Boone and his party were making salt. He went out hunting and killed a buffalo and camped, staying by it all night. It had snowed and he took the hide and made a kind of tent out of it. The next morning about ten o'clock it cleared off and he went to see if he could get some other game (to kill another buffalo). On his return he sat down to take off his leggings and his moccasins to dry. He was setting by the fire drying his leggings. The Indians came on his trail, Pompey foremost. He said they were going to take his town. Boone said they couldn't take the women through the snow, he would show them some young men they could have till next spring, when they could come and get the women, who would then be able to travel. Blackfish told him, thru Pompey, they were not going to kill them, but were going to sell them to the British. The Indians took all but these four, (1) Jackson (2) John Holley (3) Micajah Callaway (4) Daniel Boone, who was adopted to replace Blackfish's son, who he had killed and sold them at Quebec. These four were not sold and therefore brought back. Jackson never came back until 1795, after

the treaty, he was the last to come back, and had enough opportunity to do so. He was as much Indian as any of them. John Holley came out with an army under Col. Holder that was sent out to Boonesborough by the Gov. of Virginia. Holley was taken in 1786. Cofer went out in 1786 and found Holley there as much of an Indian as any of them and trying to make his retreat with the Indians. They were come on unexpectedly and Holley put what he could carry on his back and was running too at the time he was caught and brought back. He went home to Bedford and after he died his widow moved out to this country. Jesse Cofer was the (5) Nathaniel Bullock (6) and Jas. Callaway was the (7) Simon Kenton (8) ____ Hancock was (9) Mrs. French says Hancock got back before Boone by a day or two, But, the Nelson family and Ambrose Coffee & Boone told me different. Cofer, Bullock and Kenton had friends at Detroit that gave them a pocket compass and assisted them to run away. The rest had all been taken off and they didn't know to where and they didn't want to stay there. They were taken in December and this was the spring. They had to go through an Indian town at the mouth of the river Raisin; there was no other way for them to go. That night there was an ____ festival and they thought they never had so many dogs, but the Indians didn't notice them. They had guns but they were afraid to use them. They lived on raccoons that came to the swamps at night to catch frogs.

Boone went out with the Indians to make salt on the Kenawha, they were intending to attack Boonesborough. Boone was told and he escaped from them and got to Boonesborough, two days before the Indians. Pompey summoned the fort. They said Boone commanded there, Pompey gave a big laugh, said Boone was making salt, then Boone himself appeared. Boone commenced digging a well as soon as he got back, preparing to get water for the siege. They had no water in the fort.

Ambrose Coffee was in the fort at the time the fort was besieged, stood in the bast end watching the Indians and laying down so they couldn't hurt him. They shot 15 bullets thru his hunting shirt.

My father and one Shoemaker, that went on down to Nelson bought a boat together in the Red Stone country. Shoemaker carried britching off that belonged to my father. Boone just (not legible) my father britching without ever having seen him before. He was a very hospitable man. Israel Boone was killed at the Blue Lick Defeat. Boone had one other son killed coming to this country (the next several lines are blurry and cannot be made out).

Abel Morgan (He is without a home, son of the proprietor of Morgan's Station)
12cc57-58

My father came to Kentucky in 1779. My mother was the widow of John Douglas who was killed at the Battle of the Upper Blue Licks.

At the attack on Morgan's Station, old Mrs. Allington got into a hollow poplar, she stood up in it and the Indians passed by her without seeing her. Miss Becroft was not

struck with a tomahawk, but with a club, so that she recovered. Becharts moved and lived afterwards back in this neighborhood. My father gave Mr. Wade a hundred acres of land. McCullough as he has since admitted got \$1 per diem for his services as a spy.

Tuscorigs, was Allington's husband's name. John, Sally, and William were their three children. When she came back she married a Newcomb and has since moved over into Ohio. Sally and William are up in Floyd Co. John has gone down south to see about some estates his father left him. Their mother was about 13 and their grandmother was 71 at the time of the attack on the station. These children came to me after their mother returned, I was teaching school. William was very wolfish. He was living with one of his uncles and had a grapevine swing. One day he was swinging and his uncle's two dogs, which were very fierce were lying there, when a Miss Beatty, his uncle's niece came along. The dogs commenced barking and the boy stopped his swing, jumped down and set them on her. They tore nearly all her clothes off of her and bruised and bit her dreadfully. He shouting and setting them on. They came and took her to the house where she lay confined about a month. His uncle tied him up for a whole day and used the cowhide on him at his leisure.

After the burning of Morgan's Station, my father moved there, settled and there died. Some of his papers were left with a man within 4 miles of Frankfort. Some with my sister, I have none of any importance. My father sold out the choice of 1000 acres of land, out of any side or end of a 5000 acre tract of that he owned that was nearest to the Indian fields on Esq. Crooks place. Sale was made to the Mummys of Baltimore and I think of two of these 1000 acre tracts. A dispute arose as to which of these it was, this one by the station or the one by the furnace. Thos. Arnold, Clerk of Bourbon Co. was their agent and the suit ran on for 27 years. Henry Clay was their attorney. (next couple of lines not legible)

Walter Kelso 12cc42

There was a Dickinson's Station in the Cow-Pasture, established by that Col. Dickinson that was afterwards in the Battle of the Point.

Alex. McNutt was a character that by eccentricity excited considerable remark, his company was always solicited and very agreeable. He brought over the first immigrants to Nova Scotia and got a grant of land there. He also took emigrants to S.C. He refused to make a will once, and was insulted when his physician and his friends thought him about to die, he recovered. He had formerly been a tailor, in very early times in Staunton. He and my father Hugh Kelso, who had came over from Ireland as young men about the same time. They formed their first acquaintance in Staunton. He always walked in his visits and constantly wore his sword, which was one that had been presented to him by the King of France, his other dress corresponded with this. Some effort was made in Congress during the time of John Quincy Adams to get England to confirm these grants to McNutt but it failed.

Major John Gay, that lived over the North Mountain, in the gap where the North Fork comes through, got a 1000 # of ginseng and refined it and sent it on to China. Before he had finished the quantity as he had determined, he took in one Walkup. When he got to New York he was afraid to go on to China in person, as he had intended, having never been that far from home. The Capt. to whom he had committed it, returned him a handsome profit in silks. This was about 1800. Gay afterwards married and moved to Indiana.

Rev. Samuel Brown's wife of New Providence, Virginia, was of a family of the name of Moore. Jas. and (?), they had 2 sons and this daughter that were taken by the Indians, out in now Tazewell Virginia, on the Clinch. He was killed, his family taken and his wife burned. Her name was Mary Moore, a piece of poetry was written on the cruelties of which she suffered and was put in print. My father raised stock on the Clinch; he raised horses out there. A horse that I have a recollection of was called "Clinch" because he was brought from out there. Moore when he lived there had some charge of my father's stock in some way. James Moore, that was taken, after he returned, was a good teacher on Walker's Creek. Either Old Mr. Lyle's father, or his wife's father was killed by the Indians. Old Mrs. Lyle's father was a Ramsey. Her father and (?) were killed by the Indians.

James Moore (his father and Dr. Moore of Shelbyville were brothers) was the first Episcopal Minister in Lexington, he and wildcat John McKinney and a Negro man of one of them were coming through the wilderness alone. One night when encamped they heard the Indians all around them. Moore was very anxious, they had seen some sign of them before night, he wanted to be up and running. But, McKinney wouldn't let him. McKinney thought the Indians would get them. McKinney said it was impossible unless they tread right on them.

McKinney once found a buffalo that had fallen between two stumps and was stuck and kicking. He altered it and then helped it up. It was afterwards shot, having grown to be a fine bullock and he then claimed it for his.

George Yocom 12cc147-151

(Lives on the State Road to Prestonsburg, 3 ½ miles from Jeffersonville, is a Methodist).

I was born December 3rd 1763 at Harness Fort, or close by. My father was married on the Dan River in North Carolina. My grandfather, Matthias Yocom, Michael Harness and George Stump were the first three men that ever brought wagons down to the South Branch. They come by way of Winchester, then up Big Capon, Lost River and over the mountain. Crossing over the mountain they came to the South Fork of the South Branch. Grandfather Yocom settled about a half mile from the mouth of the South Fork. Michael Harness moved down onto the main South Branch, 4 miles above the fork, or where

Moorefield now is. He had a station there. Jacob Pettit, the Cunningham's and the Sees were there. Michael Harness, the son, went down from his father's station to Van Meter's Fort and was shot on the road as he was riding home. The Cunningham's afterwards lived above the Harness' on the South Branch. What was called Buttermilk Station, it was in a flat of land in the conjunction of the South Fork and the South Branch. The Coffmans, Hornbacks and Cutrights were there. Buttermilk Station had plenty of cattle there. Capt. Charles Lynch (three brothers came from Ireland) had a fort $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the fork, or where Moorefield now is. We spent one summer there.

They had a powerful battle in what was called The Trough, of the South Branch. From where the South Branch ran into the mountains, to where it came out again into fertile land was 6 or 7 miles. The mouth of The Trough, on the upper side was just opposite to Van Meter's Fort where one Waggoner commanded at this time. Thirty-six men had collected and started from Lynch's Fort. At the falls of the South Fork, right where one Moore lives, brother to my Lord Moore, they parted, 18 continued on up the South Fork, the other 18 came back and went on down to the Trough. As they came they saw the fire of 30 Indians, who were cooking at the mouth of the Trough. The Indians ran to the bushes and the 18 men went right up to the fires, where the Indians opened up on them. The battle lasted all day and their guns got right hot in the fight. It was about a mile from the battleground to the fort, across a bottom, when the men at last found out they would send no help, although in sight, they threw their guns into the river, swam over and ran through the plantations. When they got to the fort, Waggoner wouldn't open the gate. They had to run up to Lynch's Fort and Buttermilk Fort, about 2 miles above ours. They called this part of the South Branch, Holland. Most of the people were Low Dutch, from Holland. George and Leonard Reid, brothers, were killed and Dick Burns, Capt. Parsons and John Harness, son of old Mr. Harness were wounded. Waggoner afterwards sent for some of the men to come to the fort; when he got them there he had them whipped for calling him a coward.

Capt. Job Walton and one or two of the Delays were killed on Looney's Creek, 10 or 15 miles from Moorefield. Four of them who had gone out to put up hay, staid all night in the meadows, sleeping in the hay. Just before day they were fallen on and killed by 14 Indians.

Lord Fairfax did not leave this country during the time of the Revolution. The South Branch belonged to my Lord Fairfax and was never confiscated. He sold for 99 years but the people bought out from his heirs, and therefore he did not forfeit his estate.

A company was made up of Colonel Neville, Col. Abraham Hite (who died at Bear Grass) and old Major Randall, who bought the lots of the town of Moorefield and paid the quit rent of and to Coonrad Moore, Manor Lord. It was Manor Lands. I was then about 6 years old. They distributed the lots by lot. I was chosen to draw the lots from a hat, and drew for my father, I got the lot adjoining the courthouse, the best lot in the town. The company laid out the town.

In 1782, I went with a company of men to the Big Meadows to find silver. We were hired by some men who had discovered an ising-glass hill.

In the year 1781, I went down with 40 or 50 men under Capt. Tieverbaugh to supply the stations in Tygert's Valley. We passed on our way, one Gregg's, on Seneca, a branch of the North Fork of the South Branch. Two or three days before we came along, while the old man was out hunting his horses, the Indians came to Gregg's house and shot his weaver, at the loom, through the window. They then came in and tomahawked Gregg's little daughter that was quilling for him. While this was doing, another daughter (Jesse Gregg's sister) and the only other person at home, came in, shut the door, went by the Indians and stood in the jam by the fire, as if stunned by affright. When she saw what was doing, she went again and ran over to Paul Keeter's, three miles. When old Mr. Gregg's came towards home from the back of the plantation and saw the house set on fire, and the Indians with the trenchers out in the yard eating curds, he hallowed out at them for &c. When they got there from Paul Keeter's, the little girl was scalped and was crawling away from the fire. She died in consequences of the heat from the fire before or by the time she could be gotten to his house.

There were but four forts in the valley; Wilson's, Westfall's, Cassidy's and the 1st I have forgot. Two days before we got there, within a half-mile of Westfall's we saw there laying the body of Capt. Adam Stonemaker. **He had on an officer's coat and a macaroni hat.** In the evening of the day before they had went to Wilson's Fort and were on their return when the Indians shot him, right in the small of the back, missing his friend who got into the fort, and gave the alarm. His horse gave three jumps before he fell off.

We crossed the Cheat River nine times before we got to Wilson's and Westfall's, we came in March to Westfall's staid about half of the time at Cassidy's and returned back in August. We were not interrupted any after we got to the stations.

In March of 1783, 14 men of us and two Negro boys, started from the Monongahela, some of them surveyors, to lay pre-emptions in the Indian country. Congress had forbid such entries and when we got to Louisville, Martin Elliott and I came up to Harrodsburg, by McAfee's Station alone, unhurt. We started on the 1st of March and I got home on the 25th day of July, five of us came through the wilderness together. About a days travel from the Crab Orchard, we met an old man alone and on foot, his head whitened with age. He had left his family in Powell's Valley and was on his way to make provision for them in Kentucky. We gave him a supply of provisions to carry him through.

On Greenbrier, perhaps, about a mile from some fort were one Bingerman, his wife, her father and a young man. The Indians had gotten into the house and one of them was endeavoring to tomahawk her father, who was an old man that lay in a bed downstairs. Every time that he went to strike him, Mrs. Bingerman would catch his arm, so that he couldn't affect his purpose, till at last, Bingerman brought him a blow with his shoe hammer that killed him. The Indians held him all up on their shoulders sometimes. He scuffled and fought with them until he had killed seven. The young man staid upstairs all

the time of the fight. Mrs. Bingerman was shot through at about the nipple of her right breast, and out at the same side of her back. Mamma saw a silk handkerchief drawn through her several times to cleanse the wounds. She lived and was a great hearty woman. The last of the seven that were killed had started, with two or three others that had gone off, but when they had got on a pine hill, in full view about 300 yards off, in a straight line, this one showed his posterior side and Bingerman fired and killed him.

After the war closed Washington made a tour to western Virginia to view his lands. Returning he called on Capt. Joe Logston, who lived on Difficult Creek in Hardy County. In the morning when about to start, Washington asked him what he was to pay, which was an insult to Logston, but he got on his horse and rode 30 or 35 miles with Washington to Col. Abraham Hites, within 5 miles of Moorefield. Washington commended him afterwards as a brave man.

Logston afterwards lived in the edge of the Barrens. He was riding along the lick one day when two Indians fired on him. The one creased his horse so that he fell. The other took him across the breastbone, which in him projected remarkably on each side, and was just deep enough to graze the skin in the hollow between. Logston fired and shot the little Indian. The other them made up to him and after a desperate struggle, he succeeded in drawing the blade of the Indian's knife through the hand in which he was just getting it, and then running it into him. The Indian now loosened his hold. The little Indian whose back was broke was balancing against a tree and trying to get an opportunity to shoot. Logston had had a great struggle and was glad to get off. Besides in getting his gun the little Indian might have shot him. When they came out the next day they found the little Indian had stabbed himself.

David Allington was one of us under David Tieverbaugh that went to Tygert's Valley in 1781. It was his sister, Nancy Allington that was taken by the Indians and was married and had three children by one. She then left them and came home. She had repeatedly wished to come home before she got off. When she got here she refused to go back. The Indian came twice after her, and then sent, and made a threat to kill her for not coming. Some Indian was afterwards killed out on Licking which was thought to be him. Jimmy Young's wife was taken at the same time.

These Cutwright's had a station on Stoner, where Hornback's Mill is.

Phillip Hammond was in the Defeated Camp on Flat Creek. He and his wife and their little child were in the company. They had undressed and laid down. He sprang, snatched up the child and his gun, and his wife followed after. His money was safe in a belt round him. He was moving to this country. His pension papers were destroyed when the Capitol was burned in the late war.

I waggoned at Bullit's Lick for 6 or 7 years after I came out with my family, I lived in Mercer. Waggoned at the licks every fall, till I got a load of salt. Sometimes they would give me three bushels for going out 3 miles in the night for a load of wood. I gave \$2.00 a bushel down there and got \$4.00 a bushel up here.

One Carey, that worked about Bullit's Lick was taken by the Indians and was tied and whipped on the top of the knob, right in sight of the licks. The 1st or the 2nd night he got away without his being taken over the river. Tullis, an apprentice to the gunsmithing business, to my cousin Bob Shanklin, which is between Bullit's and Mann's Licks was taken a little before night, passing from one place to another. It got dark and as they passed through a thicket of spice-bushes, some being before and some being behind, Tullis just dropped down beside the path, till those behind had gotten by, he then crept off through the bushes. They presently missed him and he heard the owl and the whistle round, but he got in safe that night.

Two miles from Grant's Station towards Paris was a widow and six children. The Indians came and knocked. One of the children went to open the door but the mother forbid, till they should know who it was. They then began to tomahawk the door. The boys shot through the port-holes and killed two Indians. It was a double log house and two of the children had gone to bed in the other part of the house. In it there was a parcel of tow. The Indians set the house on fire and it was filled with smoke. They awoke and cried down they couldn't stay there. The family then knew that the house was on fire. Part went out one door and part went out the other. The old woman was killed crossing the fence. One of the girls was taken prisoner and being so closely pursued, was tomahawked on the way. Nearly all the Indians were killed as a snow had fallen.

A little before this they took a whole team of horses of one Fisher. One named Goodnight got back about this time, he had been taken at Martin's or Riddles' Station. He saw an Indian taking his horse, ran after him and hallowed for them to come on, as if there were a great many with him, he made so much noise till they got frightened and let the horse go.

In the spring of 1793, 60 of us went in through the wilderness, choosing Capt. Blueford as our leader. We went to the Crab Orchard, the night before they had been out from the fort and had buried 13 men in one grave. McFarland, who was coming to see Enoch Smith, who was a surveyor at Mt. Sterling was along, he killed two Indians and a white man that was with them. A wounded man was carried in on a blanket between two horses. Another man that had no gun, snatched up a little girl and carried her till night, and then hid her in a hollow log, telling her to stay there till he came again. He wandered all night and in the morning found himself coming by the same hollow log. He then took out the child (which in all probability he would never have found) and carried her along until he found his way to the road and then he went on to the Crab Orchard.

Some few days before this a man named Drake who had taken a woman and a little girl that called her Aunt, and they were coming along alone through the wilderness when they were fired upon by the Indians. Drake put the woman on the horse three times, but at last he let the niece go or else the Indians would have had them all. When they took her each Indian gave her a broach, one had none so he took a pewter plate that had been dropped in the road and made her a rude, pewter broach and gave it to her, this made 18 in all. It was in this way that we know the number of the Indians that attacked the

company that McFarland was with. When the Indians made their attack on the company, they left her behind and she wandered off and got away on Laurel Creek, 12 miles from Raccoon Creek.

In the attack, the Indians left a little girl about 9 or 10 years old at the fire. When they began to kill she ran. McFarland saw its tracks and hunted for it. She went to Laurel Creek and could get no farther. He wandered up and down the creek without meeting with it, but said he was determined to hunt until he found it. While he was looking for her he found another little girl that had been of the company. It had been carried back on its gray horse to Laurel Creek, and then she could get no farther and had to stop and was found. Torrence, who lived at the Crab Orchard, took it home and gave it to his mother, who received it with every mark of affection and took it to raise. The first little girl had hid in a hollow log, which McFarland had passed once, but she was too fearful that it was Indians, to come out, she said when he asked her, when he returned along where she was, she saw him and then came out. She was the larger of the two girls, and both had been out now five days. We have enumerated all of the company that escaped.

Caleb Williams 11cc191-199

On the 4th day of May I will be 78 (1855-78 = 1777)

My father Samuel Williams was from New York State, he came to Cincinnati in 1790. There were 9 or 10 families that came at the same time. He had gotten ready the year before, but delayed it when he heard of Indian troubles; he put it off a year.

Col. Patterson and Joel Williams & General Israel Ludlow were the three original proprietors of the town. They bought the Scioto all between Deer Creek and Mill Creek at a dollar an acre from Judge Symmes, General Harrison's father-in-law. Judge Symmes lived at North Bend, an old man, very white headed when I first saw him.

There were two brothers of the Ludlow's, one named John, and the other Israel. Joel Williams was my uncle. Judge Burnette bought of Joel Williams 20 acres of land at \$20 per acre.

There were but three cabins at Cincinnati when my father went there. Two or three families came along and stopped there and built some cabins. My father moved out through the influence of my Uncle Joel, one of the first proprietors.

There were about 8 or 9 families that came out the same time with us. The proprietors having laid out a town. This had the effect to prevent North-Bend from growing. Harmer's army also coming and stopping at that point had the same tendency, also the Governments buying land there. The Government bought 20 acres of land for a site for Fort Washington. They kept it until peace was made with the Indians then sold it again.

The four little cabins that were there when we first went there were on the bank of the river. There was a second bank about 6 or 8 feet high, on which they were. They were

below Main Street and between that and the river. There were blockhouses in front between water and front. Cabins, say 30 yards from the river bank. We could go and kill a deer a hundred yards from these cabins.

Right where Main Street now runs down into the river, there was a low place, where the ground was rounded out by the river. There was a big Elm tree standing in that place, not 50 yards from the tavern. The tavern was a store-house and was kept by Joel Williams. Samuel Dick kept a tavern, down on the next square below, over on Front Street. His was in a frame house where Muril's bakery was afterwards kept, or near to it, it was called "Green Tree Hotel," "Established 1795."

Joel Williams died in the fall of 1824, Samuel Williams died in the fall of 1825.

When peace was made with the Indians, Cincinnati was a very dull place, nothing there but soldier's wives, and soldiers drinking.

The following summer after St. Clair's defeat people would be out plowing and the Indians would fire upon them, get their horses from their plows and run off. It was a hard summer up there in Cincinnati. There would be alarms every day of the week. Capt. VanCleef was shot, scalped and tomahawked one day. They would shoot at the guards, scare them off and shoot the ploughmen. They had flat boats ready in 1792, so that if the Indians did come and take the town, they could shove off in them and make their escape. My uncle and father saw them shoot VanCleef. I was put to trade to David Ware a courier and tanner soon after I went to Cincinnati. While I was there in 1792 some persons came around the house and knocked at the door. Who's there? A friend told me to go upstairs and look down, the house was built fort fashion; it was a moonlight night and when I looked I saw four Indians at the door.

At South Bend, below that place, a man, woman and two children were out planting corn and they killed them, and then they came on up to Cincinnati to kill the two Williams (this we learned when peace had been made). They made a blind at their fields. A Mr. White had a dream and told it to my uncle, who was bent on going out to his work on that day, as usual, he was persuaded not to go.

Col. Elliott and Williams, were contractors for the army. The Indians killed Col. Elliott and his two horsemen and his servant they took prisoner. The Indians went to scalp Elliott and his wig came off. The Indians exclaimed a d__d lie, swearing. The servant heard them.

In February or March 1791, Cincinnati was all four feet under water, couldn't get out of the bottom except by the fort. There was a little ripple up there, a gut, crossed over by a bridge, it was deep there on the bridge.

My father had a pair of oxen, he had been offered a hundred dollars for them by the army. They were turned out to pick, hadn't got a hundred yards when he was shot through with an arrow, just for the bell. We kept the arrow for many years.

Mrs. Nancy Shane was the first white woman born in Cincinnati.

I was eight years and better, an apprentice. When I became free, a man named Woodruff from Lexington, Kentucky represented to me that it would be a fine place for our business and I went over. I came to Kentucky 57 years ago, May 4th 1798, married a daughter of a Baptist preacher.

Part of the stockading of the fort was standing here in the middle of the street, opposite Taylor's Confectionary, long after I came here. The spring was that now under Harper's Store. There had been about ten feet filled up all along Water Street and that canal was dug out straight. The spring there, was in the bank, there is now no trace of what was once, without doubt, its torturous course is evident from the way it twists about in the lots in the upper parts of the city.

There were four houses in the fort.

Wymore was the first man killed at Lexington. He and three others were up the hollow, cutting some poles for the fort. They stopped and picked up some nuts and went to cracking them and the Indians fired upon them. They shot Wymore through the body. The Indian that was just about to tomahawk him was killed just about the line of the courthouse yard, where it comes opposite to the northern bank. Wymore lives on the Higbee's Mill Road, 4 or 5 miles I think from Lexington.

Dunlap's Station, on the Miami, below Fort Hamilton. There were three or four surveyors out, among whom was Hunt. The Indians shot Hunt's horse so that he fell, and then they caught Hunt. They took him and made him carry a flag to the fort and propose a surrender. If they would not, then he was to be burnt. Capt. Kingsbury commanded at Dunlap's Station. It was a clap-board roof, he shoved aside the boards so that he could make an opening, and then run a hat that had a long plume to it, so that it could be seen and taken for someone trying to get out. They made the balls rattle on the roof. A man slipped over the stockading and swam to the other side of the Miami. He went down a piece and crossed over again and then went on to Cincinnati to procure relief. My father and uncle were in the relief party headed by (blank). The party spread out so as to make as great a show as possible and the Indians fled. They supposed there was a large army coming. The Indians were commanded by Girty.

White's Station was on Mill Creek, 9 miles from Cincinnati. Three men out there took a notion to go a hunting to kill a coon. They went through a corn field and up a hill that was covered with woods. Five or six Indians that were lying in ambush fired upon them and killed one of them. They then ran through the cornfields themselves to where these (word not legible) families were. Capt. Pryor went to go into his house, an Indian was standing by and snapped his gun at him, but it didn't go off. His son, a boy of about 14, ran out of the house & went over to the next cabin. He got over there and was sitting on the fence. He wanted those inside of the cabin to let him in, to open the door, but they wouldn't do it. The Indians shot the boy off the fence and he fell over into the yard. The

people in the house fired on the Indians and they killed two of them. Mrs. Pryor was down by the creek, in the yard, milking the cows, when she heard the Indians she started with another little child, to cross the creek over to another house that was there and dropped the child in the creek. Pryor came along behind and picked up the child and saved its life. The Indians went into the house and killed an infant, dashed its brains out against something.

Clark built that house, corner of Broadway and Main, his son William Clark was a hatter, he had another son, Basil Clark that was in the army. Clark moved to Cincinnati, lived in the 3rd or 4th house above Main on Front. Col. Gibson's was first, he kept a store, Jesse Hunts was the second, Squire McMullen's was the 3rd and I think the next one was Clark's. He killed himself, nobody knew why he did it, he cut his throat with a razor. His family they came back here. That is the house that is now torn down. John Cox kept a tavern there 50 to 60 years ago. Humphrey Crawford, that drowned in Elk Horn was in the shoe business. He had 10 or 12 hands in that old house, it was called the old courthouse. He afterwards went into the dry goods business.

The first nail that was ever drove in Lexington was in the Looney house. They were all pegged on before that, or were fastened on with poles. The nails were imported from Pittsburgh.

Right at this corner of the grave yard, on Main Street was a Catholic Church, when I came here, there is a brick house there now. I have been there through curiosity to hear them say Mass. There was a market house on that public lot where the Harper's Spring is.

(The next few paragraphs describe property and land deals, description and location of buildings etc.)

George Metcalf 11cc185

Ex-Gov. met with him while he spent the night with Mr. H. Duncan's. He came to Kentucky in 1787. He started on the river at Red Stone, now Brownsville. His father raised 18 children, they stopped at Maysville. There were a good many tents there. The cane grew very thick, and the children were disposed to play about, as they went up the hill, till they were cautioned by their parents as to the danger from Indians. They then remained pretty close about. General Metcalf was then seven years old. They went to Lee's Station, about four miles from Maysville. They came to where Maysville now is and here they camped. At Lee's Station he saw a boy named Thomas, who had been scalped two or three days before. The Indians had come in and committed some depredations. They were fired upon and the little boy was scalped. The Indian as he left struck at him with his tomahawk. I recollect the boys name as being Thomas as this was my own name. We came up and settled at the head of Cane Run. I went to school at Masterson's Station. Beat back down towards Mason.

Recollect that there was an alarm of Indians while we were up at the head of Cane Run. Some volunteered to go in pursuit and some packed up and went to Lexington. There was an alarm that an army was about to come and take Lexington. The next day there was fighting among the boys, who taunted each other with the imputation that their father's had refused to go in pursuit, or had fled to Lexington.

Memo of Conversation

11cc177

(May be part of Mrs. Darnaby's)

Sally Wilcox was a Faulkner, of those by Bowman, she was a sister of Joseph Faulkner. She cried "Run, Daniel Run!" she stood and hollered to him as hard as she could. They hadn't been long married and she didn't want to lose him.

Three men were plowing and two of them got killed. Daniel Wilcox, he ran and put himself on the fence and then fell over. Just as he fell over, at that instant the Indians put their hands on the fence, where he had left, but they were afraid to pursue for some men were coming to meet him and they then ran back. The field they were in was north of the fort, west of that bottom and they had to run 200 yards to get over that plowed ground, this was what worried Wilcox so. It made him so sick, he puked most dreadfully, and with it and the scare they could scarcely keep life in him. Moved to Shelby. It was not after, nor long before the attack on Bryant's Station.

We moved from Burnt Station on account of an alarm of the Indians and they burnt it, 6 or 7 families from Lexington on the Winchester road.

I stood in the back row of the fort, in one of the doors. That plowed field was west of that bottom and on the other side of that branch that comes down by the spring. They commenced plowing there at that field and had gotten to the other end of the field some distance.

Frances W. Lay, one morning was going to start to Virginia, it was a Sabbath morning and he went out to let his horse graze. They had that habit when they had kept up a horse over night, for they hadn't any other food to give them. The Indians shot him in the thigh and thus got him. They tomahawked and killed him.

Hugh Garrett

11cc246

I came to Kentucky & down the river and by Limestone in the fall of 1790. Bob Todd was killed coming from Lexington to Frankfort. That night after, Capt. Haydon, that lived up by my brother (with whom I was living) came and said that I was to be at Versailles by sunup. I had no gun, but went to Capt. Trimble's where was a young preacher from

Virginia, an acquaintance of his by the name of Allen who had brought his gun out with him. He said that I was welcome to use his gun, and glad to have it made such use of. I went on to Versailles, part of the company had gone, but we got to Frankfort in time, and 20 of us were sent over into the Bourbon Hills under Capt. Elijah Craig, son of old John Craig. One Thomson went along without a gun. He said would easily get one if they saw any Indians. He lived about four miles on the other side of Versailles. Col. Steele I think went down by Innes's Station and a party also went down on the south side of the river. We crossed the river and went on higher up and re-crossed again just before dark and got home that night. I think it was one Miller that had a boat and set us across this last time. We stopped at a house just after we crossed and asked a lady for something to drink. She set us out a churn full of cream with cups. Duprey said it was mighty rich buttermilk. Craig said he must be a d____d Tuckahoe, that he didn't know the difference between cream and buttermilk.

Right opposite Jones' Ferry was called Harrod's Landing. Harrod, when he came up the river and went to Harrodsburg, landed there.

Nat. Saunders and a company of rangers got an Indian in a sink-pit, slightly wounded. Saunders told the men not to go in after him, they would find some way to kill him, for he hadn't fired his gun yet. A foolish young man rode into the edge of the sink, declaring that he wasn't afraid of an Indian and was shot down from his horse.

Then times we went all the way by Harrodsburg; Springfield, Baird's Town &c. to Louisville. There was only a bridle way leading through. No Shelbyville then. I went through alone. They wanted to know if I thought I had been long enough in America.

Cincinnati

11cc279-283

My father came down from the lower end of Orange County, next to Spotsylvania in the fall of 1781, he came by way of the wilderness road. He landed in Kentucky in October. I was 12 years of age that November. Father came out in the spring as far as Reed's Creek. He made hats there that summer and stayed at one George Bells on Reed's Creek that summer. He came out the next year. My father was from Jersey, lived in Buffalo, where my first recollections were. From there he went to Spotsylvania. Lewis Craig had been out here before, but not his family. He had been back. His brother-in-law, old Lewis Faulkner had been out here, when and before we came. He lived where Lewis Craig fixed his station on Gilbert's creek. Them living on one side of the creek and Craig fixed his station on the other. Joe, Elijah, Jerry, John and Ben, their father was Tolliver Craig, he had a son named Tolliver also, but he didn't come out that year. All from Spotsylvania, I think also some may have been from Orange. These came in the fall and we joined them.

Some strangers, named Bakers got in company with us about the edge of the wilderness, not far from the blockhouse. They drove a gang of hogs with bells on them, that's what makes me recollect.

On the Wilderness Road John Hayden went out a hunting and didn't get back that night, he lost the trace. The next morning the company turned out and hunted a half a day for him & couldn't find him and started on. His wife looked like she would go distracted. That night he came to them. He had set some trees on fire to keep the wolves off him the night before.

The blockhouse was the last place we left. The first improvement we saw was English's Station. We staid at Craig's Station that winter. Went near to Downing's Station (about a mile from it) the next winter of 1781-82. The summer of 1782 the people scattered out, they got scared and all went in to Downing's Station except George Teeter and my father. My father went to live with him, he had seven sons. They used to guard the women milking cows and to and from the spring &c. That winter or spring we moved back to Craig's Station on Gilbert's Creek and went to teaching school. Walter Dewitt and Samuel Douglas, who had moved to the Downing's Station neighborhood also went into the fort.

John Craig and Lay went on immediately to Bryant's Station, staid there a year and then they went and established John Craig's Station down on Clear Creek.

Lays' son (Hugh Lay, Huky they called him) got killed at Bryant's Station in the spring of 1782. He had went out to hold his horse to get some grass and the Indians shot him. That summer had the battle at Bryant's Station and the Blue Licks defeat.

In the summer of 1782, near Downing's Station, Teeter's son Robin, had like to have been caught by the Indians. He was out after roasting ears and the Indians chased him. He was rather too nigh and escaped. Nobody saw him but the boy (Robin was a lad) they saw his tracks.

Downing's Station was 4 or 5 or 6 miles from Lewis Craig's on the direction from Gilbert's Creek to the mouth of Dick's River, it was not more than 4 or 5 miles from the mouth of Hickman. Teeter lived in between and nearer Downing's Station.

In the summer of 1783, on a Sunday, at Craig's Station, while Lewis Craig was preaching, he got word in the middle of his sermon, that the Indians had made an attack somewhere in the neighborhood. That broke up his preaching and the men went in pursuit. John Craig's Station was picketed before my father went there in the fall of 1783. Lewis Craig's Station was never picketed. They went there the winter before. John Craig gave the married men that went there to settle 100 acres a piece and the single men 50 acres. He gave John Arnold 100 and Jimmy Arnold 50. One Johnson lived there too. Not the Frankfort Arnold's, they came from Orange County. John died in Woodford on this very land. Jimmy moved to Missouri.

A man would go along with the girls to the spring, having his gun and also stood by them with his gun when they milked the cows at Tester's in the summer of 1782, moccasin tracks had alarmed them.

John Craig's nearest inhabitants were Lexington and Bryan's Station.

Father got drowned, returning from going after his cattle on Gilbert's Creek that fall. That spring some had moved out of the fort. That fall, 1784, his widowed mother and the children moved to where Alexander McClure lived.

That fall too, 1784, Scott and his hands came and settled on the Kentucky River. Didn't move out his family, probably till the next year, 1785. After they scattered, the Indians committed depredations upon the Kentucky.

Colonel Dick Young had moved out and a man named Holman lived not far from the station. Before father got drowned he planted some corn about 4 miles from the station, but no fence was around it until it was about knee high, at that time my mother got some men to go out and put a fence around it, and we kept the nettles down. We went down there when the corn was waist high, my brother and I, we thought we heard the Indians and we ran off to the fort. In the fall Lewis Craig and I went down to kill the bears, it was roasting ear time, they were eating up all the corn. We had to gather it green to keep them from eating it up. Craig heard a tree fall and I thought it might have been a gun, got scared and went back to the fort.

Bartlett Searcy, Berry Searcy's uncle, in 1785 or 1786, on Gilbert's Creek, in Woodford Co. killed.

A man by the name of Valentine, they were in a canoe fishing, Scott's son was dragged out of the canoe and brought to the shore and scalped. Valentine was never found, supposed he sank and was drowned. About dusk they came down and spoke to young Scott. They heard the guns from the house, but were afraid to come and cross over where he was for fear of an ambuscade of the Indians. Valentine was a hand that had come to this country with Scott. This was probably in the spring of 1789. The next day they pursued but did not overtake the Indians.

Went out under Capt. Merritt Scott in the year 1790 to Harmer's defeat. Scott, son of General Scott got killed, also a mess mate named William Hazard.

Vincennes was then called O'Post. McLean, one of my neighbors, and two boys came back. McLean brought back some apples, striped, red. People, they said, fenced up the woods, and put in their cattle and let their crops and lands lay open.

Nettles were also used for greens, they were gathered, threshed and wove. Major Morrison made black peoples' cloths. Relied upon it and buffalo wool altogether. The piece that I have, had been made into a shirt and worn pretty well, when this man went to school in 1790 and took it to cover the back of a ciphering book. He was interrupted in

his schooling by the campaign and James Oldham "set it out." James Oldham was a teacher at the time, near his mother's, four miles from Craig's Station.

No families lived at Cincinnati in 1790. As we returned from Harmer's Campaign I saw some women that did washing at the fort. The first woman that I had seen for a long time. As I went along looking at her I fell over a stump and skinned my shin.

Dick Fox taught in the fort in the summer of 1784. He afterwards got to be county surveyor of Woodford Co. Arthur Fox was a surveyor, he married Dick Young's daughter.

James Oldham had been to school to an Irishman, who perhaps had been sold. He never let them know of his learning till he got through and then set up a school.

Ground up the cornstalks and extracted the juice for molasses.

At John Craig's Station they brought in these trays of corn, and took their turns, just as they do at grist mills. The hand mill was tuned by the right had fed with the left hand. A Negro boy at Craig's turned it nearly half the time, the family was so large.

John Duprey had the first bolting cloth I ever saw in this country. It was made of flannel and called the shake bag. It was fixed so that it would shake and the flour fall below.

The first water-mill that I ever saw was in Dick's River, tother (sic) side of Lewis Craig's Station. There was another by Grant's in 1783, when we had gone back from Downing's to Craig's Station. Went down there and staid until in the night, Grant was a hatter, my father was a hatter.

One side was called the Indian shore, the other side was the Virginia shore. The forks of the St. Mary's and the St. Joseph, that formed the Maumee, was not in Harmer's defeat.

Major Fountain was our Major, Col. Hall was our Colonel, Fountain was mortally wounded. Jacob Lips rode my horse out, and when the horse returned two men were on him galloping, neither of them him. He said they left the blanket wrapped around Fountain and laid him in some hazel-bushes, partly alive and partly dead. That was the last we heard of him.

We lay on the bank of the Ohio, on this side, below the mouth of the Licking for 10 days waiting for a new draft, hadn't men enough. I was going to school when I was drafted. Had set in for a year to educate myself. I use to go over there to Fort Washington everyday to see the regular muster, Harmer was there.

There was a place cleared above the mouth of the Licking, a cabin or house and some 3 or 4 acres cleared. There had been a settlement there, but was none then. There was not a stick amiss below.

The fort opposite was log cabins in a square, with piles of cannon balls and a soldier constantly passing back and forth.

Old Jimmy Robinson, a half a mile from McCall's was a pack-horse driver in Wayne's army, he used to stop at Michael Hockersmith's, had a brother killed in the army, he came to this country a year after I did. Got a little place open near Downing's Station and a turnip patch made in the fall of 1782, when he sold the place to William Robinson and moved to Craig's to teach school.

Hockersmith **11cc283-284**

From near Hagerstown, Maryland, came west in 1791, by York River, past Fort Pitt and to Limestone. When they passed Limestone they met with two fresh graves of men that were murdered by the Indians. They were also warned to take care as they passed through, lest the Indians should attack them at the Blue Licks.

Scott was out in the spring and the summer. In the summer and fall of 1791, Wilkinson's expedition to the towns. They were not at home and he made about 40 prisoners, squaws and children. About 35-40 days, went by way of Cincinnati and came by Louisville. Harmer's campaign opened from Cincinnati to Maumee a road for 3 pieces of artillery.

Mrs. Coffman came to Mr. Maguire's, riding without any saddle and just astride as men do, to give an account of the Indians killing her husband.

Has seen Mrs. Hutton set and cry, when she related the incident of Miss Woods. Her brother-in-law, Smith was killed in the first settling of Missouri, her son, a tailor at Bridgeport.

A campaign against the Indians, who had been here stealing a good many horses, a company was raised, Mr. Maguire and Reuben Baker was along that pursued them across the Kentucky. They came to Eagle Creek which they wished to cross with as much secrecy as possible, but Reuben Baker, a great boast, fell into the creek. The Indians had crossed the creek and had stopped to cover it. The horses were out grazing, they were gotten along with most of the Indian's plunder.

John Shaw, spoke to Jimmy Maguire, said, "Lord Jimmy," look at that deer up in the tree. The dogs had pursued a painter, and the painter was killed.

Capt. Joseph F. Taylor
11cc228-233

Came to Lexington June 17th 1784. Then went a week to Robin Johnson's fort at the crossing. John Hand, Geo. McDonald, Abraham Dale. Mrs. Singleton, my sister, and myself and John Taylor and a negro woman, came down in a pirogue. There was a fort at Limestone and the Indians had driven away the people and burnt the fort when we got there. My brother John hid \$1800 worth of goods in the woods at Limestone. We were 16 days coming down. John Taylor's family was then at Craig's Fort, within 4 miles of General Ben Logan.

When we came down we met a company of surveyors at Limestone who bought our pirogue in 40 minutes and went up to Pittsburgh. Capt. William Wright was the surveyor, and there were 12 or 13 men, chain carriers. Got \$8.00 for the canoe.

David Tanner was forted there at the salt works, with about 5 or 6 kettles, about 100 yards from the fort and right beside the path that we traveled. The fort included about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an acre. David was a brother to John Tanner. John Taylor went over to Craig's Fort and we then went after the goods. We passed the salt works there, and before we got back, while we were there, a widow Williams, from the lower part of Fraquier, not far from Fredericksburg, with her daughter and her son, and a number of others, 4 or 5, they had the smallpox and on that account were not permitted to come into the fort. They were about 100 steps from Tanners. The Indians killed about 5 or 6 of them that night. These young Williams were all that escaped, and they were both tomahawked and scalped, and the young man's thigh was broken. They couldn't help them in the night, then in the morning, they took them in and put them in one corner of the fort. Twas said the Indians took the pox and it killed hundreds. At Tanner's Station we met Simon Kenton with 13 chain carriers and were so strong that we camped out and the next day went 40 miles to Bryan's Station. There were there Betsy and Polly Shipp with Joe Rogers and my sister stopped with them at one Shandy Williams'. We got butter and buttermilk and Johnny-cake bread.

These young Williams', I saw 2 years afterwards at Russell's Cross-roads, in Lexington. It was at one Smith's, the only shingle roof house in Lexington. The end stood facing Main Street, about 40 steps from the fort.

Our company as we came out, all sold their horses at Pittsburgh for iron, which was to be delivered to the falls of the Ohio. John Taylor took his goods to Ben Craig's Station.

Squire Grant was killed in 1790, I think. He was son of the Grant's Station man. Squires name was probably William.

A scouting party was defeated above the mouth of Laughery's Creek. A company was raised from the Crossing under Col. Robert Johnson. When they crossed the river they were attacked. Johnson gave way and run down the river and was the first to get into the little flat bottomed ferry boat, hollowing to them to retreat and got out at the far end and

hung by his hands on the outside till they got into the boat, and pushed over to the other side. There was 40 or 50 Indians and they would have all been cut off, but for their retreat. Col. Johnson's cowardice was in his not waiting till his men got in. Squire Grant was killed in the retreat.

My brother settled below the mouth of the Big Miami, about one mile, on a big mound. Tanner's was exactly opposite the mouth of Laughery. John Taylor settled in Woolpur's (sic) bottom, on Woolpur's Creek. Tanner settled on the Ohio bottom and built a fort there. I think the boy was in company with some others in a canoe on the other side and the Indians caught him. John Taylor, the father married Sally Rucker, He was 60 and she was 16. Ned Taylor, the oldest son married Susan Rucker.

William Tanner, I think, was the one that was taken. His father died before he got here, he was on the way. Tanner sold his woods down here by Mortonsville, with this money he made that purchase. When I came here he lived up by Boonesborough. From Boone, Tanner moved to Woodford, then to Caldwell Co., then to New Madrid, Mo. and in 1826 I saw Tanner's son with two little boys. When he found he was not to get a great division of the estate, as his father was dead, he flourished his tomahawk and went off very much exasperated, and never was heard of any more. This about the last of June. Tanner was in New Madrid in 1818 (1812). He waded 3 miles in the water to save some of his stock. He died soon after and his wife moved to Princeton, Caldwell Co. and to Cadiz in Trigg Co.

April 1787, Samuel Scott, Gilbert's Creek opposite Scott's Landing, they shot five bullets through him. Valentine floated down the river and wasn't found till he was half eaten up by the fish. He was found near where Col. Billy Steele settled. One Kirkham had a fort there then, Zack White had the place, son-in-law of Billy Steele. Sowell Woodfork took a company of 14 of us and pursued the Indians to Lillard's big spring.

100 ferruled arrows with spears and 40 hair knapsacks with provisions.

Tully Craig was not a preacher, his father was named Tully too. The mother was a Hawkins.

John Craig had a station a mile from Jimmy Browns. Girty went from Boonesborough to Bryan's Station. He had fought 9 days and nights there and had failed to take it. Craig went to Bryan's Station, he went there in 1782. I think he was there and commanded at the time of Girty's attack. Reynolds was a young man in the station, he talked with Girty. Craig got up and answered himself. He said that the people that are in this fort intend to defend it as long as &c. They then fought three days and nights. He sent Tom Bell and another man to Lexington for supplies. In 1783, Craig moved to Elkhorn.

Lewis Craig came out from Spotsylvania with the organized church.

Elijah Craig came here in the fall of 1785, settled near Georgetown.

Robert Newman joined the Indians, and had liked to have ruined all the army in Scott's Campaign and he was seen in the last war with the British.

William Worley commanded at the pounds, when I threw up to him about now firing on the Indians in the night, he got a grudge against me, for which he never forgave me. Would have killed me any time that he could.

Those fifteen men, Demint told me, came over with ____ rifles to kill Scott. When Harmer was defeated, Scott raised a company and went out and nearly destroyed their towns. They were for revenge, so Demint told me.

Samuel Scott killed at the landing and Merrit Scott killed in Harmer's defeat. This incited Scott to revenge.

On the 17th of March 1785 a party of us were going in and the Indians attacked a company. I scalped Ben Cormstalk who was one of those Indians while at a dancing in Versailles. He was a boasting how he had gotten 6 scalps. I lost my blankets &c.

(For some cause, did not much prize my friend Taylor's conversation. He had a long story about Rucker, I think it was Taylor. Then he told me of the Versailles adventure, I was disgusted. He had more of the air of one loving to tell stories, than of a simple hearted pioneer.)

John I. Van Meter 11cc209-213

At Abraham Van Meter's, my father's name was Isaac Van Meter. Garret Van Meter, my grandfather was killed by the Indians. Fort Pleasant, the place was called, where they were stockaded in, in that region. It was about 5 miles north of Moorefield. My father's house was on the same place and a short distance (about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile of the fort).

For several years, the neighbors, who were sparsely settled were occasionally alarmed and came together in the fort. My grandfather, was killed, I think, while they were forted up. I have not a distinct recollection, but it is my impression, it was while he had gone out one day to see after his horses, which he was afraid the Indians would get, and it was there that he was shot. My grandfather was from that part of New Jersey opposite to Philadelphia. My grandmother was a Juskip (?). She was of Scotch-Irish, he was of Low Dutch descent.

The old men that I knew on the South Branch were the most powerful and athletic men in their physical conformation that I ever knew. And there were a good many of them that I knew, 20 or 30 years ago. They were most of them 6 feet or over, and not corpulent, but were broad shouldered and stout men.

The Swan Pond was three miles from Fort Cumberland. Old Uncle Seymore and John Marshall C. J., walked out from Fort Cumberland one day and they came to the North

Branch. They found it fordable and these two old men took off their shoes and stockings. They waded it and continued on to the Swan Pond, they remained there, not returning until 4 or 5 o'clock that evening. My father having a sore leg could not go into the water, he went back and I returned with him. The Swan Pond estates were in two bends of the North Branch. After the revolution, C. J. Marshall went to England and bought the manor claim of Lord Fairfax.

(Only included part of interview, the remainder would be of very little if any interest, it deals mainly with schooling, religion &c.)

Cornelius Skinner

11cc51

In 1792, Winchester was a canebrake. In 1794 it had a courthouse. Was married in this county February 15, 1797. Had started out in October of 1796, but was detained in Pittsburgh by low water and freezing's until February following. The taverns and streets of Pittsburgh were as full that winter as ours are now during court, with persons waiting to go down the river. A man lost his family in the ice, several days, going down. There were in these parts two families then to one now.

Mrs. Gough

11cc-97-98

Daughter of John Hedge, down by Stoney Point meeting house. Mrs. Gough has been here 26 years, the 20th of January last.

I have seen the gate post, only one. It had an iron band on it. My idea was it was to hang the gate on. I rather think the post was not standing when we came. There were two iron bands on it. The place appeared as if a yard had been made of it. The post was just laying there. The place was covered with the finest buffalo clover that there was, there was no timber on the place thicker than a mans' thigh.

Old Gen. Combs said the cane was so thick you could hardly ride through it, there were many places where you couldn't see more than ten feet.

Before I had come, I had people say that from the top of the Pilot Knob they could see the tin cups hanging out before the store doors at Lexington. When Mr. Gough and I rode up as far as we could, we then walked. When we got on top of the knob I asked him where the tin cups were. He laughed and said that I could see only as far as my eyes would let me. We can see the light from the furnace here, which is 17 or 18 miles off. And, in a still time, like before a rain we can hear the hammer of the forge which is 7 miles off. I could see from the Pilot Knob our corn stacks. I could only see the upper end of the place, not where the house is.

General Combs said they never saw but one Indian in passing the oil fields, that was right where Watts now lives. He appeared to stooping down as if to fix a moccasin, as soon as he saw the whites he ran. General Combs stopped one night at the blockhouse spring, near where the blockhouse was afterwards. While they were there they heard 25 buffalos. General Combs shot one that had a calf. The calf remained there by the fire and in the morning when they left they left it there without killing it.

A kettle bail was found in the gatepost old field, it was plowed up. It was found at the end of a row on the plough. It had dragged so hard it took the bail off the kettle, his horse was stopped. The man thought it was a root. When he got to the end of the row and found the bail, he went back in the row and searched with great pains, but could never find the pot, which was as heavy with money that the bail broke off before it would come up. Mr. Gough found a stone pipe at our place, which he gave to his sister who moved to Indiana.

The Oil Spring was a noted place in the early settlement. Mrs. Wells said they use to come from the Lever and get the oil from the spring to burn in their lamps.

Two men were missed from the blockhouse and never more heard from.

Old Mr. Frazier settled the Combs place, before Mr. Combs himself came. Mr. Frazier said the wolves were very bad. Two negroes, a man and woman (this was before Frazier settled for Combs) were at the blockhouse at the time of the taking of Morgan's Station. They were so alarmed by that event that they left and went clear back to Virginia. I have heard old Gen. Combs speak of it. He had employed a man to clear his place, these two Negroes were that man's, or under him, and were at that time at the blockhouse.

My mother saw and talked to Mrs. Joe Young after she came back also saw her two children that she brought back. They had been prisoners for several years.

My mother said she used to hear the cow where the Negro cabin now is at my father's there in the cane and she would be afraid to go and see, for fear of the Indians. She would hear the bell and see the cane a shaking. Her husband followed waggoning, moving up settlers from Limestone and was often away. Has heard her father speak often of Ready Money Jack and thought him to be a white man.

They set the leaves on fire in the mountains to get the chestnuts that were under them.

Green Clay rode a mule and pretended to be ½ witted, he was asked if he understood mathematics, he replied, "I knew one George Mattox." He wore buckskin pants and a hunting shirt. They hired him to cook and keep cabin for them. He copied their notes. When they got through, he started three days before they did. He said since he rode a mule they would overtake him. He got in three days before the first one and entered the land. He never denied the story.

Before we got down here I saw the Indians pass back and forth with wallets. Some thought they had been to Swift's Mine. I thought it was only paint clay they were getting.

The silver mine was at the silver spring. The blockhouse was near that spring. The Indians came from Riddle's Mill. They stopped by my fathers, John Hedge's at Stoney Point meeting house the summer before we came down (20 Jan 1844 – 26 = 1818). They dug near the blockhouse, there was suppose to be Swift's Mine. There was an old Indian and a young one, don't know who went for them. The Indians showed them a stone under which they were to get some silver. It was said by these Indians that when the people last worked at Swift's Mine they put a large rock over the entrance. The stone they pointed out was a great heavy one. It took a good many to lift it. There were 2 or 300 hundred men at the raising of that rock. When the rock was raised I heard Maj. Wm. McGuire laughing about it and saying the Indians peeped under it as if they expected to see the money, or the hole to the mine (were sure of seeing the money). McGuire had a certain part, either a 6th or 8th, he said his part cost him \$20, that he was offered so many \$000 of dollars for his share and would have taken it, but he thought there was silver in the mine.

Mr. Slaughter

15cc282

My father came to Kentucky in 1786, settled in Jacob Mooney's Station, on Floyd's Fork of Salt River. Mooney's Station was southwest by south of now Middletown in Jefferson County. The station was not picketed in. There were only a few houses, near around, formerly a neighborhood. Mooney came from Pennsylvania, two years before we did. It was forty miles from where they lived to Bedford, Pa.

John Smith, my uncle (my mother was a Smith) married Jacob Mooney's only child. My father came to the Monongahela and raised a crop there, before coming out to Ky.

I was born in 1787. There was a Linn's Station in that location.

There was a Newkirk that lived on an adjoining farm of 100 acres to my father's 100 acre farm. Tobias, Tunis, Peter, Ben & Wm. were sons of his.

A. Hoagland and Tobias Newkirk were about two miles off on Floyd's Fork fishing. The Indians shot them there while they were fishing. The Indians were pursued but they got over the Ohio River before they could be overtaken. The Hoaglands, Newkirks &c. came, the others had left the station.

Old Maj. Harrison's sons, Ben and Charles, I heard it said, where the only two children born in Louisville, that ever lived to grow up for many years.

Benjamin Jones

17cc26-27

My father was named James, my mother Rachel, she was a Miss Bell. I was born in 1799.

My father was a spy, and my uncle James Bell was a spy also. My father came in and told his father, my grandfather, that the Indians were about, that he had come across their trail and he had better take care of his horses. With that, my grandfather sent my uncle Joe out, and he hadn't been gone half an hour, my father hadn't time to get off his beard that had gotten long, when they heard the gun. (It was about the time that Spence was killed, some years before it. My father was not married then, and when Spence was killed he had a wife and child, and I think my oldest sister was then born (1791).

My grandfather Ben Jones' place was where this incident occurred, it is now Mr. Lucas' place, in a big woods pasture now. It adjoined Major Herndon's place. This incident was to the east of the main fork of McConnell's Run, below all the intersections on the main fork. He was killed dead and scalped, I think, was buried on the place.

Cobb's Station was a settlement down in the lower part of Scott – Owen now. The north part of Owen, on Richland Creek, just a settlement.

My mother was carrying in sugar water at the time Sam Spence was killed. They were near enough neighbors they heard the report of the guns. Thought there was as many as 9 or 10 guns. Had been rolling logs all day. My father had been with him all day, all the neighborhood were gathered together, on the place where Sam Callaway lived, where Capt. Burbridge now lives. Spence had ate his supper and went on home, he and my father together, they parted where the roads separated. Spence and his boy took a turn of wood (the boy had also been with them to the log rolling) and they went to the sugar camp. About the time they threw the wood off their shoulders, Spence was shot. The boy wasn't hurt. I have heard it said that the Indians had mussel shells there and they were drinking sugar water. Some mussel (clam) shells were found there, the Indians had left in the scuffle. They pursued Spence and the boy as far as the yard fence. The Doctor said, if they could keep Spence from vomiting they could save him. I don't know how far it was from the camp to the house. I never heard of any other Spence but this one. He was shot through the body. Spence lived about where Capt. Burbridge now lives. Spence's loss was very much regretted in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Sarah Anderson

15cc215-218

She was born near Philadelphia, the daughter of Robert Smith. The family moved to Westmoreland Co. Pa. when she was 3 or 4 years old.

Mrs. Anderson knew Dr. Knight in Shelby Co. Ky. (who was captured at Crawford's Defeat, *Lyman C. Draper*) She says that the Indians will not burn a white man in a time when it thunders. She knew a man, he was a physician, the Indians had him a prisoner. They had tied him to a stake and had placed the faggots around him and were going to burn him. It thundered, they exclaimed, "White man's God angry." They took him from the stake and bound him with cords. That night they all lay round asleep, he tried

everyway that he could to get the knots untied, but could not. At last he felt something roll about under his feet, and he reached down and found it to be a knife. He cut the cords loose, took one of their blankets, got one of their horses and made his escape.

Bees and Indians – When the Indians come across a bee tree in the woods they would dance all around it, saying, "White man's, White man's."

In Westmoreland County, schools were kept in the forts. There was Wallis' Station.

There was a mill on Conewaugh, something came floating down the race, a piece of red flannel or something. They sunk it to the bottom. Thought maybe the Indians wanted to get possession of the mill, supposing that if they did they could then take Barr's Station.

Barr's Station was on Conewaugh. It was the first fort that we lived in. My father worked on it for three weeks, helping to build the stockade. We lived for a while in Sloan's Fort, then moved back again into Barr's Fort. We lived in Barr's at the time Cornwallis was taken. There was a man that used to go into Hannah's Town every week, or every few days. He had some land, or a farm there and he went to see that things were alright, or see how things were going on and to get the news. He came back one week and said, "Neighbors, we may as well give it up, Cornwallis is not taken yet." He went and came back again and then said, "Neighbors, we may live here another summer, perhaps in peace for Cornwallis is taken."

Hannah's Town, 1782. I recollect when Hannah's Town was taken. Mother went from home that day and it was a young mare that she rode, that had been round about the place doing nothing. Father said to her, jocosely, she was a fool if she didn't give that mare a sweat before she got back. She visited a neighbor that lived at the foot of the Chestnut Ridge. When she was about to leave, a man came by and asked her if she was going home? She said, "Yes." Well, he said, she would have to go quick, for the Indians had taken Hannah's Town. He fixed the saddle and tightened the girt, and gave her a switch. She came back as swift as she could. Told her there was nothing for her to wait. She was riding a racing mare anyhow. Father immediately loaded up another horse & that, with their things and moved into Barr's Station. He had lived in Barr's Station a year or so before that, and since had moved out again.

As an alarm signal, nine guns were fired, in a certain place in the fort, three at a time and then a pause.

Parties went out to see if they could discover any Indian sign. On one occasion, four men went out, traced up some Indians, came on them in the night, divided and shot. One of the Indians that was shot jerked up his arm and exclaimed, "yough." One man kept striking an Indian long after the Indian was dead, "Oh Woods, stop! stop!" exclaimed some of them men. Woods said the Indian had killed his brother, and fell on him again. There were four Indians killed.

When Lochry went out at Barr's Fort they went on an expedition down the Ohio River & were everyone taken. The stream where it happened is called the Mouth of Lochry, or Laughery yet. Lochry himself was killed. After a while three men had came from Detroit, where they had scaled the walls of their prison and made their escape. The men, I do not know how many of them there were, did not get back till they were exchanged.

On one occasion, thirty men went out, Barr and 29 others, Barr was killed, by the Indians, the rascals. Barr's death was very much felt, a great loss.

Charles Campbell lived on Black Lick. He crossed that and Conewaugh and came into Barr's Station. He had to go back to get some things and said that if he did not return in three days, they might know that he was either killed or taken prisoner. He did not return and a company went out. They found written on his door, "TAKEN PRISONER." His family was at the fort. He was taken from his own farm; was gone for three years.

Dr. Louis Marshall

16cc239-247 (Only included in part as most of article would be of little interest to most readers)

My father came to Kentucky in 1784, I was 12 years old. First man to land at Limestone, now Maysville. We went out, had a wagon, which frightened the Indians, they thought it was a carriage for a cannon. From that the wagons passed out in safety, till one Williams got among the Indians, and he told them otherwise. After he told them, they fell on the first wagon that passed.

Old Lewis Craig used to come to my house every season. My son, Alexander, then a little boy took a fancy to him and when he was about to leave, wanted him not to go away, telling him that he would never see him again. Craig went down to see a son of his, who had married a poor girl, much against his father's will, and moved down about the Blue Licks. She, however, made him a most excellent wife. Lewis Craig got down there and told his daughter-in-law to fix him a bed, he wanted to lie down, that he was going to die. She said she hoped not, the bed was fixed, he laid down and never left it. Lewis Craig had been a very zealous Baptist Preacher, but having a great love for money and a desire to be rich, in this way, for many years, until late in life lost his zeal and piety.

Wilson, he used to fall out with his wife and beat her. Her sister came to her help, and they whipped him. After that, Wilson went off down to the Blue Licks. While there, he took sick, upon starting back he took the cholera and stopped at a house and died. If they had not let him in he would have died in the road. Jefferson Scott, by Paris, recognized him and let him be told of to his friends.

Tim Peyton was a man about 5 ft 11; he was very large and heavy. He was one of the greatest bullies in Kentucky. One of the most trifling men in the state. Harry Lee (General Lee) whipped him. After Peyton was killed, his wife went on back to Virginia. In the mountains they stirred up a yellow-jackets nest, which made the horse throw her and I think she must have rolled ¼ of a mile down the side of the mountain. The

wilderness path was greatly infested with yellow-jackets. They would not get fairly swarmed till after the first horses had passed. It was on Piney Mountain, just this side of the Cumberland. Mrs. Peyton was a very large woman, weighed 300 pounds. Her horse threw her and she rolled down from near the top, entirely down the mountain. I never saw her afterwards.

John Smith, the last man killed from Lexington. It was out on Cane Run. The house where he lived is still standing on the hill, now weather boarded. I was a little boy going to school at the time, at Transylvania, its first organization, and was at the Smith's house when they brought him in. I was by when his wife got the news, she gave the most piercing shriek that I ever heard. He went out one morning and was brought back the next. He was killed the day we left. It was beyond Cane Run, somewhere about Georgetown, about North Elkhorn.

Jacob Wymore had a cornfield where Chile's Tavern now is. One day while ploughing, as he was about to make the turn of a row, an Indian fired and killed him and was over him just about to scalp him. Wymore's son ran out of the fort gate, raised his gun and shot the Indian in the forehead, just before he had time to scalp his father. The Indian fell dead across Wymore. They stepped off the distance from where his son shot, and it was 110 steps, good 110 yards. I think Chile's Tavern now covers the very spot.

Robert Wickliffe

15cc83-86 (In remarkable health and possession of his faculties, memory and utterance. Lexington, Ky. April 1859)

My mother was raised in Fauquier. I crossed the Allegheny's before I was 8 years old. It was 60 or 70 miles from Lexington, Va. to where I was raised. I saw Lexington, Ky. In 1792. I have been in Ky. For 75 years.

Daniel Boone was opposed to the war, had no home, didn't live happily with his family at home, didn't like to work and was not a very good hunter. These were the only merits Daniel Boone had. Col. Irvin related to Mr. Wickliffe the anecdote about the infidelity of Boone's wife, Sally Boone. How he returned after a protracted absence and the statement she made to him. Boone was a good natured man, did not live at home.

William Bailey Smith was never married, his brother married a cousin of my father. W.B.S. was with the party that pursued after the Indians at the time the Boone and Calloway girls were taken. Calloway was distressed, lest the Indians should violate his daughters, a thing the Indians never spoke of. They never did so with their female prisoners. William Bailey Smith told me of this.

James and John Calloway, brothers of Col. Richard, lived and died in Bedford, Virginia. This from Mr. Wickliffe or Col. Ennis.

James Knox, the Long Hunter, was an Irishman. He was a man of pretty good talents, pretty good education. When the war broke out he could nothing better than to paddle in the back parts of Virginia. He next went to hunting. An Indian with whom Knox became acquainted in 1768 told him of a river (afterwards explored) that ran into another, and that into another &c. Some circumstance had led to this Indian being known as Dick. Knox engaged him to go with a company that proposed to visit these unexplored regions. They went till they came to now Boyle. Here Dick stopped and could not be persuaded to go any further. He said he knew his people would go off and leave him. From that place, Dick returned to join the hunting party of Cherokees with whom Knox had found him.

Knox lived to be 80 years old, he died in the neighborhood of Shelbyville, Kentucky. James Knox came to Ky. In 1768 and named Dick's River.

Andrew Jordan married a Jackson. The Jackson's were related to the McAfee's. Andrew Jordan was with the French when they were at Fort Duquesne. He went from there to the Kaskaskia. Was at the Kaskaskia with the French for two years. The French and Indian War was raging at this time, so that they could not leave Kaskaskia. Jordan and another man who were there at Kaskaskia (his companion was from Pa. and his name I have forgotten) left at sunrise. They took an easterly course, following the sun till they came to the Cowpasture River in Virginia. Jordan's companion went on into Pa. I do not know what became of him. Jordan and his wife died in the same neighborhood in which my father lived, both died on the same day, 60 years ago (1799).

Jordan's statement was, that when a boy, he went down with the Indians. When they got to the Falls, two canoes of lead ore were overset. This is an explanation of the singular circumstance, how lead ore was afterwards found at the Falls.

Major Long was Deputy Marshall and he went over to Richmond to get some testimony for me. I learned from Long that he saw, or was told of a Beech tree standing on the Kentucky River in Estill, that had marked on it, "McCall 1763."

Not long before Judge Underwood's death he published a statement, for, or from Edmund Rogers (whose nephew he was) in which he speaks of a tree seen on the banks of the Barren, which was very anciently marked.

Mr. Wickliffe put these trees in the supposed line of Jordan's passage from Kaskaskia in the direction of sunrise. He supposed that line to pass by that tree on the Little Barren and that of Estill's Station, and it was in that way these marks came to be.

The American people owe General Clark for all the land between the lakes and the Ohio River, &c. Clark sent Hamilton on to Williamsburg, Va.

I saw Clark at my uncle's, Col. Harding's (the house I was born in near Union Town, Pa.) when Clark distributed his commissions to his officers after he had been made a Brigadier General. He distributed them with great grace. His hair red and his skin as white as the driven snow, a fine hazel eye, a complete man, from head to foot, a man of

Mr. Wickliffe's size. The best battle ever fought by any man was fought by General Clark near Urbana.

Capt. John Wilson (only included in part as some of the interview would be of little interest)
17cc6-25

I was 10, going on 11, when we came to Kentucky. We were about three years in Washington Co. Pa. I was seven years old, that fall we moved over the mountains. Col. Cannon had a mill on Shirtoe (*called Shartier, in the neighborhood, Sam Van Meter says it is spelled Chartier, French*). I rode nine miles to that mill, now at Cannonsburg. He gave the name to the place. Had a little village there then.

May 9th 1790 landed at Louisville. We only staid one day at Louisville, I think. Came out 6 miles this side to Capt. McClellands', my mother's brother and we staid there that summer. Louisville was a small village then. There was a place called the Old Station (six miles S.E. from Louisville, on the road to Bardstown. They then went through Bardstown to go to Lexington). It was about a mile from McClelland's place. My father cultivated corn that summer at the Old Station. Capt. Daniel McClelland, he induced my father to come to Ky. Capt. Prince, he lived at the Old Station, a Virginian. His wealth consisted mainly in negroes. They had scarcely any furniture. His daughters had servants to wait on them for everything, mean as they lived. The Old station was on Bear-Grass.

We came up, moved through Bardstown, crossed the Kentucky at the mouth of Dick's River. Our horses broke away at the river. We were delayed two or three days hunting them. We were supplied with the first sweet potatoes that I had ever eaten, the sweetest that I have ever met with.

Got to Lexington in the fall of 1790, went to a place near Col. James McDowell's, which my father rented, we staid there till February 1792.

My father bought Alex. McClelland's settlement and pre-emption, 100 acres of it (*he was a cousin of my father's, lived in Allegheny Co. He afterwards declined coming out to live, because he had bought what was called the potato patch in Allegheny, because it was so rich*) Alex McClelland came out in 1793 and sold his settlement and pre-emption.

My father sold his farm on the Juanita fisheries and got Continental money. It nearly broke him up. Was only able to buy the 100 acres. He was never out until he came to settle that land.

The first night we came to Scott Co. to my father's old place, 1 ½ miles from here, the Indians took a man (John Scott) and his wife prisoners on Lane's Run, the other side of Georgetown, about 4 or 5 miles and killed her brother, McCreery. Perhaps, he made some resistance, he was a young single man. They were taken captive and kept prisoner until Wayne's Treaty. They were then brought back to Ky. I think he moved but a short time from up around Daviess Fork. Think the family connection lived up there.

We came to Scott, in February, probably about the middle of it in 1792. Lane's Run, the first that you cross after Elkhorn, on your way to Bourbon, between Georgetown and Cherry Run. About 2 miles from Georgetown it empties into Elkhorn.

The first night of our being alarmed about McCreery, John Scott &c. my mother was so frightened, she determined that she couldn't remain there a night longer. But, we did stay about a week and then removed to Campbell's Station and lived there. There were several cabins at Campbell's Station, the one that my father lived in, one that old Mr. Campbell (Wm. Campbell) lived in, and one or two other cabins that had been occupied, perhaps with picketing between. I think it had been called a fort, Campbell's Fort.

We remained at Campbell's Fort till corn gathering time, a day in October. We raised corn at Campbell's place and hauled it to a crib at our place, and the wild turkeys came up to pick up the loose corn. We went out in the field and my mother fired the rifle and killed two. They came back the next day and my father killed two more.

Campbell's Station was a mile from where he lived, and three miles from the crossing, on what was called the Blue Spring Branch. The Blue Spring Branch was nearly as large as the spring at Georgetown, was called such because of its great depth which gave it a bluish cast. Campbell's Station was within a mile of this spring. They staid there until fall, then moved back to their place again.

Late in the month of February, 1792 (there was an eclipse of the moon that same night) I turned out the horses about sunset. A neighbor by the name of Kendall had cut down some hackberry trees to make rails. Horses are fond of hackberry. The Indians caught them in these tree tops peeling the bark off the limbs. We found that the Indians had got them and traced them back to the treetops, where the horses had been peeling off the bark. There were 3 horses stolen, we did not find they were stolen till the 2nd day after we turned them out. I had turned them out between sunset and dark and they went about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to Kendall's. Kendall and his wife and their two children happened to be from home that night and they were not interrupted by the savages. About an hour after dark was when they shot Sam Spence. After catching our horses they continued on down for 3 miles to McConnell's Run, where Spence had a sugar-camp. He had been out during the day boiling sugar, had gone home to feed his stock and to make up the fire and was then returning to boil more sugar that night. He was getting over the fence near his sugar-camp when he was shot by the Indians, probably in ambush. He got in, but died in about 15 days. He was shot through the hollow of the body, a little above the waist. His nephew, Zeb Spence, ran on before calling to him, "come on Uncle Sam." We wondered why our horses did not come home, buffalo grass and spice bush. One came back that we thought they had, but which we thought had thrown them. In following the back trail, we found an arrow. On Sunday morning, my father sent me out into the big pasture (the wide wilderness) to hunt for the horses. I got to Mr. Kendall's and Mrs. Kendall told me they had heard that morning that the Indians had been in and stolen horses and had wounded Sam Spence. Robert, her husband, had gone to see about it and I had better wait till he

came back. We still yet did not know it was our horses. I went home and told my father what I had heard, and Mr. Kendall had been there and seen.

My father sent me out with a cousin of mine, Wm. Wilson, a Major in the Pa. Regiment. He had been in St. Clair's Defeat, and was then making his home with my father. In hunting where the horses usually range, we came to the trail they had made going to Spence's. We thought it folly to pursue and we took the back trail. We came across a square piece of moss (an Indian saddle) about as big as the largest size newspaper. I found by the trail an Indian arrow, tipped with brass from an old brass kettle. The point was tipped, feathers on the other end tipped, that is tied on with leather sinew. It was a three cornered piece of brass. I kept the arrow a good while. The mare that was left, (three out of four gotten) we supposed had gotten away from them. We found the moss and the arrow about a mile from where they had caught them. Don't know how many Indians there were. The men who followed them on Saturday never overtook them. William Glass and William Moore (now living) heard the report of the gun that shot Spence. Old Capt. James Jones, who is now dead was one of the men that followed them.

My father's family were all inoculated in Washington Co. Pennsylvania. Dr. Thompson did (it). Vaccination was not then found out. The old-side seeders said, if any of us die, my father would be guilty of murder.

Old Col. John McDowell was a Col. of a Regiment. Seemed to have a turn to go out on the wars. If he didn't go as an officer, he volunteered as a private. His wife was very much opposed. She said, "the pitcher, in going so often to the well, is apt to be broken." My dear, I never went away, but what I came back.

When Sam Spence was killed there was an eclipse of the moon that evening. Old Uncle William Wilson and wife were in Georgetown, and were coming home, and noticed the eclipse, I noticed it to.

Andrew and John, the only sons of Sam Spence, both married daughters of old Robert Lemon, and moved to Missouri, Lemon moved there. Didn't know of any other Spence, other than Sam.

John Quill, on Ray's Fork of Big Eagle in Owen Co. near Jones' Mill was a great talker. He kept one up all night one time talking. He was a kettle tender at Bullit's Lick. When my father sent me there for salt, I was not more than 14 or 15 then. I afterwards recognized his features, that it was him, and I asked him. He said he tended the furnace there once. He was a magistrate here.

Sold salt at \$3.00 a bushel. They had a way of sifting the salt through their fingers, round and round. Could make 2 1/2 bushel of salt, that ought to 125#, only 75#. You could kick the side of the measure and it would settle the breadth of your hand. It was like the drifted snow. Quill told me that was the cask that got water in it. I asked him if I bought it full would he give me a good measure. He said they always did that. It was a pond with a

green scum, thick enough for a mouse to run over it. Quill remembered this conversation when I brought it up.

A man was killed down by the forks of Elkhorn after we had passed on to Bullit's Lick, on one of our trips, and before our return. My uncle McClellan, in Shelby, told me the danger was passed, the Indians were now gone. We thought there might be others, he was a brother to my mother. On our return, the people in Frankfort asked us if we were not afraid. We said we were, but it could not be helped. Someone had to go. They would kill men too. They asked, could not our parents go ? We replied, they would kill them too.

Mr. Brown's oldest son, who went with me to get the salt, his father was killed on the road between Georgetown and Covington, on the waters of Eagle Creek. Col. Patterson was along, they were both members of the Presbyterian Church, they and two McBrides, who were single men, I think. There were four men that were camped there. It was only a bridle path, there was no road cut then. The Indians came upon them, killed Mr. Brown and one of the McBrides. Col. Patterson and the other McBride, made their way back to Lexington, and they sent out and brought the two men into Lexington. It is likely this was somewhere near Squire Quills, 20 miles from Georgetown. Mrs. Brown examined all about the wounds of her husband. Mr. Brown wore a long queue, had been scalped. My mother was present in Lexington when he was brought there. Mrs. Brown examined him over very carefully, fondly, at first without a tear. Then suddenly gave way to her grief. This Brown family came down the river in the same boat with us. They moved out to near where Col. Qualls now lives. A Mr. James Lawhead (sic) married a daughter. The widow moved to Fleming, and afterwards Ohio. Laughhead (sic) died, I think, before they moved to Fleming. I visited them there once, before I was of age, near Flemingsburg.

My uncle Capt. Daniel McClellan was high sheriff of Shelby. Drove my father's wagon over the mountains, and as I said, was the means of which my father came out to this country. He was a ___?___ warrior by birth, but both parents of Scotch blood. He had charge of the boat as we came down the river. He, my father, Wm. Brown and a hired man my father had were the men on board.

In May 1790, a beautiful clear morning, some distance above Limestone, we saw three or four men on the Indian side. Their guns glistened in the sun. The Irishman's name was Paddy Burke, I think. About $\frac{1}{4}$ mile off my uncle hailed them, Who are You ? friends or foes?, and they disappeared. My mother went to running bullets, Mrs. Brown took her children and hid in the blankets.

My uncle boated up the Wabash, up the Miss. &c. Heard my uncle speak of a landslide they encountered in the Missouri River, it produced a great commotion in the water.

There is a grave enclosed, about a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile this side of the Roman Chapel. I think the grave is of a Todd, who was killed by the Indians, 8 miles from Georgetown, 10 miles from Frankfort.

Old Capt. James Jones was an Indian spy. He and James Bell were employed to watch the movements of the Indians, they were poor, and were employed, not by the government, but by a few men of wealth. They were the only two spies in this country that I heard spoken of. They received a \$1 a day, you could get land then for a dollar an acre.

Capt. James Jones had a son killed, I don't know his name. I think it was before my father moved to this country. He was killed on the road from the crossing to the stamping ground, on the northwest of the crossing on Mile Branch and then the Blue Spring Branch was called in round numbers – the Two Mile Branch. It was on the side of the hill, rolling towards the creek, near the edge of the road. The Indians were laying in ambush and shot him as he was traveling along. Ben Jones, the brother of the person killed was my nearest neighbor. I don't know anything about it except by report.

At the White Sulphur, Col. Johnson had built a large frame building, more than a 100 feet long, 2 stories high, with double porches. This was intended for a boarding house. Besides this one, he had another similar building, intended for a tavern.

Col. Dick's black wife was named Julia Chinn, had a brother Daniel Chinn. It was said that he was secretly married to this black woman by the Rev. Thomas Henderson. After Julia's death from Cholera in 1833. Col. Dick took up with another, a fairer mulatto. She and an Indian ran off but were brought back.

Lewis Flanigan lived on an adjoining place when I bought this of Isaac Foster about 15 years ago. He moved down into Owen, between the towns of Overton and Liberty, near the road. He is now dead. I think his wife's name was Drake. Foster's wife and Flanigan's wife were half-sisters. Flanigan lived about 4 miles from Overton. Flanigan was employed as an overseer on Scott's farm. The Indians got after him while they were out in the clearing and ran them so hard, Flanigan told me this himself, that his face was black as an Indians. It was told that Flanigan ran against a grapevine, some said he carried it 40 feet, and some said 40 yards, and into Scott's Station with it wound up to his neck. He said he never recovered his color since. He was a swarthy dark complected (sic) man. This was before we came to this country. There were but few settlers in this country as early as 1790, the year we came out to Ky.

William Richey 13cc208

John Machir, had a Machir's Station, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Washington, on the road to Minerva, where a Mr. Worthington, Esq. now lives.

Capt. David Richey, with others in company, to the number of 90, came down from the Monongahela country with a view of making tomahawk settlements and pre-emptions, as had been done on this side of the river. To be between the mouth of the Big Scioto and the Big Miami, expecting the same privileges on the Ohio side, that they had enjoyed on the Kentucky side. They came the fall, after the battle of the Blue Licks, October 1782. They had gotten through and were on their return when they were fired on by some Indians. His gun he had stood by the side of the tree, with his ammunition and his moccasins hanging on it. The signal on their being fired on, was to take their canoes, when in the hurry of the movement, another man snatched up his gun and things and took them off safely. Richey was deaf and did not know of the movement in time, but, when he came to look for his gun it was gone and he couldn't find the other man's. He was pursued by two Indians for two days. He had taken down to intercept a boat that was going down to Louisville on some business for Capt. Nelson, aside from that of the company, but it had passed before he came. He then got over the Ohio and came down.

Mr. Stewart

13cc37

Mr. Stewart at Thomas Clark's, sort of a public house, 2 ½ miles from Williamstown. Mr. Stewart was a man at Clark's on the Georgetown Road.

Hinkston had another adventure with the Indians. When we came along in 1787, they had their cabins at Washington covered with Buckeye bark. One man named Sweet, had the only cabin covered with shingles.

Col. Hood was one of the party that came down with Symmes to Cincinnati. He led a company. Jesse Williams and Stewart were also along.

Hugh Dickey

13cc212

First of March 1795, that year the small-pox prevailed, the spring of the year of Wayne's Treaty. He lived about 4 ½ miles from Georgetown, on the headwaters of McConnell's Run.

Had been out making sugar, some little distance from the house. The sugar water had been dripping very freely, and the Indians hadn't been troublesome. He determined to lay out and boil the water that night with nobody with him but a little boy. They were bringing in the water and Spence had just poured his water in the kettle when the Indians fired and shot him through the body. He immediately sprang over the kettles and fled to the house, the Indians pursuing him till the last two hundred yards. The little boy, who had not come up yet with his water, on receiving the alarm, threw down the vessel and escaped. Spence fell when getting into the house, and this same little boy was dispatched to his brother, who lived in the neighborhood. His brother came and went that same night

to Georgetown for the doctor. Spence's wound was in the intestines and he survived only nine days. He left a family of five small children. One Dickey was engaged to crop with him that same year. Dickey completed that year and the next spring married the widow. Was a young man of about 18.

Mrs. Pierce

13cc7-8

Her grandfather was Samuel Hornback, her father was John Reid. Her uncle was George Reid, on whom I called for information, but whose mind was too much impaired to furnish any. Mrs. Pierce has been 41 years within 13 miles of Lexington, and yet, has never in that time visited there. She is the mother of, the, at present Mrs. Nathan Darnall, of North Middleton.

I was five years old when we came to Kentucky, we started from the South Branch, within $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of Moorefield, in April. We came over on to George Creek. Here we were detained for 6 weeks getting boats built. While there I went down to the place where they were building, along with Rebecca Parrish. She was sister-in-law of Mr. Vest, who was building the boat. We went down to tell them to come to dinner. Marigold and I got a teeter ready, and we were see-sawing when Rebecca Parrish came along and got me in the middle. I put my hand under it to hold and the first time the teeter went down it took nearly all the ball of my middle finger off. The marks are there to this day.

We landed at Maysville the 1st of June and sunk the boats. There was a law requiring that, in order to keep the Indians from getting them.

We went to near Harrodsburg. This was in July. In October we came over to Cartwright's Station. Mrs. Pierce's father, John Reid built the mill where Thatcher's is now. It was of logs at first, but got burnt down.

There were 6 or 7 families that came down when we did and had about 40 head of horses, also of cattle and sheep.

I was grown before I saw apples that were grown in Kentucky. We raised peaches and better than the ones they grow now.

John Osborne

13cc38-40

Trueman and Joseph Jarrett were first sent out by the Govt. to make a treaty with the Indians. I saw Jarrett start from Columbia, three days they traveled with the Indians, before they got an opportunity to kill them. Then they stopped to dry their clothes. Trueman was from Cincinnati. Five were then sent out. Hardin and Thomas Flinn were killed out on Mad River. Freeman, his waiter and Wm. Smalley were out here on Hog Creek (branch of the Aux-Glaize) going on to the Shawnee towns. The two Indians that

were with them sent Smalley out to get bark for some kinnykinnick (sic) to smoke and then concerted the plot, as the other two could not understand them. They then represented that the young Indian was afraid of Trueman's waiter, they being three to two and requested that he should be tied. In the night the Indian was looking at Trueman's gun and remarking how indifferent &c. and as Trueman lay rolled up in his blanket by the fire, lifted it up and shot him. The waiter broke loose and the young Indian ran 40 or 50 yards before he caught him. He then called to the other Indian that the white man was too strong for him and he came and tomahawked him. He didn't die until some time in the night, and then the younger Indian was sent to dispatch him and had the task of drying the scalps &c. Smalley had been a prisoner before and was said he had written a pamphlet on himself.

Covalt was killed about three weeks before I came into that country. I came in, in the fall of 1790. It was the last of October or the first of November. John Smith came in the spring afterward.

A station at the mouth of Columbia, 1 ½ miles above was called Garrards. I helped build it the same fall that I came down. There were one Welch and Bridges that had built out from the fort, some 30 or 40 rods, higher up at a spring. The next spring Welch was going out for sugar water. It was just about dusk when I met him, hadn't gone 15 steps before the Indians took him. We found his bucket there in the morning. They took him on to Mad River and held a council, whether they should burn him or take him on to Detroit and sell him. One Indian spoke in his favor for three hours, they took him on and sold him and he was afterwards returned.

The next summer after St. Clair's defeat Francis Beagle was taken from Round Bottom. Returned the same time that Smalley did.

A man by the name of Most was killed at Columbia. His son was a Baptist Preacher.

When my father first settled at the head of Big Wheeling, his two neighbors were 25 miles each. This was in 1775.

Thomas McJilton 13cc183-184

Came out in 1798 to purchase bearskins between Cumberland Mountain and the river. I lived in Baltimore and it was in the time of Bonaparte's Army and I came out to get bearskins for that trade. A white man was killed by an Indian in an affray down on the Cumberland, the winter I was there. There were forts then down on various points of the rivers Cumberland and Tennessee. At that time there were two Indian camps between Stockdon's Valley and the Cumberland Gap.

I got three wagon loads of skins in the course of two months. I bought them by the yard at \$1.00, not one in ten would measure two yards and I got \$7.00 for them. They were friendly Indians, Cherokees, and my purchases were chiefly from them.

I settled at the mouth of Richmond Creek, now Barboursville, 14 miles below the old Cumberland Ford.

Some preachers were killed by the Indians, a good while before I came out, near the Raccoon Spring.

The white man named Johnson, was killed at Flat Rock, between South-West and Knoxville by Shawnee John, a very smart Indian whom I saw afterwards at Knoxville. There were forts at South-West Point, Knoxville, Flat Rock &c., or rather garrisons.

McFarland
13cc54

We came out in 1788 and got to Bryan's Station two days before Christmas. There were only five houses at Washington, one at Mays Lick. There was one blockhouse and some soldiers at the Blue Licks, where we camped and we heard the Indians whistling on their chargers at night. We went on to Bryan's Station and then to Carpenters Station.

Isaac Neely, Adam Carpenter and John Littler (Sittler or some such name) were killed and Old Coonrod Carpenter was wounded. Mrs. Morrison's negroes were all killed. This attack was the night after we left. Mrs. Morrison, herself, was in so good a house they couldn't get in. We had been there three years.

The first settler at Bryan's Station sunk a black locust stick, with the date of the pre-emption, four feet under ground, in the middle of the big spring, and it was in such early times that he wasn't back for twenty years and another man named Bryan had come in, but he showed his stick and Bryan lost it.

A. H. Dunlevy
13cc41-43

Robert Benham never bought, or lived on that spot of land, but came up here and died near Lebanon, in Warren County, Ohio.

My father was in Crawford's Army. The wings had flanked out so far, that when the main army retreated, they left the wings sometime before they knew of the retreat. An officer at length rode around and gave them notice, but when they commenced their retreat, the main army was two hours ahead of them and the Indians between them and the army. My father and another man had to change their positions several times and did

not succeed in getting in until three days after the army had arrived. While on the wing, he had been fighting for about two hours with one of the Indians behind trees, until at length another Indian came up, hid in the forks of an old blown down tree, he was undiscovered until he threw his tomahawk at him. He then had to move from the danger, and shortly after this, the other man came up.

My mother's 1st husband's portion of the expenses of the trip of Judge Symmes out here and back; 1st trip was in 1787. The receipt of the portion of the one (of 5) in the dividend, (about \$450) was handed to Ben Drake in 1836. The original receipt.

Remained at Washington 1788 and the fall of 1789. Then moved to Columbia where Judge Symmes first stopped with his first colony. After his death from consumption, (rolling logs, ruptured a blood vessel), she declined remaining in the noisy fort and went out and occupied the little cabin her husband had built, lifting up and fixing a bed where she kept her children, and stayed there alone, day and night, while the Indians prowled around. This she continued to do so for several months.

Peter Cutright 12cc110-111

John Hart was killed on the headwaters of Middle River, or a branch of Nolin River, a fork of Green River and about 8 miles from what was called the valley, where Elizabethtown now is. It was one Sunday morning and he was laying in bed playing with the child, his wife was up and had gone out to milk. An Indian put in his gun at the door and shot Hart, then took the child by the heels and dashed its head against the walls and knocked out its brains. Mrs. Hart they caught and took her off to the towns. Si Hart was her brother-in-law and was a most inveterate Indian fighter. She knew that he would pursue to retake her. If he was at her side then she knew that she would be safe and knew to, that he would certainly come after her. She said she was afraid to look up whenever she went out, expecting to see him. She walked around the town with a couple of squaws the first day, with just these feelings. The 2nd and the 3rd day also, she knew he would come. The 4th day she heard someone whistle on a charger and she looked up. It was Si Hart, he clapped spurs to his horse and she rushed towards him. They met near a log to which he had rode close, she jumped on it and just sprung astraddle of the horse behind. In this manner she was brought off safe.

Si Hart killed and took the scalps of 16 Indians. He was once a prisoner among the Indians. He was taken over the Ohio River and left in the care of a big and a little Indian. At the time he had an Indian scalp in his shot pouch. The little Indian kept wanting to get into the shot pouch and he endeavored all the time to prevent it if possible. He knew that if this little Indian did get into it and the scalp was found with him then he would certainly be killed and yet he was afraid that he would. In this uncertainty he thought of the end of his powder horn that was very nobly turned and he just cut or broke it off and gave it to him, with that the little Indian seemed very much pleased and let him alone. Afterwards Hart either killed one or both of them and made good his escape. (But I didn't

like the complexion of the story and didn't note it in full.) Si Hart removed from Hardin County to Arkansas. The Indians killed his son John of which he wrote back an account swearing that if life and ammunition were spared to him, he would have revenge, as he always did have.

Frontier Memories (2002)

The Draper Manuscripts

The Rev. John D. Shane Interviews
(Revised Edition)

John Crawford
12cc156-163

I was born near the Federal City, September 1765. Came from there to the Redstone country in 1772, then 7 years of age. On the way out my mother took sick at Old Town, in Md. where the Cresap's lived. She was obliged to be left there till 1773.

Redstone was so called from the Indians, getting red paint out of the creek. The French had a fort there called Fort Byrd, as they had at Fort Pitt called Fort Duquesne. Fort Byrd was about a mile above where Redstone Ck. enters the Monongahela. This place became known as Red Stone Old Fort, from the old fort that was at the mouth of Redstone".

Early in 1774, the year of Dunmore's War my father came down to the mouth of Big Grave Creek, about 10 miles below Wheeling. He was the first person to improve in Va. under Capt. David Rogers at that place and came down for that purpose. He left all his family behind at Redstone, but myself. We had taken some of David Roger's hands along with us and cleared a piece of land. In May we planted our corn".

It was while we were down on the upper side of Big Grave Creek mouth that the Cresap affair occurred. It was just opposite where my father planted the corn. Cresap did not kill Logan's family as charged by Jefferson. The mischief was done farther up the river at the mouth of Yellow Creek, by the company of one Greathouse who was living there. It was believed that a parcel of men that was gathered there with him for the expressed occasion. Greathouse was a sort of trader with the Indians, kept liquor etc. They lived opposite to him in a bottom on the other side of the river. A white woman at Greathouse's was told by an Indian woman, professing a strong attachment to her, a secret plot of the Indians to cut off the whites and what their threats were. Accordingly the men were collected and concealed themselves, and the Indians were invited over, unsuspiciously that their behavior might be seen. One of the Indians put on a white man's clothes, said the Americans were damned sons of bitches. One John Sappington went in and got in an affray with the Indian and killed him. The others that were hid, hearing the altercation came in and put to death all the rest. They killed a squaw which had a child by Gibson a trader. The child was raised. Another canoe started to come over from the Indian shore, it was supposed to the relief of those already over. They were allowed to come pretty near the shore and were then fired on. This John Sappington killed Logan's brother and took his scalp. In the general breaking up of the company and

gathering in at Redstone, Sappington met Michael Cresap at that place and gave him the scalp. Cresap wanted that scalp to boast of".

Michael Cresap was raised in Old Town, Maryland. The Indians killed his brother Dan Cresap. Michael had come down the spring of 1774 to the mouth of the Kanawha to visit and explore the country. He, along with some 8 or 10 men from Old Town, they were on their return and had gotten as far as Wheeling, when 2 canoes of Indians from above came down the river, keeping to the Indian shore as there was constant broils between them and the whites, and unfriendly feelings had arisen. Cresap's men volunteered a pursuit and were joined by some at Wheeling and they followed on down to where the Indians had stopped and tied their canoes, right opposite to where my father had planted corn, at the mouth of Big Grave Creek. There they landed and attacked them. Cresap had one man wounded in the middle of the right thigh. His company were all great marksmen. As soon as the war broke out, he went into the army and his men where famous for picking the men off the vessels. He went right into the army after leaving Redstone. At this time had some 8 or 10 men with him".

Cresap advised my father not to stay on Grave Creek, the Indians would kill them all. My father gave me to one of Rogers' Negro men to take me up with him, while he staid behind to try and hide some more of the things. The Negro man started on up with me, but after going on part of the way, turned off into a road on the left hand that led away to one side. When night came on he stopped at a house, staid all night and next morning he rode before day and went off and left me. He was one of Roger's Negroes that had been sent down by him with my father to help to open Rogers' place. He said I went to slow and kept him back. My father, when he started kept right on that little path, that took nearer and left Wheeling to the left, but never overtook the Negro, and did not know but that I was before until he got to Redstone. The family I was with were all fixing to go to Wheeling and they took me along with them. I was called the lost boy. Cresap came along to Wheeling and knew me by my name, took me with him up to Redstone. He had the wounded man along, carried all the way on a bier (?). They went slower on that account and it was much easier for me to keep up with them. Cresap knew my father and wanted my father to let him keep me altogether. Said he wanted to raise me for the war. It was the 4th of June when we got from Big Grave Creek to Redstone again. We had staid there all the spring, never knew what happened to the corn we planted. It was 60 miles from Wheeling to Redstone, we passed little improvements all the way up, which were then breaking up. All were alarmed and went on to Redstone, after this open rupture. Wheeling still continued forted, 300 Indians came up and ran against Wheeling fort stockading, thought they could rush against it and knock it down. They afterwards killed some people about there, some they coyed out and killed".

The people were forted in all around, 4 miles up Redstone Creek and as far as the Monongahela, as the mouth of Cheat. The Indians did a good deal of mischief about there. For sometime after this my family lived in Spark's Fort".

It was sometime after the war broke out before the Pa. Troops got there. Govt. kept a magazine and store there. The people were afraid the Indians would attack and destroy

these stores. I stood guard in my fathers place after we went back, guarding the magazine. At length the troops came and camped about the fort.

About the close of the Revolutionary War, Symmes had bought out between the Miami's. The Six Nations became dissatisfied and would not consent to the treaty, said the Indians that sold it had no right to sell it. The Shawnees were the principal ones that objected, said they had a part in that land; though they made no objection at the time of sale. These feuds were stirred up as usual and inspired by British influence. The war that grew out of this continued till Wayne's battle at the rapids. The whites were at peace with some and at war with the others. The Indians were for making war. They said that they would kill every man that crossed the river. That the Ohio should be the boundary line. They sent out to get a prisoner and I was the 1st one they got.

The circumstances were these; a short time after the close of the Revolutionary War 5 of us started to go to Kentucky. These were William and Peter Johnson, William and Andrew Lynn and myself. I was pretty much of a boy yet, but able to clear my way with a gun and kill a hunters portion of game. It was expected that the Govt. would make a purchase of the country between the Miami's and Wheeling as Symmes had done with the country between the Miami's, and people had been over to look at the country. We proceeded down the Ohio in a canoe, to the mouth of Hockhocking. We had agreed to go up the Hockhocking some distance and from there, strike out over to the mouth of the Scioto in order to get a look at the country. We went a short distance 8 or 10 miles and encamped for the night. Two men came to our encampment in the evening, one was named Michael ___, the other part of the name I have forgotten. He was a white man, the other was an Indian. They said they were friendly "bros". They kindled their fire about 60 yards above us, or within 50 yards of us. They let us have some venison and we let them have some flour. We only saw these two men. Next morning just at daybreak the Indians came along. A Shawnee took hold of me, a very strong grip, by the sleeves of my hunting shirt. When Wm. Lynn, who was the principal man among us, saw that the Shawnee held me he told him to let me go. At this Black Wolf, a Mingo and the principal warrior, caught Wm. Lynn. Lynn seeing they were after mischief, jerked the Indian round, broke loose, and jumped into the river. Black Wolf seized up one of our guns and shot Lynn after he had swam the river. As he came up out of the water on the other side and was going up the bank he was shot in the left arm. The shot broke a small bone about the elbow. As soon as the affray commenced the Indians came on with a scream. Andrew Lynn broke right through the Indians as they came up, and he made his escape down on this side. He was struck a blow with the pipe end of a tomahawk, which only raised a knot and it didn't prevent his escape. He joined the others at the mouth of the river. They got away before he crossed. Peter Johnson had on a wool hat and an Indian struck him in the back of the head with his tomahawk, cut through his hat and sunk a deep gash into his collar bone, split the neck joint and very nigh killing him, didn't go into the marrow. He pitched over on his hands, and catching in that way and was trying to get up when the Indian caught up one of the guns and pointed to shoot. Just as he shot, Johnson pitched down and the shot only tore up a furrow along his back and made it bleed freely. This relieved his head, which was very heavy before and enabled him to pitch into the river and escape. The Indians afterwards took up his hat and

mocked his running and nodding his head, showing how he did it. The Indian who held me saw I was going to break away (he held me very firm) and he got out his tomahawk to kill me & had it raised and as his arm descended I caught it in my left hand and we were there in that fix when the Indians returned from over the river. They came up around me and I thought I was going to be killed, but they got a rope and tied me. When they went across the river in the canoe and found the men had made their escape, they returned finding they couldn't overtake them. The men met up at the mouth of the river and went up in a canoe they got there. Wolf gave me a very severe slap on the side of the face and made me set down. He said, "Hush, don't you hear them call you? Why don't you go?"

This Black-Wolf had a select party of warriors, some were Shawnee, some were Cherokee. The different nations were intermarried and in making up a marauding or war party, they selected them from the whole. It was a company of Shawnees and Cherokees that came and took Morgan's station. These Shawnees and Cherokees were also the Indians along the Wilderness Road and the Three Islands that took so many boats there.

Once when advancing to attack a boat there the Indians fixed up a protection of planks in front of them. Black Wolf was shot and they turned back. He could talk English very well but only talked when it suited him. He was raised around Pittsburgh. Black Wolf was in the Battle of the Blue Licks. He was walking up to a man who was about to shoot him, caught the muzzle of the man's gun just as he fired and had a hole fired through the palm of his left hand, succeeded however in turning the gun aside, made it up to the man and tomahawked him. These circumstances relating to Black Wolf were told me by one of the Riddles.

Black Wolf had only 13 men along at this time, council had been held and they were sent to get prisoners to let them know they wouldn't agree to that treaty.

We were 9 days going from where I was taken to the new Chillicothe towns, on waters that ran into the Scioto, and 4 days waiting there till they gathered in the council and sent to Sandusky for Girty, about 60 miles. I was in 8 different towns in my route. When they made me run, instead of running a gauntlet, about 25 or 30 men came along by me and each one gave me a slap on the head or face. When Girty arrived he came and talked to me. He said he didn't think the Indians would kill me. I was but a boy. He inquired of me if I was any relation to Colonel Crawford. When the council had assembled they let me right in the midst of them. The council set for two hours in perfect silence. At length Blue Jacket rose and made his speech. Girty interpreted and Wilson the trader wrote it down. Blue Jacket said they hadn't gotten their part, that they were determined not to part with the country. They were determined to make the Ohio the line, and after this to burn every prisoner they caught on this side of the river. That they had been driven back farther and farther and that they would all die before they would give up an inch more of their land.

They killed 2 traders while I was there and brought in their fresh scalps on a spontoon (a long stick, spear on the end). They were Silas Zane and George Green, who lived at Wheeling. They were killed at the time of the council and their scalps brought in on the

spoon. The scalps were green, not dry, a day or two nights only before that the men were killed. It was either 83 or 84 that Zane and Green had come out trading. They were killed where they camped on the first evening of their return route. George Green was a young man who was with Zane. Zane's brother Jonathan Zane was the one that piloted Col. Crawford to the Sandusky towns. When the council was over Wilson and myself were sent to Fort Pitt with the speech. We were guarded by 4 Indians to the old Wappatomico Towns, where they had once been at the forks of the Muskingum. There we left the Indians and reached Fort Pitt in safety, where Wilson delivered his letter. I had been gone 2 months. Wappatomico Creek and White Woman's Creek came together at the Wappatomico Town and formed the Muskingum. There were Americans there with flour from Pittsburgh when we got there. All through the war, there were men trading with the Indians. One, Hamilton, an old Indian trader was along this time, perhaps there principal trader, no doubt the Indians had some of the same furs they had taken from Zane. George and Thomas Girty had come with us and the 4 Indians. They had come to trade there at the forks of the Muskingum. Thomas Girty was only there on a visit among the Indians, lived with the whites. George had a wife in the Delaware nation. James Girty had a wife among the Shawnees. Simon Girty was a Wyandotte, was quite a pleasant man when he took a liking. He was the one that disaffected and being inclined to the British when the Revolutionary War broke out, went over and joined the British and the Indians. Simon was in the Blue Lick battle. He told me in a boasting way that he had had so many wives after the Indian custom, almost in every nation. Was a dirty dog. Drank a great deal of whiskey boasting of his bravery once among some drunken Indians. The Girtys were all taken by the Indians when boys and scattered, as customary among the different tribes.

Came to Kentucky in 1788. In the fall of 1789 we went out and put up some rounds of a cabin. 1st day of March 1790 we came to stay, Enoch Smith with his nephew Jas. Lane (?) and myself. I made an indenture of my time for 9 months & he gave me a bond for 100 acres. Land was then a dollar an acre.

Baker's brother and another man had been down to a clay lick, on the ridge this side of Grassy Lick for deer. The Indians found them and dogged them right up to the station, where and Indian rattled his shot pouch. As Baker and his acquaintance were about to go into the station to make ____ stop when they fired. They then fired, killed the one man and wounded Baker.

When the express came I could get no one to go with me. Mrs. Smith said we must have some meal from somewhere & I went to Baker's and also to get some meal. When I got to Bakers I got something to eat and some meal. The doctor was there cutting out the bullet. The blow had been broken off, perhaps by the breach of his gun and the ball had glanced off and down into the fleshy part of his abdomen, getting deeper in the flesh as it went down. The operation became increasingly painful, till at length Baker said he shouldn't cut any further, he would rather die than suffer the pain. The bullet remained in him and he got well. The other man lingered out a slow death. All the men from around during this interruption gathered at Hood's.

Hansford preached at Morgan's on Sunday and on Monday the 1st of April 1793 it was taken. As soon as I heard of it I flew right down there. The station was all in flames when I arrived. The dogs were barking, calves lowing and a great noise. The Indians kept their back spies, I heard them blowing on their chargers in the night. It was a great piece of madness to pursue them. I knew they would kill their prisoners. One, Jim Ward, called him General Ward after that wanted to go over to Peter Fortes to see if his intended squaw was safe. Got me to go along with him. When we got to Slate he wanted me to set him over on my shoulders, said he was afraid of getting his feet wet. It was sometime before I would let him, under the pain and penalty of ducking both. When we got there they were all gone. I set table, found some bread in the skillet, some excellent buttermilk. I ate of my wife's bread and baking (she had left in the skillet) before I had ever seen her. When we had gotten round to 7 miles at Montgomery, where all were gathered, we could hardly get in. They had about 100 dogs assembled.

There were 19 in company when Clifton went out. He wanted to make a trip, so that it would set him free from enlisting. He said it was as safe a time as he could choose. Set out early, three men were missing, Clifton, Lane and Joe Simpson. Not more than 7 guns were brought off, out of the whole, and there were not more than 5 Indians. The men kept out no sentries. The Indians only wanted to scare them off and get their plunder and gave them all the chance to run, came on the worst side of the camp to kill and take.

Asa Farrar (Revised)

13cc1-6

Born in Vermont, left 4 miles of Bennington, Vt. on the 8th day of October 1788 and arrived at Lexington, Ky. on the 19 day of December 1788. My wife came in May and I came in December.

When we got to Maysville we found a cabin say 12 ft. square, having the third log sawed out twas up on the bank. I crept into it. While we were at Maysville a boat came down the river and landed say an hour by sun in the evening. The boat had a dead woman, two wounded children and a dead horse on board. The persons on board didn't know the woman was dead. One of the children was sucking on her breast. The boat had been attacked at the Three Islands. This was about twenty days before we got to Lexington. They put the dead woman into that cabin that night and threw the dead horse into the river. The next morning they put the woman back on the boat and went on down the river.

This was the only cabin in Maysville, there was no furniture in it. We were two days getting up the hill, taking up a little of the plunder at a time. There was at this time no road leading from Maysville to Lexington, till after you left the Blue Licks. We found a horse-mill and tavern and some cabins at Washington. There was one house at the Blue Licks, some cabins at Paris and one at Bryant's Station.

I was 5 years in Lexington before I saw a table or bed-stead. Tables were made of hackberry, split and the heart taken out so it could be adzed and then set on 4 legs. Bedsteads were made by resting the one end of a rail on the side of a cabin, the other end on a fork.

There were not over 100 men at Lexington at this time. As many as we could get were employed two days in clearing out the roads from Brennan's, now Chiles', as far as what we called Van Pelt's Lane, in clearing out to where the race ground was. There was one Burr Oak so large we couldn't get a saw large enough to run through. Had to cut on each side to let the saw in. Have no doubt the tree was four feet over. There was a forest of Burr Oak and Black Walnut.

Twice the citizens of Lexington, after we got there, went into the fort from fear of Indians. One report was there were 300 Indians at the Crossings.

The young men in Kentucky were offered an in and an out lot in Cincinnati for going to help build Fort Washington. McClellan and McMillan were of the company. I was not one, but was down there frequently. I recollect down there on a flat, I struck my toe against a beech root, running a foot race and knocked off the nail, and never found it.

Saw the quarter-master's wife, there, a large fleshy woman fall from a ladder, strike a chair, two slats of the chair back were either out, or she broke them out, the top of the chair passed under her ribs on the right side and came out at her neck. The top knob of the chair post was sawed off to get the post out again, and she got well. (Dr. Young sitting by says it could not have been under the ribs, it must have been only under the skin. To which Mr. Farrar replied, he did not see it, was only told him)

The older of the two Riddles came in (this he told me he saw himself) with a party of Indians to steal horses. His father had a stud horse, which he determined to take. He went to his father's house and saw him knelling in prayer. He raised his gun to shoot his father, but something prevented him, he knew not what. He however got the stud horse. The younger son was a Baptist preacher. When the two sons were delivered up, the father was there with a suit of clothes apiece he had prepared for them, which he gave to them, but in about 2 hours after they were in Indian dress again. I was at Wayne's treaty and saw this myself.

Isaac Clinkenbeard (Revised)

11cc1-4

Isaac Clinkenbeard born November 20th, 1758, John Clinkenbeard born July 9th, 1755, the day of Braddock's defeat, William Clinkenbeard born October 10th 1761.

There was a fort at the Little Connoway on the Potomac, 40 miles below Old Town, where the north and south branch come together, after which they took the name Potomac. The Indians were troublesome on both the Big and Little Connoway. My uncle

Isaac Linn was taken prisoner from the mouth of the Little Connaway and kept 11 years. My uncle John Linn was killed there. My uncle Thomas Linn was also scalped and then left lying in the sand all night. The next morning he was found. Bored his head full of gamblet holes to get the blood out. He was made blind by being scalped. Many a mile I have led him. He had fits too, sometimes. He died a while after I came to Kentucky. At the time of this attack my mother had just had a child. The necessity of flight caused an excitement which ultimated though, perhaps not for several years, in her death, caught cold and never got over it till she died.

Old Mr. B (not legible) used to live in a fort that was at Winchester, Virginia, both he and she are dead. Bill (not legible) was killed down at the salt works down towards Louisville and Nathan, his brother, not far from Harrodsburg, were cousins of these Linn's.

I went in Hand's Campaign, was hired as a substitute in 1777. The expedition started to go to the Indian towns, but didn't go farther than Wheeling, it was too late in the season for one thing. A company went from Berkeley County and formed a part of this expedition. We went on from Fort Pitt to Wheeling, the rest were listed only for the camp, a company of us hired to stay at the Beech Bottom all winter, staid 6 months; never saw an Indian come to the Beech Bottom while we were there, but they were there before and after. This was the 1st time I crossed the Allegheny Mountains and I saw the broken fragments of the wagons on the Battle ground of Braddock's defeat on the Allegheny Mountains in Pa. I went in Hand's Campaign and then afterwards, McIntosh's campaign. All three of us brothers were in McIntosh's campaign.

Came from Berkeley County, Virginia in the fall of 1779. We came out without caring about being guarded. Col. Swearingen, Wm. Bennett, Joshua Bennett and John Taylor and Patrick Donaldson and family & we two brothers. Russell Anderson and his wife use to pass us every day on the road, both of them died out here on Slate. It was strung from Cumberland Mt. to Boonesborough, ood's of people came out that fall more than did for 7 or 8 years after that. We came by the Hazel Patch. I never was at the Crab Orchard. At the Hazel Patch, there were not only a great many nuts, but a large prairie. We came to the Hazel Patch a little before we came to the Rockcastle River. It was at the Hazel Patch that the road forked, one road leading to Crab Orchard, the other to Boonesborough. Nothing after leaving the Hazel Patch to be met with till we got to ____?, except that we passed the Knob Lick some 10 or 15 miles before we got to Boonesborough. Was but a day or two at Boonesborough before we went out hunting. In a short time went over to Strode's, a great many at Boonesborough. John Strode had a pre-emption at his station, was a little before us out, some ten miles from Boonesborough. There were two cabins partly up when I got there; Strode had one of them and Capt. Constant the other one and I think Couchman had one. It was late in the fall and Strode had not been there a great while when I went. Strode promised us the land that we cleared for 9 years and I cleared three acres and didn't want the use of it one year and rented it out for that year.

It was all woods through the cane and just as thick as anywhere else, the cane was just an undergrowth. From here to Strode's Station, 10 or 12 miles there wasn't ½ mile clear of timber. At Cane Ridge the timber was of the thickest kind and the cane very heavy. Yet, in my clearing of the 3 acres at Strode's Station I grubbed one acre a day. My brother William cleared three acres too. Old Robert Taylor, my brother William and myself are all now living that I know of that were at Strode's then. Robert Taylor was living below the Forks of Licking he was here 10 or 15 years ago. Came to be a Justice and then Sheriff of the county.

The next summer (1780) we stockaded in at Strode's, the Indians never troubled us that first summer. They took Martin's and Riddle's Station in summer of 1780. Martin's was where Gov. Garret's farm was, Riddles' was where Stoner and Hinkston meet. They, Lexington and Bryant's Station had been settled before we came out, Lexington I think two years. McGee's, Boone's Station (at the Cross Plains) and Grant's Station were all settled the same fall as Strode's.

1st March 1780 the Indians killed Pem Rollins & Col. Calloway at Boonesborough, not far from the station, they were making a boat. In 1780 was Clark's expedition against Old Chillicothe on the Little Miami & Pickaway on the Big Miami. In that expedition they killed 15 of our men, we took 16 of their scalps.

On the 1st of March 1781 the Indians came to Strode's Station, killed Patrick Donaldson and Jacob Spoke, wounded John Judy and took off a Negro woman. Jacob Spoke had gone out early in the morning to drive away the cows from a garden near the station. Donaldson and Spokes daughters, little girls, had followed on out. The Indians had chased the little girls to within 20 steps of the fort, and would have gotten them but the dogs broke out on them. Patrick Donaldson went to look over a little gate between 2 houses, to see to shoot, when this gun fired and it took him in the forehead. There were but the two guns fired. The bullet didn't go in, but knocked the bones in. The brains seeped out in the day & he didn't die till night. Bennett (?) and I were cooking our breakfast at the time. Judy and the Negro woman were both outside, I don't know what for. The Negro woman belonged to Mr. Moore. He had gone into the settlements in the spring of 1780 & had left her with Thos. Kennedy".

There was nobody at the Lower Blue Lick battle from Strode's. There were but a few of us there and we had to stay and take care of the women.

At Holder's Defeat, John Douglas and George Johnson and one Clemens were killed and Capt. Fleming and Jim Harper wounded. Jim Harper lived for several weeks and then died. From Strode's to McGee's Station was about 6 or 7 miles. All they killed in the battle were from those lower stations. Indians had taken Harper's son. I was down at Boone's Station when the news came and when I got back they were gone. (I got my gun stocked by a man that lived on the hill above Russell's Cave, but had his shop in it, the cave, but whether it was this time or now I do not now know) When the pursuers came to this place and found the Indians there, the forces were divided and Holder led on one, the one way and Constant the other down a little different way. Holder and his party

happened to get a sight of the Indians and found there were so many and they run. I don't believe any of Holder's men were killed. Constant and his party clapped to and fought. Joe and Richard Proctor were in that battle, Joe Proctor is living on Muddy Creek in Madison Co.

Constant had a station about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, or little better from Strode's Station. Seonce's Station was way down by Millersburg, or a little this side.

Constant was one day at his station and was out in the field plowing. Joshua Stamper was also out in an adjoining field with only a lane running between them. Two little children of Parvin's were out at the mouth of the lane. The two children were killed, whether shot or how I don't know. They shot at Constant as he ran in and broke his leg. He got in, but had to go in on his hands and one foot. He crept in under his floor and got into his house. Stamper he got in without any injury. I think James Berry, if alive, lives on the other side of Boonesborough, was wounded in the Battle of Little Mountain. The Indians had been over and took a Negro of Estill's. When they began to fire in the action the Negro ran away from the Indians. Joe Proctor told me he had seven or eight fair shots and was the last man on the ground. As an Indian ran up to scalp Estill, Joseph Proctor shot the Indian, seen him fall on Estill and then he ran. Some prisoners said afterwards there were just 5 and 20 Indians and that but 5 of them got back. Cook said, and the others said the same, that he had fired the first gun. The Indians were crossing Hinkston about two miles below Mt. Sterling when he thus fired. Two Indians fell, (he saw them fall) one of them seemed to give the Indians a powerful talk and then they fell to fighting. The Proctors and some others that were in the battle went back with us to bury the dead. The Negro didn't go. It was right wet weather when we went. There was an eagle eating of Estill and he couldn't fly and I took after him with my gun stick and killed him. Varmints thus had destroyed Estill's intestines. I helped to bury the seven that were killed there. One came into Strode's that died afterwards, but I don't know whether there or no.

Billy McCracken was wounded and died coming down the hill at Cincinnati and was buried there on the bank of the river. Perhaps there was a cabin built there for the men that were to stay and take care of the boats. Crossed and re-crossed by means of these boats, they brought up troops from the falls when we got to the mouth of Licking in 1780.

I took (Maluntha, Mr. Clinkenbeard had no recollection of the name till I mentioned it to him) and brought him in. He patted on his breast and said "King." McGary asked if he was in the battle of the Blue Licks. He said, "Yes," McGary said damn you, I will show you Blue Lick ___ and just tomahawked him. I was within 3 or 4 steps of them at the time. McGary was broke of his command for it. There was a young Indian that had been taken and put into a cabin with some squaw prisoners. Col. Kennedy that lived at the Crab Orchard went in and knocked the young Indian down and scalped him. I went and peeped in through the crack and saw the Indian sitting up with his scalp off.

Matthias Spohr, Joshua Bennett and Michael Cassidy had gone out hunting from Strode's Station. At night they camped about three miles beyond North Middletown, Cassidy lay in the middle. The Indians had crept up and were behind a log not ten feet

off. They shot Spohr and Bennett both pretty dead and then sprang upon Cassidy. In the struggle Cassidy contrived to get hold of his tomahawk and then they let him go loose. Cassidy had been nearly overcome in the struggle, but as he ran they threw a war club or something and struck him in the back, after his breath came back, the blood gushed out of his mouth and he experienced immediate relief and acquired strength. From that he got in that night or the next morning, I forgot which now. The Indians put a chunk to the side of Bennett and burnt his bowels out and also made a fire on Spohr's back.

Ned Boone was killed on Boone's Creek. It was called Plum Lick till Ned Boone was killed on it (about 5 miles on the other side of North Middletown on the Upper Blue Lick Road) then down below the forks it was changed to Boone's Creek.

The bank washed and the bones of Bennett and Spohr were seen in it. They were buried on the bank, the bank washed and the bones were gotten, I think by Spohr.. Patrick Scott was here a year before me. He came in the spring, his father, when a boy went to the falls.

A corn right was 400 acres, this I live on was one. Ben Davis owned it, Davis cleared it out of the office and I bought ___?___ halve. Davis was killed by the Indians over by Estill's Station, his widow lived here for some years. He was going into the station and they shot him off his horse.

After I was here a company going by Stoner here, up to Slate Iron Works to guard came to the creek and couldn't get over for the creek was high. We were all back in the cane, perhaps hunting cattle. They fired to make us come. We heard the round and had liked to have went the other way. Went around through the cane and came out on a point above the house till we saw what it was.

We overtook some Indians that had stolen some horses on the dividing ridge between Hinkston and the Blue Licks, this side of the Upper Blue Licks and we got our horses again. The Indians escaped, we were seen first, they were too smart for us.

Another time we killed two below Mud Lick and got our horses back. One other time we killed one below Knob Lick. There was a horse of my fathers and one of Strode's that we didn't get, only saw two Indians. Two on Salt Lick creek had stopped, I reckon to eat their breakfast, 2 were on the back track, these two we killed. They raised the yell and then those at the camp raised the yell, it appeared as if there might be 10 of them. They mounted their horses and rode to the top of the hill, there they left them and fled. They knew that we would overtake them by the trail of their horses, before they crossed the Ohio. Once that they got my horses we never over haled them.

I had a \$60 dollar bill when I came to Kentucky and I gave it for two bushels of corn. William and I worked for two more, they had a good deal of corn at Boonesborough. An old Mr. Guess got a good deal of pewter for a pewter dish full of corn. We lived on meat after that till corn raising. Every \$40 of that money would get 1000 acres of land. Afterwards when the Indians were so bad, a good horse would get 200 acres. Thompson

of Boonesborough gave a 000d acres and a Negro wench for a Shetland horse; but she was a racer. For 200 acres of land and twenty bushels of corn I gave a horse that had been given for a rifle that cost \$5. I bought a horse when I had been in this country for three years to go back to the settlements on, but the Indians stole it and I hadn't money to get another with.

A Woman in Cincinnati (Revised)

13cc9-18

My father was in Logan's Campaign. He came to Kentucky in the year 1780. Landed at Louisville in the month of March. Came from the South Branch of the Potomac. There were three boats in company coming down. They were attacked at an Island just below Pittsburgh, where the river was narrow. Captain Runnell's had one boat for a family boat and another in which he put his horses. There were but three families in that boat; Malottes and Hardins and part of his things were in our boat and Runnells. Runnells was a gentleman, didn't row any. The steep were hired. He (Runnell) run the mouth of the boat, right into danger. My father John Hinkston and John Pringle had the third. Capt. Runnell's boat was taken, and all the men killed but one (there were 7 or 8) and he was at the helm. Girty told him if he would come too they wouldn't hurt him. He did his best and got to. Mrs. Hardin who was taken said they burned him the next day. Mrs. Malotte and six children were also taken, had one child shot I think. Girty took the oldest one, who was a right pretty girl for a wife. Said to be the prettiest woman in Detroit. This was Simon Girty.

Coonrod Coleman and another man went to Detroit to get these exchanged, brought back Mrs. Hardin. Her husband, John Hardin was on our boat at the time, we were weak handed, had but three men and he sometimes came to help us. Mrs. Malotte, and one child, a little boy. Mrs. Malotte died while she was out. He lived after his return at the Spring Station in Ky., 6 miles from Louisville.

There were three Hardin's, William, who went by the name of Hairy Hardin, because there grew so much hair on him, he lived way up towards Baird's old town. Thomas, who steered the houseboat and John their cousin who was in ours. William got into the canoe that was attached to the horse boat. Reynolds was a drunken sort of man, then half _____ through with liquor.

The winds were high and the rest didn't want to start from Pittsburgh, but he would and when he went his horse boat had to go and then we went along, the winds drove the boats right into shore. Wm. Hardin had a canoe and went into shore ever now and then (from the horse boat) to see if he could see any tracks. When we got down to this narrow place from the island he gave the alarm, saw the tracks. The Indians pushed down. Reynolds was so careless and rash, he was almost the first one killed. Had two black girls, his wife and all his family killed. Girty called to Tom Hardin to steer in and come to shore. Hardin swore. He said he would see him in hell first (and there shouldn't be a man hurt) Girty then said he would have her, the boat, in half an hour, and no thanks to

him. "Crack Away", said Hardin using most profane language. Two horses and a man were killed and another man wounded. Meanwhile the horses kept up a most dreadful kicking. Runnell's boat was drawn to, the Indians coming in up to their necks in water to draw it to. After we got away we expected they would get in that and pursue, but supposed that it was only the whiskey they found in that boat that prevented them from pursuing.

With this boat fastened to, they tolled in another. While they were in the boat the Indians rushed down upon them. The 2nd boat was about to go in, but took the alarm.

Wm. Wells, from here was captured and killed by the Indians, he married a squaw and had children by her. Just about the time the treaty commenced he went out, said he was going to try and make peace. The Indians killed him, everybody was so sorry. That was after we moved here. My husband saw him at a tavern in Cincinnati.

Mr. Hickstom lived at Floyd's Station, about 13 miles from the Spring Station. After the campaign under Logan he went to take some families up to Harrod's Old Town. Two Westerfelts were at Floyd's Station. My father John Hickstom took two loads on his two horses, to go and carry a load for them. He wanted to see the place. He had thought of moving there. John and Christopher Westerfelt, Jas. Swan and Jas. McLaughlin, an Irishman and Thos. Pyburn, a Dutchman, were all killed. Polly and Debby, two of Westerfelt's daughters, cousins, Betty Swan, they and Garrett Westerfelt, who took a fit, which he was subject to, were all taken prisoners. The Indians made a terrible fuss, at length one of them stepped up and tomahawked him.

Wm. Hinkstom was shot slightly across the back of the hand in two places. He saw three Indians standing by the fire looking at his gun, which he always kept very bright and he could see it shine by the fire. He went up and seized the gun out of the Indians hand. The Indian raised his tomahawk, he turned the breech of his gun and knocked the Indian down and cleared himself. Father had 16 bullet holes shot through his blanket as he rode up. He thought it was a loud clap of thunder, the firing came on them in such a volley and so together. He jumped up and ran till he stumbled over a log and saw the Indians throwing in the pack-saddles and everything they could get into the fire to make a light; such a cracking of skulls, and plundering and screaming. He rose up again and ran till he came to Clear Station, near Bullit's Lick, guided by the crowing of the roosters. The attack was about 3 o'clock, I think on a Monday morning. Thos. Pearce was wounded through the hips. He would hollow most dreadfully when his wounds were dressed. The widows of McLaughlin and Pyburn, who were killed, were afterwards living in our station.

On Sunday, Jas. Swan was moving from the other side of Linn's Station, somewhere, up to Floyd's to go with the Westerfelts the next morning. The Indians attacked him between Linn's Station and Floyd's, and came so near they got the loading from under the girl on horseback and she clung to the mane while the horse ran off with her to the station. He had moved up what all he had and left this till the last. He was on foot, with

his gun, beside her. They jerked the load from under her. About 12 years old, she was. She pitched on the horse's mane and hung on. Her father got in through the woods.

Betsy Swan had been wounded in the shoulder, they (the Indians) thought too badly and they tomahawked her. Polly and Debby were exchanged at Detroit. They were all the prisoners.

It was only 20 miles from Bullit's Lick to Floyd's Station. One Col. Green had a station near the Clear Station, about two miles from Bullit's Lick. He sent Col. Floyd a challenge, this, his wife and brother Charles persuaded him not to attend to, the Indians were so bad. But, a second one was sent, and he couldn't stand it. A bird flew round his head seven times and flew off in the direction of Hoagland's Station. The very direction in which they had to go. The same night a chunk of fire went out, and went by Sam Aikin's gate. Floyd's wife didn't want him to go, if guns didn't kill him the Indians would. Eight went in company. When they were on their way, and had gotten between Green and Clear Station's, the Indians shot him right through the heart. The ball went in the back, through the heart and out near the navel. Chas. (Floyd) horse was shot under him and he saw his brother beginning to get weak, he, though both stout, just jumped on behind and held him on till they got to a tavern where he was taken in, and died in the night.

Sam Aikins was killed and his horse shot. They got him and took his gun and cocked hat. They were later brought into Louisville by supposedly some friendly Indians. The gun had his name on it". It was supposed there were not more than half a dozen Indians in the party. Col. Sam Wells got back with the news, which Mrs. Floyd took very hard and got men to bring him home. They got home the next evening just as it began to get dark. Floyd was killed (shot) pretty early in the morning, that night he died. Next day Wells returned for men, it was only about 20 miles. He was buried in the honor of war. Mrs. Floyd was a lusty woman and he was a brave man. She afterwards married one Captain Alexander Breckenridge and lived there until I left the place. He, Col. Floyd was the oldest of the brothers, then Robert, Charles, Isham, Nancy Pryor, Abby Lemasters., Mrs. Tooly.

John Sturgis was wounded, Isham Floyd was killed, Jacob Hobbs and Henry Coons were taken prisoners. Coons was a little Dutchman, he preferred staying with the Indians. Jacob Hobbs returned.

The Indians had repeatedly appeared opposite Louisville and danced freely to provoke their notice and draw them over. It was one Sunday morning these crossed over and were turned on by the Indians, in the pursuit. Kincheloe's Station was attacked.

As the Indians passed on to the place, one Bush, a Squire heard them and brought in the report. He had hid in a thicket of bushes so that he could stoop down and count the legs as they passed. He counted 400. Bush was so notorious a liar, Floyd wouldn't believe him, but wanted to know if he would swear to it. He said he would. Floyd said he was to great a liar. Bush replied that the greatest liar sometimes told the truth". He

however, didn't swear him. After this Bush wanted a commission, because he could not get it he got angry and went off and joined the Indians and was believed to be the means of the destruction of a lot of cabins that he knew of.

The night the Indians appeared at Kincheloe's, a man climbed over the picketing during the night and came to Floyd's house. Floyd wanted to know who he was? A friend, if so, a friend to whom ? John Floyd ? The Indians knew that a man had gone express. They allowed Floyd's men to come in and lead off all the station. When they were however, compelled to come to action, the men thought they would drive back the Indians. They took down all the women and children from their horses and sat them all under a large beech tree, telling them they must keep still and stay together. On the defeat they were all massacred. When Robert Aikins came in, Floyd asked him were all the rest were. He couldn't tell. Had they all been killed ?, he didn't know. Floyd swore that he had run off and what had put him foremost and that he could have him hung. Tom Fleming and my father escaped together by jumping a creek from a bank that was 20 feet high. Col. Wells was riding and met Col. Floyd nearly worn down running, three Indians were pursuing and were gaining on him. Wells got down from his horse he was fresh and told Floyd to get up. He could just throw himself on his breast, so as to swing on the horse as he trotted off and so made his escape. Gillespie and my father got in 2nd and 3rd.

Robert Aikins was the first that got in, William Gillespie got in next. Tom Fleming he lived in our station, and my father.

I saw an Indian one night at Floyd's. My father put up his cabin there about as soon as any of the rest. Col. Floyd may have had his. It was all a cane brake then, a man could be hid at the distance of four feet. There were 3 families in each end of Floyd's Station, but, the sides I don't remember. Not more than 12, I think.

John Pryor and Zack Lemasters brothers-in-laws of Floyd were killed here. Widow Lemasters married Jas. Sturgis, afterwards killed over beyond Clarksville.

Kincheloe's Station was burned and was afterwards called the Burnt Station.

At Linn's Station, 3 miles from Floyd's, Col. Linn went out to where they were digging a hole to make mortar (where the men had been digging) and was looking round when the Indians just shot him down. There was nobody there then but his own family. It was a very dangerous place, people didn't like to live there. The Indians had been hid in a thicket.

Sullivan's station was between Floyd's and Linn's.

At Col. Hites a man who he had to be overseer (Col. Hite had a farm) went to the door of the house that Col. Hite had built for him and as he stood on the step an Indian shot him down and he fell backward. This was early Sunday morning. Indians frequently jumped over the station gates, or pickets at Floyd's and jumped against the puncheon doors. One morning a woman, widow Lucy Witch was laying in the bedroom when the

Indians came bouncing against her door, she got up and looked over the top, and there saw 3. She slipped out of the other door on the opposite side and came into my father's and told him. He took his gun and when he went in he made a noise rattling it against the door which frightened the Indians & they fled.

A young man at the Low Dutch Station, John Galloway, a reed maker, rode out to go round his cornfield and see how it was coming on, before he got out of sight, or just after the Indians shot him in the arm in two places. They allowed there were two bullets in the gun.

There at Sturgess' Station old David Spangler, a Dutchman went out to get up his oxen, when he was shot. They heard the gun but couldn't get there in time. The Indians caught and tomahawked and scalped him before anyone could come. They saw the Indians running. Found him setting against the tree, with the roots on each side, not yet dead with his hat on. He died that night. They saw the rising smoke of the gun that was fired from the fort. They asked him how many Indians there were. He said he didn't know if there were any or not. When the hat was taken off they saw where the tomahawk had been struck twice in his head". This is all of this station.

Moreland lived at a station on the south side of Goose Creek (probably Goose Creek Station). He stood in his door one day and saw a fine large buck on the other side. It was a deep stream, though narrow and had to be ferried. When he got over he was shot right through the heart without ever knowing. I suppose the cause; the Indians had put on the horns and was rubbing them up and down the side of this tree. His wife stood in the door and saw him fall and persuaded and begged this Jacob Hubbs (Hobbs) to get some men and go over and get the body. Hubbs at first went over alone but was fearful and turned back. He was then brought over, shot through the heart, tomahawked and scalped.

A man on Brashear's Creek after we had moved out, about three miles from us was out ploughing with one a borrowed horse (had a pair). He set his little boy down and as he went on he saw his horses feastious (sic). He went and looked behind some brush piled up to burn and saw 2 Indians. He left his plough ran & picked up his boy, the Indians pursuing till he got over the fence, safe, towards his cabin. They then shot without hurting him. He found one of his children at the wood-pile with his brains dashed against a stick, some yet sticking on. His wife tomahawked and scalped and laying in the house on the floor and her child knocked in the head and laying by her. He went on to where he had borrowed the horse and the man raised a company of 5 or 6 who came, but the Indians had gotten the horses.

Major Hamilton was killed at the foot of the big hill between here and Hamilton, 18 miles from Cincinnati, scalped his wig. The next day the man who had gone for him was killed.

Jesse Hunt lived in the only house a story and a half high. Joel Williams was then building. The house was then up to the first windows. House was part brick and stone, he

kept a ferry. Samuel Dick was 32 miles from Hamilton on Indian Creek, he was here before we were.

Wm. Hinkston was going to Sullivan's Mill, they always went in the night, or else 5 or 6 in company in the day. The Indians would waylay all such persons. He started in the night on his way back. It was pitch dark and his beast kept running to one side and holding his head off to one side, till he spoke. He said he could hardly hold her in. When it lightened so that he saw an Indian's hand grappling at her bridle. She wanted but the word to fly. He gave it and she never stopped till she got to the Spring Station lane. It was 4 miles from there to Sullivan's Mill, and from the Mill to Floyd's it was 8 miles. Spring Station was right on the road. We then lived out.

A stranger from Sturgis' or the Low Dutch Station came after a sow that had strayed away. He came from where he was for her and got Mr. Thompson to help my father put the sow on. We saw three Indians walking back and forth, just back of Col. Floyd's house, behind a log in open day. The men came riding back in a few minutes and declared that there were Indians there. He rode in at the big gate, they shut the gate and barred the doors. My father told the women that he was the only one who could shoot, they must fight with axes if necessary. They had all taken their guns, my father's was the only one. Old Mr. White, old Mr. Wyman and Mr. Hickstrum were all the men who were at the station. Col. Floyd had led all the rest out at this time. But, the Indians went away and the man went on in the evening. My father could have shot the Indian through the cracks in Col. Floyd's house. But was afraid to begin the engagement.

Robert Jones (Revised)

13cc151-165

13cc176-181

Landed at Limestone the last day of March 1786. The next day we went in our boat to 15 miles below and landed at the mouth of Lee's Creek for the night. The snow fell over shoe mouth deep. The 3rd or the 4th day of April we were at Louisville. From Lee's Creek we made no stops till we got down within 17 miles of Louisville, where we were driven in by a storm. We had a barge and flatboat. The winds took the flat and carried it in & held it there till it subsided. While we were there a company of soldiers came on and met us there. There were about 30, they were going up. They got to the keel while we were up helping with the flat and thought it had been deserted. We got down to Louisville the same evening after the storm. A party of Indians had just gotten over at the 18 Mile Islands. We saw where they had killed a horse, laying on the Kentucky side, before crossing. Perhaps because they could not manage him. They were too few in number to trouble us.

The barge was loaded with some whiskey, blacksmith tools and some flour, the flat with flour. They belonged to one Owens; Beal Owens and John Cockey Owens. The flour was taken on to Orleans by a Frenchman.

A few days after we got to Louisville some Indians who had been over stealing horses were pursued by a party. Two Indians had been wounded so they couldn't get up, shot Isaac Keller and Col. Christian of the pursuing party. They rode up on them. Col. Christian wasn't dead yet when they got him to Louisville.

We were at Louisville two weeks and perhaps a day or two. I went then by Bullitt's Lick, Bairdstown, Danville & so on to Limestone again. At Bairdstown was an election and one Gwinn wanted us four to vote. About the last of April we got to Limestone. Sometime in the week, and on next Sunday morning as Hezekiah Wood and Lot Masterson were out hunting their horses to go to a meeting at Washington, when they were shot. The day before he was shot, Wood and I shot at a mark a good deal. Masterson was originally from the same neighborhood in Pennsylvania.

We were at Limestone about 8 days waiting for a company to go up and then only had six; Alex Faulkner, Jim Freeland, Evan Shelby, Joshua Griffin, myself and a young man going to Greenbrier. Faulkner was a reel-footed man, dreadfully lazy, wouldn't work a stroke and we had like to have left him behind on the way. About the 12th of May, in a bottom above the mouth of the Scioto, had left the boat and had gone up to kill some turkeys. After going up the bottom some distance I heard some turkeys clucking, and I never liked to hear that noise, because it showed that something had scared them. Immediately after, they flew up into a tree right before me. I shot them after some hesitation & they remained & had loaded my gun and shot again. As I looked around I saw five Indians coming right on me. I ran an hour, till dark set in, so that I could be hid. I could hear their footsteps as they passed around in search of me and saw the outline of one distinctly as he passed between me and the light which the break of the open space of the river afforded. After all was still I started on my return. The Indians were within hearing and had pursued on as far as they could. I ran along on the beach till I came to the canoe, with the _____ lying in it, tied to the shore. Thus I escaped in safety, but got none of my turkeys.

The day we left Limestone the Cox's boat got down to that place. At the mouth of Guyan, Will Chenoweth & Joe & Ben Cox and Ben Cox's Negro heard what they thought were turkeys and went out in a canoe from the boat and landed right in an Indian ambush. The 1st round they killed Joe Cox and the 1st or 2nd round wounded Ben Cox and killed Ben Cox's Negro. They shot away the rim of Ben Cox's hat behind. I recollect very well it was a double rim. The same ball went in at the top of his back and came out way below without ever entering the hollow of his body. We saw Joe Cox's body laying there on the shore, with his arms spread, and his head scalped, as we came up. We didn't venture to land to bury them but told some soldiers we met a little piece above in a boat going down and suppose they did. Turkeys were plenty, it was very foolish for them to go out without 1st seeing them. And they had enough safe opportunities to kill them".

Ben Cox afterwards lived up by Bairdstown, Peter Cox was killed out back of Cincinnati. David Cox in the upper part of the state of Ohio, above Wheeling. George McCoy and Peggy Cox McCoy, his wife were killed up there also. George McCoy was wounded, carried out and tomahawked, out in the back of the fields. The wife was shot in

the door. Their child John McCoy was taken prisoner. This was below Beaver, Pa. on the waters of Short Creek and after the time we are now speaking of. These were Cox's boats. Joe Cox's wife, popping up her head, unduly anxious to see, was shot by the Indians, who now pursued along the shore. The shot only grazed her neck without hurting. Ben's hat though, through the rim, I got it as we went up.

Old Capt. Van Bever (Van Bibber) was Capt. at the mouth of the Kenhawa, at the time of Lewis' battle. While we were there Jacob Van Bever, his brother and a Negro man named Daniel (Van Bever lived about a hundred or 150 steps above the fort) were out with a little boy hobbling their horses, the evening before. The little boy came and told them he saw Indians. They didn't believe him, and the next morning when they went out to get them in, the Indians had tied the horses and shot Jake Van Bever. He was brought in wrapped up in a blanket, and buried in a roll of hickory bark. I had been up there the evening before and had agreed on an invitation to go out with them that morning, but got there two minutes too late, as Rhoda Van Bever said. I returned to the fort and just as I got there I heard the gun. We had gotten our canoe lost and I stayed there three weeks".

Evan Shelby, who had kept a store at Limestone, and had traded some of his goods for furs and peltries, perhaps the remnants of the goods, got tired of waiting, went back, and came up again at the end of this time with the Keigers, and we then went on again. There were two roads leading from Lexington, The Riddle Road and the Limestone Road. In 1790, while I was at Limestone I visited my father's by Lexington. In returning I stopped or camped 10 miles on the Riddle Road. It was eight miles to where my sister lived over on the Limestone Road. I rose and started for there as soon as light to get my breakfast. When I got there she said that Timothy Downing had just passed on down the road, leading a horse and if I had gotten there a little sooner then I could have gotten a ride. I told her that I would just take a piece in my hand, without waiting for her to cook any, which I did and ran all the way, 10 miles to the Blue Licks, without meeting or hearing anything of Downing and when I got to the Blue Licks he had not passed. After waiting a while I passed on down to Washington and related the circumstances. Soon after which Neal Washburn also came in, who was a spy & he related that he had come on a trail and in taking the back track he had pursued it to the Ohio and there he found three canoes hidden in the river. The wagons were attacked between Mays Lick and Johnson's Fork. I spent that night at Limestone.

Sixty of us went down under Kenton and three Captains; Joshua Baker, red headed Alexander McIntyre and one Davis. The boats were carried round and hid up in White Oak and seven joined us there. About two o'clock that day three Indians came and raised a canoe and crossed over. These were all killed. Downing, with two or three other Indians was just a little piece below. The Indians said to him that it was their men about to take a boat. But, they soon fell back and lay quiet till night came on, without attempting to go over or build their raft. That night they got him over (Downing) and took him way to the head of the Little Miami, where he got away. It was a drizzly, raining day.

That day two more came over, one of them was shot with 23 bullets in the breast. He had called not to shoot, for he had been a prisoner last fall. He snapped his gun, however,

and they all fired. Both of them I believe were white men. Both were blue-eyed; Bill Frame and Archibald Frame, some said they were. That day an hour before sundown we got back and that day also, Downing got back down the river. Seven more of us joined him and we went back out. We took provisions, expecting to only be out for four days, but we were gone for nine. We came back helter skelter, crossing fifteen miles apart.

Kenton set down his gun close by the Indian, Downing had killed, but his stink made him so sick he declared he couldn't go up and take it himself if he never got it. His body had fallen across the fire and swollen with heat and blisters into great puffs. The men were so needy, they got off his moccasins and buckskin leggings to mend their own".

We found at the deserted camp great quantities of onions, which we tore up and threw, in great heaps, into the fire, and ate as soon as they were wilted. We pursued, Kenton said to within 12 miles of their towns, where there were laying at that time 200 Indian warriors.

McIntyre was afterwards taken by the Indians and or lost among them.

Jan. 18, 1788, at the mouth of Ohio Eagle Creek, Robt. Walker and myself plundered an Indian camp. We were alone in our canoe (had gone ahead or were behind the rest of the Mo. Co.) had drawn it ashore and were ascending the bank, myself foremost. I thought I saw something and said to Bob not to push on to abruptly or closer. The pot was swinging over the fire in full view, only concealed by the leaves, so that I did not at first see what it was. They were not more than one rod from the top of the bank, just below the mouth of Eagle. The blankets lay piled up in the forks of a bush elder and by a slick of snow that had fallen that day. We could see they had put on their kettle & gone out a hunting and had not been in for 2 or 3 hours. We went up accordingly, emptied the kettle, took down the blankets and put everything into our canoe & went on down. (we saw nothing to excite alarm till we could also see there was no present danger) Among the plunder we found a moccasin tied up full of powder, lots of beads, suppose there was not less than a peck, looking glasses, paint bags & etc. Took them on down and sold them to one Jack Ward the whole for \$20, surveyor of Morgan Co. We were now on our way to Mo. The 20th of May we got back to Louisville, 24th of June got back to Pa.

General Scott made an expedition to guard the passage of the Ohio, maybe in 1792. He was a mortal creature to swear.

I was out and in, 14 times. Twice I was in company with 8 men, who had left from my own neighborhood, and all within hollow of me, and all, both times were lost. Jack Dial was captain of my company, Ben Whitman Lieutenant, and myself ensign in the company under Scott, that campaign. He also commanded the Mason Company of spies.

In the fall of 1788 I came down with a boat load of cider, apples, whiskey, brandy, & etc. I could sell apples of good size at 25 cents a dozen and cider 25 cents a quart". Soon after I had sold out, I went out and staid up about Washington till January 18th 1789. I there met with the two Walkers, who were known to many of Col. Morgan's company,

which he added to in Pa. after he left New Jersey. They being led to join by their acquaintance, as I was led to join by my acquaintance with them. I then went on with that company to the Spanish settlement on the Mississippi. Col. (Craig?) Morgan of New Jersey had gotten a grant of land at New Madrid. Every man was to get 300 acres that would go. The company met with the Walkers and got them and they in turn got me. Walker and I went down ahead in that canoe. A little flurry of snow had fallen the last two or three hours and there were no tracks. They had been trapping with success and I believe they were now going to steal horses and take it on home.

The Indians killed one son of old James Campbell (brother of Matthew Campbell) that lived at Limestone. He was killed just over the river from there, in the spring and just before I returned from over the Mississippi. Perhaps he was hunting.

Col. Morgan's company amounted to 75, about, in 2 keels, & 5 or 6 flats. We loaned our spare money at Limestone to buy balls, pickled pork &c. Among the surveyors, about 6, were John Walker, Peter Light, old Mr. Rankins, and that John Ward. When we got to Missouri we wouldn't take the lands. He wanted us to give 9d an acre, and we didn't want it. We came back and he went on down & back by way of New Orleans. We never got one half of our money. It took half of it to get the rest, which we did. When we got to Louisville we hadn't a dollar in money. I had lost my gun and sold my watch. The man tipped my gun over the side of the canoe, he said he would pay me for it, I have never seen him from that day to this. The rest of the way was paid by shooting and cards.

The Indians were far more dreadfully worse about Wheeling than ever in Kentucky.

We were not troubled in Missouri. They were with us everyday and every night, in perfect friendship. It was in Spanish country and they only had leave to live there. They were not to trouble the Spaniards or anybody they sent there. As soon as we entered the Ohio, though, we had to stand guard, 2 hours at a time all night. One woman, called Molly Morgan, who went on to wash for them, staid in that country, and several others, right at the mouth of the creek, where New Madrid now is. We surveyed from there out back. I was hunter at the time, to one of the surveying parties, Old Rankins. The undergrowth was Box Elder. The Indians had a town close by where we landed, Cherokees, Chickasaws, Delaware, Shawnees &c. Here they brought in scalps and prisoners frequently. They had a young woman for one of their prisoners, one Jacob Miracle, one of the Pennsylvanians, fell in love with her and was injudicious enough to propose to buy her. They immediately carried her way off to one of the Shawnee towns, 60 miles off, out back, afraid.

My father came down in the spring of 1790, it was the coldest spring I ever knew, he staid a season at the Irish Station near Millersburg.

In the fall of 1792, John Edgington, & with old Mr. Nelson, Bill Williams, Jos. Wells, Archibald McDonald and myself, had a boat coming down the Ohio. When we got down opposite the mouth of the Scioto the Indians raised the hollow. Our boat was floating bow & stern to shore and we didn't mind them. They asked if we didn't want some venison

and wouldn't come ashore; we if they wouldn't drink some grog? They said it was Wm. Campbell they had there, or that spoke. I said, I knew better, for I had met him in Pa. during the summer coming back from Detroit.

Jacob and Daniel Lights' boat came on back of us. That Daniel Light was with us in Missouri. The Indians attacked the boat and killed and wounded all but two that were in it. Yet the boat was saved. Their boat was 15 or 20 miles behind ours. Daniel Light was wounded in 7 places.

Strong Boat; a man that was rowing was shot, so as to graze the front of his forehead, just above or at the eyebrows. It didn't break the skin, but bloodshot all his face & killed him. All the men on shore were killed. It was at the mouth of Tygarts Creek. I think they were buried on the lower side of the creek all together".

Bill Lynn was the captain at the Grave Creek defeat, in the time of the old revolution. He was killed at his station in Kentucky near Middletown.

There was never as much death from the Indians in Pennsylvania, as there was lower down in Virginia where those narrow (blurred) and those short creeks made it all a frontier.

Millersburgh 1790 Irish Station. Canoe landed at Limestone 3rd May. Last of May contracted for a five-acre field, at four barrels of corn to the five acres for rent. We made an Indian ladder, trimmed the sugar trees way up and burned the branches about the foot of trees and planted the last of May.

The Irish Station was just settling. They laid out five acres to a lot on each side of the road and that made the station. It was not picketed, the owner of the land gave it to be settled in that way. One John Cahie, of the Irish Station killed a Mr. McCutcheon of Miller's Station who was a widower this fall. McCutcheon had pursued some turkeys over to the neighborhood of the Irish Station, where Cahie was engaged in the same business and seeing the back of his head above a log, mistook it for a turkey's back and put 6 shot in it.

Jimmy Barbour, Andrew Caldwell, Old Mr. Frazier, John Cahie, his sons, George, William and Jim and a son John also were at the Irish Station.

It was very high water that year in the Mississippi country, and the bayous ran up into the land and the high water covered over a great deal of the country. There was now and then a very fine piece of land in the middle of such country.

Landed at Louisville in the spring of 1789, May 20th, went up by Owen's Station, near where Shelbyville now is & from there went on and struck through the woods across to where Frankfort now is. There were only three little bush pole cabins at that place and one Jerry Gullion, set us, John & Bob Walker and myself over the river. We staid that night at Old Wm. Haydon's about a mile out.

The fall of 1789, I returned from Va. and down back of Marietta to hunt for the Yankees. I saw Col. Harrod there for the last time. He stopped for about a month or more at one Samuel McCollough's, was there a hunting. He and I hunted there a good deal together. He seemed perfectly contented, and without any definite purpose in his mind.

Joseph Jones my brother was killed on Paint Creek in the spring of 1792. He had gone out on a scout under Kenton. The Indians came on the camp in the night. Their fires were hid by the wigwams doubled close round it, so that they came right on in, was the way he got killed. The scout stayed ready to go on the next day or at day, but the Indians cleared out.

John Jones my brother, I was a boy then, was killed at the Beech Bottom Fort on the Ohio above Wheeling. The Indians were laying in ambush. Ned Robinson and my brother were coming from Ramsey's Fort about 6 miles off. Ned was shot in this way. The ball appeared to have struck the barrel of his gun, glanced up under his jaw, passed through the root of his tongue, nearly cutting it off and lodged in the opposite jaw. The tooth being first knocked out. The men had cut down a Chestnut tree and stopped to go to dinner in the fort, before the chestnuts should be gathered. In this time the Indians had hid in the top. It had fallen across the road & as Jones and Robinson went to go around to go into the fort the Indians shot them. Ned Robinson went on to the fort, but was so disfigured they didn't know him, but took him to be an Indian and they fired at him three times. He had been riding but his horse throwing him, the Indians jumped on him and tomahawked him and drew his scalp. He rose and went on to the fort, and as he went saw my brother standing with his arms locked around a tree. He said to tell Capt. Jos. Ogle to come out, he was mortally wounded. When they came he was dead. Believe they didn't get his scalp. Robinson lived long after, then came on to Kentucky and settled in the Green River country.

After this my brother Ignatius Jones, with the same gun that John had had, was taken out at the head of the Muskingum, from Fort Tuscarawas during the time of McIntosh's campaign. He was carried out to the Sandusky Towns, got away and was out for 18 days. He was the only one that was taken. Lower Sandusky, I think, he and 3 or 4 others had just started to go to Fort Pitt. The Indians had ambushed and they took him advancing, and as he thought, leading on the others, to attack, when they had retreated. They kept him for two months at the towns. They were then out at two camps and were making sugar. He killed two at each camp and made his escape. They had given him an old gun to mend the breech and he brought it off. He died out on the Madd River in Ohio.

Charles Norris and a woman named Bilderback, at the mouth of Short Creek, above Wheeling, hadn't been married, it was said, and they moved over to the other side to avoid the law. This was the first man and woman that lived in Ohio. He was there and this woman with him when I came down in August of 1779, in the first blockhouse ever built in Ohio. It was on the upper N.E. side of Short Creek, right at the point. That was a crossing and stopping place for those that went out and over land jobbing. They thought that preemptions could then be made in Ohio as they were in Ky. This until it became

Congress lands. I had an improvement there of about 50 acres, clear of timber, some old Indian village, I suppose and in the fall of 1780 was offered a rifle and I wouldn't take it. Norris got a still house on this side and he moved back over, and three or four years after, one day jumped from a little wagon, instead of springing forward, and throwing it back, he went straight up and fell down on the standard & was killed. It was said that he and her were never married at all. But, all the frontiers were settled with such kind of people. It is so now out in the frontiers of Missouri. Tilton gave \$70 for a cabin, as an improvement, but, it all fell into the hands of Congress and he had to give \$3600 for 900 acres. Pennsylvania and Virginia were taken up by improvements.

I was 16 when I came down, I am 79 now, that was 63 years ago. (1842). I came down time of St. Clair's defeat with another boat load, but it was as great of a defeat for me as it was the army.

I could get a pair of silver knee buckles for a dozen apples.

Ben Ulins was Symme's interpreter when he first came down to Cincinnati. He was chased by the Indians out back of Point Pleasant. He was caught in a place where he was either going to be taken or he had to jump from a cliff of rocks. He jumped 53 feet into the lap of a buckeye and from there he swung down by the limbs, when he got down his corduroy vest was burst all into slits by his body swelling. He kept his gun with him all this time, but, was so stunned out of his head, that instead of going to the fort, he took down the river, and got four miles from the fort, down the Ohio, opposite Gallipolis. He then hung up his powder horn, left his gun and crept back to the mouth of the Kanawha, where he hallowed over and they came and got him. It was on the lower side of the Kanawha that this happened. His corduroy vest was all slit as if by a knife. The Indians when they saw that he was going to jump, shot two guns but missed. The Indians went down and crossed below Gallipolis that night. The Indians used to come down the Big Miami, to cross at the 18 Mile Island, above Louisville and 9 Mile Island on the lower side of the Big Kanawha.

Two little boys named Johnson, one nine, the other twelve, had gone to their home after corn, about three miles, when roasting ears were just coming. One of their moccasins came loose and he stopped to tie it. When they did they saw two Indians coming, but they had such clean matchcoat blankets and they thought them to be whites. They both were taken and the Indians carried them off and that night they held them in their arms. They rolled out and shot one and tomahawked the other. They were ruined by this. They were off at every gathering and would get quarters and half-dollars given them, great many. Congress gave them \$500 and they ought to be paid for all such tricks. Their home was up in the Beech Bottom Flats. This was on a Sunday morning, somewhere in or about 1787 or 88. They got out the gun. He directed to catch the trigger to prevent it from snapping. The other struck with the tomahawk right in the forehead and when the Indian rose, it stuck in, and he had like to have drawn it out of his hand, But, he got it out and struck him again in the back of the neck, knocked him down and then cut his head all up. They got in home that morning. When the company went out they found that the two had camped, or removed and stopped with their fire twice only going about 50 yards. The

one that was shot crept into a hollow log with his gun and was never found till in the winter when a pole cat was seen to run in it. The other was found sitting beside a tree and when he heard them coming he got up, and with his arms was pointing towards his breast for them to shoot him. Ned Carpenter shot. The one station was a mile below, the other one mile above Short Creek. Tilton's was below, Carpenter's above. My brother-in-law was cabined there on Short Creek, long before it was Congress lands.

General Scott's company that went up to guard the Ohio numbered 91. One man named Jones got drowned while crossing Limestone. The 91 paraded, Jones got drowned and a man shooting off a bull horn gun (short barrel, and wide as a tin cup, mostly at the upper mouth) burst it and tore off his hands. 89 went and came. They were 9 days gone and did nothing. They went up to the mouth of the Little Scioto, landed and 25 men under Jack Dial landed and took a circuit up the Little Scioto, above the forks, then over to the Big Scioto on the upper side, then down to the mouth of the Scioto. Not a man over the 25 was willing to go out.

Ben Ulins jump was in 1790. We took letters to Blakery and Black, contractors at Washington, Pa. for him. The year before this, 1789, a very forward frost killed all the corn in roasting ears. Soft Corn. It was the last day of September, a very early snow. The soft corn froze and the snow too that same night. The weather changed and the rain fell and you could smell the corn a hundred yards. Next year, 90, we got rye bread. Eleven miles below Washington, Pa. the rye was cut green and dried in the straw and they made it into bread. The rye grain was not ripe, but the grains plumped big. The spring was backward, and the corn was planted late. A bushel of corn was from a dollar to 10/s.

Bob Todd married a Jenny Lytle. He was killed coming down the hill the other side of Frankfort. The killing of him was the making of old General Lytle. Todd had just gotten in as surveyor over in Ohio and Lytle succeeded. There was nobody with Todd at the time, but his horse brought him in. The Indians never got him, the year was 1791 or 2. He left him in the bottom over on the other side. I went with Lytle his first trip to survey in the spring of 91 to Ohio as a hunter.

Crooked Creek empties into the Kanawha where Lewis' battle was. The Indians crossed at Old Town Creek and at the mouth, and then came down and hid in the banks of the gully that came into the Ohio about 300 or 400 yards above the mouth of the Kanawha, and headed nearly up to Crooked Creek leaving only a little marshy place. The fort was about 50 yards from the top of the Kanawha bank, mostly cabined, a little picketing that was between. Then it was a 150 yards to Van Bibbers. Then 100 to 150 to the gully. Crooked Creek came in about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile of the point and spoiled all the bottom along up the Ohio running so crooked. The Indians got in that gully and passed over to Short Creek and thought from behind the bank to drive Lewis into the Ohio. He left 400 men with the baggage and brought 700 into the engagement.

The other side of Johnson Fork, and facing the creek hills, one lawyer Jones was killed and thrown against the logs & covered with chunks. This before I came out.

On the Brushy Fork of Hinkston, on a little branch that headed way back towards the Blue Licks, a man and his family who were moving to Kentucky were all killed. His wife alone, who had been left for dead came to. She was afterwards married and I met her on the banks of the Stony Branch, leading to the Blue Licks, moving to Tennessee, Cumberlands.

Israel Donaldson was with us when we went out to the head of the Little Miami, within 12 miles of the Indian towns, where were 200 warriors and only 67 of us. We turned back where we crossed the prairie where Downing got away. We saw where they had spilled the bear's oil on the grass, it looked like it had been singed by fire.

All our drafts for guards, while we lived on the Monongahela, were for out towards the Allegheny, when we were driven back it was from down the Ohio and off the Allegheny. Our settlements were in a row then, and were not more than 30 miles wide, from the passage of the Allegheny at _____ Town, to the forks of the Yough &c on down

In the fall of 1773 I went down to the Wheeling Country, to a sister and sister-in-laws and staid there the winter. In the spring of 1774 the Indians became so bad we had to go back to the Monongahela. We had at first moved from Virginia before coming to Pa.

The first buffalo I ever saw was on the last day of March 1786, 6 miles above Limestone, it was feeding on the Cabin Creek Bottom

June 16th 1790, I went out from the Irish Station and killed a deer for my father before starting to go to Pennsylvania. I shot one on the break, and it run on down, & I followed till it got nearly night. I could trace it by its blood very plainly, till it would run into the creek, and every hole of water it would come to it would lie down and wallow. I knew I could get it next morning, and so turned back, but had pursued so far down I was far below my coming out trail. As I passed it I stopped at the sound of footsteps and waited with the determination of firing. A little run crossed the road diagonally. Five Indians came down the path and crossed down to their left, right down the run without ever seeing me. I then passed into the fort, but being a perfect stranger never mentioned it because they would laugh at me & not believe it, next day I told father to keep in and why. There were two stations, Wm. Miller's and John Miller's. That night the Indians came, June 17th 1790 and stole all the horses from Wm. Miller's Station and came right down the road and rode right in the lane through the Irish station; suppose they hadn't known it was there yet.

George Fearis (Revised)

13cc238-244

My father didn't put the E in his name. Came to Kentucky in 1789 from Big Quickey, it emptied into the Little Yough.

The court was setting at the time when the British and Indians came 300 strong (so say the prisoners which they had taken when they came in). They killed 24. I helped to bury 6, which they had killed, in my father's neighborhood. It was harvest time. The people were making hay when they came along. They killed a child and then threw down a top of a cock of hay upon it. Some days after, the father and I, and another man were riding along and saw the hog at something. He got down and found his child. He gathered what of it he could, and took it along and buried it.

The 6 were, a man, his wife and a nearly grown daughter and her two children and another woman and her child, whose husband had escaped were carried to Detroit. He means that 6 were killed in his neighborhood and there also a man, his wife and a nearly grown daughter were carried to Detroit. The man who was killed was named Brownlee. It was Brownlee's wife's brother that found the child (his own). This place was about three miles from Hannah's Town. They had taken these in the Big Road on their way to Hannah's Town. About a mile from where they had been taken prisoner, near my father's was where they killed them. This was a scouting party of the main body.

At this same time they took William McCutchen's wife, killed him, and carried her off to the towns. This was in June or July. I stood sentry while they were reaping at this season. McCutchen's father came over the mountain and took the children, 3, and carried them home. She left the Indians just as the buds were putting out and wandered about from that time till harvest, with a camp kettle, butcher-knife and fire, living on roots boiled etc. before she got in. She got in deranged and lived at the corner of the roads, stuck up old logs and filled the crevices with moss. Her son, grown, came over the mountains and took her home and after she lived there a while until her mind came to her.

Elizabeth Fales was taken in 1792, 10 or 12 miles from Hannah's Town on the waters of Puckatee. Her mother escaped by creeping into the hazel bushes. They had heard of the Indians and gathered up their choice fine clothes into a pillow slip and started for the fort. They were met by some Indians; the father was shot through the ear, taking off the fleshy part and the mother was shot through the shoulder. But, they all scattered into different parts so that they all got in but the daughter, who was pursued and taken. The Indian that shot the mother made sure of her, and he then stepped up on a log and was watching the other Indian pursuing the daughter. In the meantime she had crept into the bushes so that when he searched he couldn't find her. She saw the Indian pass by so near, that if it hadn't been for the pillow case, she (my aunt) couldn't have escaped the Indian's eyes. He had caught her daughter. She was taken and for three days never ate anything.

Drafted at Lexington into a company under the command of Capt. Jos. McMurtry. They were divided into three companies. One at the mouth of the Kentucky under the Captain; one at the Big Bone Lick under the Lieutenant, I think named Williams; the other at a point between the Kentucky and Louisville. Three sets were picked out in each company to spy. They went out at day-break, camped out overnight and returned the 2nd night from an opposite direction. The company rendezvoused the 1st day of March 1791. Was drafted for two months, but had to stay a ½ month longer till we were relieved by another company.

On the 11th of April 1791, Dickey, O'Brien, Strong (son of old Capt. Strong who was then in the regular army at Cincinnati) and James Walker. We had heard that there were some Indians committing depredations and the Captain ordered me out with these 4 men to way-lay them. We came across the Indians, 7 in number, 5 miles below our station, they had 8 horses, and had come that day about 40 miles. It was one o'clock when we met them. Took 7 or 8 blankets, 2 or 3 bridles that they had taken with the horses, a brass kettle holding about a gallon, ½ bushel jerk, a bears gut 1 ½ or 2 yards long full of bear's fat and 7 or 8 deer-skins.

Scott's campaign to white water country, middle of May 1791. Crossed the Ohio at Battle Creek about 5 miles below the mouth of Kentucky. Blockhouse, Ensigns command.

We went out early in the morning and crossed over Big Kentucky and Little Kentucky, but just before we came to Little Kentucky we came across a fresh Indian trail and followed that to the river. It was not more than $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the garrison. There was a sandbar there and we followed their footprints to where they could see our men at the fort, scampering about, as we could when in their footprints. They here found down, a dead buckeye which they tied with leatherwood and grapevines (would hold not more than 2 men) they then drifted it down to the old crossing place, and there left it and made a larger one. The others went by land. From their trail we should judge they had a mare and foal (old horse and yearling). O'Brien there found a squaw axe, which I had just stepped over, which they had left behind. I wanted O'Brien to throw that in and let us see who would have it by drawing. He wouldn't. From there we turned back to come to the station. Thought our Indians were gone. After we got to the head of backwater, we had waded Battle Creek and had set down on the sand bar to eat a bite, and let our feet dry before we put on our moccasins. While we were eating we spied the Indians coming with the horses, just the way we were returning. Walker was setting beside me and spied them first. We said if they pass us without seeing us, let them & we would follow them to the ford. Just as they got opposite us the 2nd one behind spied us and gave a war yell and they were all down in a minute. They were coming along the hillside along the other side of the creek, going to where we came from (the crossing was on the other side of Battle Creek). I dropped a big butcher knife and snatched up my gun, and ran over the creek, and up the bank. Just as I got there an Indian was coming whooping and yelling. When he saw me he turned his back and I fired. He just darted into a spice wood thicket on the right. I saw no more of him. The Indians all then treed immediately. And while an Indian was watching two of the party that were on the left, his breast was exposed to a fair shot from me unperceived. I fired and he fell on his elbow with a hollow and two Indians ran and took him up and carried him off, moaning, till it died on our ears. He had a coonskin cap on his head with a long tail hanging down. Strong was at a tree to my right and held his fire, though it was so fair a shot at the two Indians. What the rest did I do not know. We gathered up our plunder and went to the fort, not pursuing the Indians farther. Scott's men was said to have found 2 Indians, one in a hollow log and one in a hollow stump that were thought to have been there.

About 12 men came down from the settlement while we were gone to the fort. We told the Captain and he came out with a company to the battleground. When we came to their trail, we thought another party of Indians had gone on. I and Walker were sent forward to spy. They had found a bark canoe we had not seen and cut it with their tomahawks. After giving them an alarm and frightening them to their bushes we returned to the fort and they got their horses. We got some leggings and other things, this time, and O'Brien wanted now to throw in but they wouldn't let him. O'Brien came to us not until after the Indians had left us. He shot from 200 yards".

In 1791 a garrison was kept in the North Bend. Judge Symmes, General Harrison's father-in-law lived there.

A company at Symmes' Station, May 1789. At this time we were going down, and a company was coming up from Symmes' Station to go up and build a block-house at the south bend; half way from Symmes' Station to where Cincinnati is. We met the boat coming down as we were going up. There was a small station at Symmes' Station and a number of men from the station and some of the people were going up in this boat. While we were there the boat came back with one man killed and four wounded; 2 of them mortally. The blockhouse was not built.

A man, Peter Harris, had employed me and another man to go down from Maysville and build him a house at Symmes' Station. He was so frightened at this, he put off down to Louisville. A man who had been in that boat went down with us. He had been shot with an arrow so as to take out a piece about the size of a nine pence, right in his forehead.

Cincinnati had been laid out a year before this. When we went down it had two cabins Made out of round beech logs and had a clap board roof. The other was raised to the square, ready to turn and roof. Pretty near the upper end of the town, Deer Creek.

Jacob Boone's that warehouse in Maysville. Daniel McKinney had the first warehouse that I ever saw in Maysville. It was log and right at the point of the creek. Benjamin Sutton lived there then too.

There had been some cabins built and deserted at the mouth of the Kentucky, which we occupied. The others had to build blockhouses.

The fall after Wayne's Treaty, whether it was in 1794 or 1795 went up to survey at the mouth of the Big Sandy and up about 100 miles on its waters. Found no settlement that year opened, but Graham's Station, and the Ohio Salt Works, until we got up to the Big Sandy, at the forks, where VanCouver had settled. About 35 miles above that at the mouth of John's Creek, or just below, some persons had settled that fall. They were cutting a road over from Virginia onto the waters of Clinch and there they had settled on the Big Sandy. That, I suppose with the expectation of making money crossing Big Sandy River. There had been a settlement. It appeared as if it had been built there for two or three years. But, they had been deserted, he informed us the Indians had become so

troublesome. Two men lived about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile below. But this old man lived in this old cabin, but one cabin. He had come there from the Clinch country. He had a meat house made, and that was made out of Buffalo hides. This was below where Prestonsburg now is.

The Long Lick, between the mouth of Cabin Creek and Flemingsburg, two miles from now Williamsburg near Stilwell's Mill, or ford. The Indians went on from there on to Indian Lick and so on, the trace led on to Flemingsburg.

Four of us went on to survey; we took water at Maysville and went on to the mouth of John's Creek. We concealed our craft and went out on foot whenever we went to survey.

Benjamin Stites

13cc56-57

13cc60-65

John B. Stites formerly lived at the Scotch-Plains near Elizabethtown, New Jersey, from which he removed into Va., where I was born some 70 years ago, in Berkeley Co. near Middletown, and lived there some 4 or 5 years. I was 3 years old when they left there. Then he removed to the Red Stone country, on ten mile, in Fayette County, on the waters of the Monongahela that would be 1775. We use to call it 20 miles to Washington, the county seat of Fayette, called Catfish for sometimes. Old King Catfish had a great Indian camp there. Not laid out for some time after we came, but then called Washington.

The latter part of August we landed at Limestone. When we started old Judge Symmes stood on the bank. He had advised my father not to go till he got ready. Thought we were too weak.

My father went on from a good ways up, 4 men in a canoe, to see if there would be any Indians there, waiting for him, and he kept out on the Ky. side, till he should see them standing on the point. They got there perhaps an hour before we did and found the bottom clear of Indians. Arrived in 1788, on the 18th Nov. a Sunday. We landed, cleared away Paw paw bushes, stood sentries, sung a hymn, went to prayer and then went to work. My father and myself had riffed out clap-boards, at which he was a first rate hand, beside a steep hill, with a very narrow strip of bottom land, just about a mile below Maysville and had our little flat just by where we put them in. We rived the outside, and put in the hearts for chinking, so as to have all things ready when we got there. We put in a log for a sled, and made it to draw logs as we went down.

Father took on spare boats, could get them for \$1.5 to \$2 according to their size to make floors for the blockhouses and also gates. We had 4 blockhouses and the space picketed in, the outsides jutting over. Had 7 or 8 boats, quite a fleet.

While we were getting out our boards Nehemiah Stites, my cousin, was employed by Morris. He and one Drake were making a settlement at Mayslick. As he was returning to Washington, where Morris lived and had employed Stites, he and another young man turned aside to kill turkeys and were fired on by a party of Indians. Stites was shot right through the breast, over one shoulder and out at the back. His dog stayed to defend him and the other young man fled and hid behind a bank to avoid pursuit, where he could hear the dog. The Indians however made their way to him (Stites) and scalped him, and stuck their tomahawks into his head once and struck it against a tree, where his brains were seen sticking. Capt. Baker raised a company and went out and brought him in on a horse. The dog followed me many a day after that".

When we 1st came, Geo. Nash, or Geo. Mash and 6 Indians, one Blackfish came on Jacob Woolery and one Spence on a bench of the hill above Mrs. Cutters where they, Woolery and Spence had killed a deer and were skinning it out. These Indians had gotten on them before they saw them. This Nash (Ash was his correct name) had been taken prisoner down by the falls when he was 10 years of age. Had light hair and had been fair skinned when he had had on his clothes, could talk English as well as anybody and was their interpreter. The Indians were peaceable and we had seen none till the first snow fell on the ground, when the above Indians came. Being downhill the two got the start, but down in the bottom the Indians could ride faster and came on them. Blackfish and Nash were in front, all carrying their guns with the breach behind, nearly in view of the fort. Here Woolery and Spence treed, turned and seeing they would be taken, and were just on the point of firing when Nash hollowed not to shoot, they were for peace, they wanted to go in. They then gave up and Nash and one of them were sent in, while the other was kept. They had wanted to go in before but had been afraid. My father then agreed with them and appointed a day to give them a dinner, but carefully securing the blockhouse with the women and children. About 20 Indians and 10 squaws and papooses. The meal was cooked and ready for them. After this they were out and in trading all winter. My father had a store. Shawnees and Wyandots some of them.

On their first visit, they, the 7, were not admitted to the houses and the men all stood around the portholes and what did come out came out with their arms.

After dark and when they had staid in late, we passed our blunderbuss to the 4 blockhouses, firing it at each, to make them believe we had a big gun in each blockhouse.

I bought a cappo of Blackfish, that I had to freeze, to get the lice out. Broadcloth".

While I was on to Ct. and after Reason Baileys' escape, the Indians came along and stole all John Smith's bed clothes, which had been left out at night to dry. Capt. Kibby and Capt. Hall from Garrard's Station pursued as far as Muddy creek, or Turtle Creek, they there parted and Hall went over the other side of the Miami. Kibby went on down until he fell onto Harmer's Trace. On this they heard a gun and knowing it to be Indians they took the Indians plan and waylaid the Trace. Presently 2 Indians, great big fellows, came along loaded as heavy as they could carry. 9 took aim, all fired, and all hit, though one of the Indians ran some distance. When Kibby came up to him, he said "brother",

but Kirby soon sunk a tomahawk into his head. They had killed a raccoon for something to eat.

When John Smith's bedclothes got back, they put them up to sell, he was not one of the party. They however, got some other plunder, which they got something for, and he got his things for little or nothing.

The smallpox was prevailing, and they had had it at Smiths and had washed out all their bedclothes and hung them out. They were boiling sugar and had left a kettle of sugar water over the fire. The Indians came along and threw a couple of frogs into the water, and then came round by our house, but finding nothing went on up to Smiths, and took off the bedclothes, Capt. Kirby pursued.

Reason Bailey was to drive pack horses and was going down to Wayne's army, late, when he was intercepted at the forked Elms by 2 Indians. Bailey could have managed the 2, but they threatened if he didn't give up, they would stick their knife in him. They tied his arms at the elbows, and carried him on top of the hill, back from the river, and being afraid of meeting whites, they cleared away the leaves clear from a place, and staid the remainder of the day. When night drew on, they told him he must strip, and loosened his arms and run a belt round his waist to hold him. While he did so, Bailey suddenly thrust out his hand from his bosom, as if in the act of giving something to the Indian, who deceived by the abruptness of the movement, let go of one end of the belt & Bailey sprang & run. It being then dark, he could soon get out of the way. The other Indian caught him by the cappo, and tore off a great slit. As he passed along he came to a great log and threw himself into the forks of it. His cappo being of the same color, he heard the Indians run along and back without seeing him. Towards midnight when all appeared secure, he returned and came to our cabin. Came to where there was a dead cow. He and I went down the next morning where he had the tussle at the elm. Didn't go to Smiths, came right to our house, hallowed at the door & after we talked a while we got up and let him in. He was going down all alone early in the morning, going to start out that day with the packhorses. Father was poor and they had to stir about to make a living. Bailey tussled with those Indians for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour up that hollow, said the place was all worried round as if horses had trodden there. I knew all the Baileys and Stites in the Redstone area before I came here".

O. M. Spencer affair, summer of 1792. Isaac Light was wounded in the shoulder. The other young man was killed. Mrs. Coleman was buoyed up by the dress & perhaps floated the 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 miles down to Cinti. She had jumped out into the river. It was opposite the sand bar where I there was. Hearing the fire of 2 guns I ran up to the house, and got mine and went down to a neighbors below, where was a canoe, one Ross who went, both with guns and were the first at the scene of conflict. The 2 men we found on shore, they lay there with their feet toward the water. We could see them both from the other side, and expected they were both dead. Mrs. Coleman was further out than Light, but Light didn't get in as soon as Mrs. Coleman did. He was only able to get out of the water and there fell down. He bled so freely. They didn't scalp him, they did the other. She then ran on down to Cinti. Isaac Light was up at New Richmond 5 or 6 years ago.

Spring of 1791 I went down to a field, I had five acres at Round Bottom, to deaden the timber. It hadn't been cleared. I went alone, and hadn't got into Round Bottom 5 minutes when we heard a gun fire. The soldiers, some 4 or 5, came along just after me, had been fired upon, one shot in the jacket, right in front. Another who waited on the Lieutenant, a Frenchman, (said he wasn't afraid, if he spoke to them they wouldn't shoot him) was killed. The Indians as they passed on from firing on those soldiers, saw the people run to the gate at the noise of the gun, and fired from the opposite hill. The people soon drew in. The guns hit, but the bullets rattled against the gate".

1791-2 was a pretty deep snow, when we moved over to Kentucky. Camped (after spending a day or 2 in Columbia) behind an old log, next day rived clapboards and made a shelter till we built a cabin.

Early in the spring, 1794, we moved back to below the mouth of Crawfish, just opposite where John Smith lived, and I built a couple of cabins on the bank.

The night we were 1st up here we lay encamped out on the river. McKinney shot a turkey that was roosting in a tree, right opposite, and it flew right over & fell dead by us. We picked and roasted what we wanted, and then got out from the fire".

Bailey and Si Closson, brother to John Closson were out all one summer, spying between Fort St. Clair and Fort Hamilton. John Closson and others were at work in John Smith's meadow, mowing, and they stopped to drink with them. After they went on they heard the Indians say "Yo Ha", to stop their horses so they could shoot, and could see their handkerchiefs above the flash of the guns. The place behind the logs was all scraped clear so they could lie clear and make no noise. Stites threw himself down on the horse's neck and the bullets went right over and wounded Reader, so that he dropped his shoes (?). They were riding side by side, so near they could touch. Stites was riding a horse so quick starting, that just say go and he started off; and throwing himself forward so he supposed the spurs run into him, so that he made an uncommon start. Looking back he saw some Indians following, and said to Reader "why don't you hurry on, the Indians will get you". He said he couldn't, his young mare was not use to going without the whip, only threw up her head when the bridle was jerked. Stites knew their guns were empty or they would have shot him again, and he turned back and in to the horses flank, and so brought him off. When they passed on they looked back and saw the Indians standing on a dividing ridge looking after them.

The Indians frequently wore ___, cappos, etc. on their scouts. The one that killed Uncle David Jennings had a cappo and cocked hat, he must have gotten at St. Clair's defeat. He and Geo. Crites had gone to Covalt's mill on horseback. His family was in boat I steered, and I brought them down in the fall, 1789. He hallowed, Murder !, Murder!, after he was shot, all the way, and his horse brought him in to Round Bottom. There he waited till his daughter and son-in-law, Major Ignatis Ross came up for him in a pirogue and took him down to their house in Columbia. The Miami was backed up

nearly to Round Bottom at that time. He said before he died, his fear of the Indians was done now.

Abel Cook had moved up to Round Bottom. His family was there. Three or Four miles from the Ohio, above Armstrong's mill, in the narrows, as he was returning from Columbia, he was shot by the Indians from the top of a point of a hill, right thru the knee. The only wound, except for the tomahawk. He had a good rifle but it was gone, didn't know if he shot any Indians or not. He had rode down to Columbia, and while he was at Red Bank, his little bay mare died. I saw him skinning it, and I think he carried the hide down to Col. Spencer's tanyard at Columbia. It was while my father was east. I was up at Covalt's Station to guard while they planted and he came after I was there about a month. Almost sundown when I heard of it and I galloped through the narrow that night. After I got through I heard a gun behind. They at the station thought it was me, and followed on till they came to the flat where they saw my tracks again & turned back. Whether Cook was killed after this I cannot certainly recollect. I think after.

Covalt scoring trees to build a hewed log cabin and was shot in sight of the fort. After that I went up, scoring and hewing. He was not more than 150 yards from the fort. Rather out of the reach of gunshot at the time.

Luke Foster's bark house. Col. Spencer's tan yards was the 1st I recollect of. It might have been a bark house.

Isaac Ferris, Cyrus Lambert and myself had gone out to where Spencer's track was and turned back and found Harmer's trace which we continued till we came to a drane. Saw where 20 Indians from the Lakes crossed, which was yet muddy. We agreed I should look forward and they to the right and left and if the Indians discovered us, we would turn back, and gallop out of reach on the trace. We followed on in that way till we came to where it turned down the hill; about 20, all moccasin tracks, right down to the river. We knew they were Indians. A dreadful thundergust was then coming up or we would before have tried to have gone rounds, but we knew we couldn't have seen to gotten in. We now galloped on to Fort Washington, and I rode up to Sargent's window, told him what I had seen, and urged him to have a body ready by morning light, to scour the country, while we would go on up to Columbia. He pointed to the thundergust, wished me to stay and urged it. But the night passed and we went on to Columbia. Next morning the rain had washed all the traces away and we scoured all the hills in vain. The word of one might not have been believed, but there were 3 of us, and I only waited every hour to hear of some strike. They appeared to lie still till the 3rd day, when we accordingly received a runner from Round Bottom station saying that Frances Bedle, Jonathan Coleman and a soldier had been taken by the Indians. They had been out cutting timber, for to repair their fort, and while in at dinner, the Indians concealed in the treetops and took them prisoners. They give us notice and from Columbia and Round Bottom, 17 of us pursued. We ascended the hill at the narrows, where they cut off pursuit by going back on the point to where they had left their budgets and then crossed a tree over a hollow. When we got on it again we followed to the mouth of Sycamore, when night came in and we had to stop. Bedle said they were only about a mile ahead of us. In

the thick buck woods we had lost the trace and it would have taken sometime to find it. Said they were just 20 in number. Said some were left to guard and some had gone to watch a lick and that it was well we hadn't come on there.

Frances Bedle was taken on to Detroit & mourned so after his family, he was sold to a British merchant there, with whom he regularly served out his time. Found a piece of a Bible there, which he said, was a great consolation. About a year I think. A carpenter by trade. A good Presbyterian, but turned Shaker afterwards. I said then I would not have chased 30 rods for him. Jonathan Coleman was taken on to the tribes and kept, so Bedle said. A soldier, a lazy idle fellow.

(Could not find the preceding page in the microfilm for the following)

At noontime I had shot a fine buck, and we had roasted some, and took the skin and some venison along. I had advised not to shoot after noon, lest it might draw Indians. At noon though, one of the Gregory's shot a fine cub bear and we had bear and turkey and venison meat altogether. They roasted some bear meat for supper and then spoke of standing sentry, one on the back trail and one in front. Capt. Boyd said there was no danger, no Indians about there and for all to lay down and go to sleep (Rymerson ?) and myself declared that if they wouldn't join and stand sentry their 2 hours, we would go off and stay by ourselves. Boyd finally consented if we would let him and one other stand sentry the 1st two hours. To this we were very willing, as we had determined we would have the 2 just before day. In the course of about an hour bang! went a gun just as we were fixing to go to bed and Boyd came running in jumping through the bushes. Had there been a hundred Indians I couldn't have helped laughing. He ran right up to the fire, too, where they would have been sure to see best to shoot him. After things had gotten a little composed a large wolf let up a piteous howl just on the point of a hill in that direction. Boyd then offered a full treat all round if we would say nothing about it when we got back. The wolf had followed the trail of the buck's blood I had killed that night we got in.

I saw Old Mr. Paul layed out by the door on a plank. 10 Indians had been in and killed him & Griffin and we had missed them somehow on their back trail. Just daylightin when we got in. He was on the outside of the door. Must have been killed late in the afternoon, young Paul cleared himself, the other, Griffin was killed. Young Paul said he jumped, ran a little piece, got behind a tree, and counted 10 Indians. I thought it was well then we didn't meet them. There was more than us and we might have had a hard battle.

In 1789, a man from a station on Licking brought down a pirogue of corn. On his way he split his pirogue & the corn got water soaked. Yet we had to give 5/3 a bushel for that corn. Old Aunt Rhoda Stites, it was said, divided the little they would be able to have of corn in bread and then would go out and cry. An excellent pious woman.

Capt. Jas. Flinn, David Flinn, and Jas. F. Bailey and "crook necked" Johnson from Kentucky and I think another, after the treaty with the Indians at Columbia, or after Wayne's treaty went out in pursuit of some Indians who had lately, as some continued to

do, been stealing horses when they came in sight of a camp in the afternoon, all but Flinn layed by to come up at night and get their horses if they were there. Flinn went on and hid in a treetop to spy. While he stood there a great big Indian came on Flinn, wholly unaware, and laid on Flinn his hand, the first thing Flinn knew. He tied his arms and took him to camp. At night they went to tie him more secure for the night, and as soon as he felt the cord loose, Flinn, who was as swift as a deer, on foot, sprang away and ran. The big Indian jumped a step or two and then turned back for his gun, which gave Flinn the better start. The pursuit was continued until they came in sight of the company. He hollowed and his company met him yelling and they chased the Indians back to the camp, who came yelling, and his coming alarmed their friends and they fled. They then took all the plunder and loaded their horses and traveled all night on their way to Columbia. The big Indian came in soon after with some others and brought in Flinn's gun and dark powder horn and satisfied the people they were not the party that had stolen the horses. Said they had seen the Indians that did it pass them & perhaps showed their trail. So they were restored all their baggage. The men however, were rewarded someway for their service.

Mrs. Carter
13cc70-74

I came down the fall before Wayne's campaign. The army was at Pitt as I came, and it came down the next spring, 1794.

The meeting house was of log, it was afterwards weather boarded and a sort of pulpit built in it. Old Mr. Kemper preached just this side of the new store, below here, at McCullough's, once in 4 weeks in the winter and in the summer down below here in our lot, on the bank of the river. He was preaching there the time Wayne's Army came through, that was on the Sabbath, under a big Elm tree.

Baptist preaching in the summer at the meeting house, in the winter it was at Isaac Ferris' and Mr. Stites.

Attack on Griffin's Station. He moved out from here almost alone, and it was called Griffin's Station attack. The next fall after I came here.

There was a store in part of Gano's house. Maj. Benjamin Stites got 2# of powder. Gen. Ganos and Col. Armstrong & Major Stites got to building double doors and laying in water, expecting an attack here. Suppose Gen. Ganos had as much as 4 hogsheads of water in his loft.

There was a house just on the opposite side of Mill Creek, opposite the station. The man Pryor was killed in the field. The woman picked up the child and ran toward the station, and she found it attacked. The next to the youngest child was dashed against the doorpost, dashed it's brains out, as she ran to attract her notice. She had just been confined a day or two and had the youngest child in her arms. One or two boys were

perhaps killed in the fields with their father. I think now it was opposite Jacob Whitt's Station, Mrs. Pryor lived and she escaped into this station. But, it was the same party of Indians and at the same time.

Red Bank Station was just at the upper part of Turkey Bottom. Red Bank Station was where the widow Langhorn now is and where the barn stands was a blockhouse. This was where they took the old man Paul in. I think there were four families living there. The blockhouses picketed in made the garrison. The next August 1794, was when Paul was killed. It was Major Stite's land and was built for tenants by him. One of the families was Paul's the other was Winslows. I know there were four blockhouses, don't know if there were four families.

A party, Gen. Ganos and wife, Benj. Stites and wife, both Jr. and Sr. six of us went out blackberrying. While we were out we heard a gobbling back on the hill and Major Stites said we must be moving, there were Indians. We mounted and got to the fort gate, just then we heard a rifle crack and Major Stites asked if anyone was out. They said, Yes! Old Mr. Paul. (had gone gunning). Well, said Stites he's gone. And was before they could give him help. A party of 5 or 6 went out and found him scalped. The Indians had a particular way of gobbling through a bone in the turkey's leg so as to appear like turkeys. They decoyed old Mr. Paul. Had the berries been ripe we would have been gotten. We had just got there and were picking a few red ones when we heard them. I lost my beaver hat we rode in so fast. We commonly wore them in those days.

Mr. Bailey was taken before we came, we were told of it while we lay at Fort Pitt, waiting on water for 6 weeks. That forked Elm was just below Sportsman's Hall in a bend of the road that was made to avoid the deep hollows coming down from the hill. The tree stood on the upper side of the road, as it then run and on the end towards Columbia.

As Major Stites and Nathaniel Reader were going down to Cincinnati in 1795 they had gotten as far as Lewis' house down by where Morgan lived, just on the point of the hill, this side of the tan yards, and Stites was inside. He saw 2 heads, as far as the foreheads peeping up from behind a log on the side of the hill. He cast his eyes up & said as he saw them "two of them", he said, "Readers there's Indians". Just as he spoke he saw the flash of the gunfire and threw himself down on the horse and dodged the balls, which struck Reader in the right arm and broke it and a flesh wound in the abdomen. The Indians then raised the scalp hollow and pursued them about two miles. Reader had to take the bridle into his left hand and the horse almost stopped, being a young horse, as soon as he would jerk the bridle the horse would stop, and his right arm was lost to the use of the whip. Stites saw that the Indians would get him and he turned in behind, said he would try to save him. The Indians were so near when he turned he could see the whites of their eyes. Reader said he was almost ready to faint from the loss of blood, and Stites told him to wrap his hand around the bridle and to hold on by the mane. By kicking the young horse in the flank he started him on and then whipped him in. Reader had to be held on before he got into the fort. Reader's father lived on Crawfish, by where the old road ran. He had been going down with Stites to Cinti. to take a pair of shoes to his sister. They were

swung across his right arm. Major Stites came back the same day and picked up the shoes in the road. Reader lived here with his father, James Reader lived there. Two men had arrived at Columbia from Brecken, they went on by the river the next morning and as they passed the bend just before the fire was heard they saw Major Stites cocked hat and they went on and gave the alarm and the garrison turned out and met them part of the way at Deer Creek. (That Major Stites after all his traveling was killed at last.) (*But she gave no details*) We never would think of starting to Cincinnati till 10 or 11 and back till 9 or 10 at night.

David Jennings had always been afraid to go for his family. He had gone twice as far as the Crab Orchard in Kentucky; for that was the route that was taken yet by land. He then wrote to his oldest son to bring them out. They came in the spring and he in the fall. He was killed coming from now Armstrong's Mill, it was just at sundown when they brought him in. Covalt's Mill was then a tub mill. But, about where Armstrong's Mill now is. He ventured as he went by water, his son Henry, who was in company, rowed him out of the reach of the Indians, who couldn't wade in as the river was too deep. It was a rule to go with a guard when they went to mill there

Mrs. General John Poage

13cc213-215

Col. Wm. Poage, her father, was either shot or died the very day her sister, Mrs. Elight Thomas was 14 years of age in 1778. A company was going from Harrodsburg to Logan's Station. Col. Poage was the farthest behind when the company arrived about where Danville now is, when he was shot in three places in the body by the Indians. His horse ran off with him however and dropped his body in the cane, so that he was not found by them. The company returned that night and took him along as far as they could, to a cabin on the road. There they were obliged to leave him, finding that they could not get him in, to bring him along in the morning in a blanket. They returned in the night, but while in the cabin they heard the Indians on the outside walking around and about the house. Poage was left in care of a couple of men in the house while the main party went out to go on the outside to fire upon them, should they attack. When the party returned, Poage's cabin was nearest the gate and she overheard them say he was wounded, though they had wished to conceal it from her. She discovered, and found it out, and asked, and they said he was only wounded. The Indians did attack the house and with loss and it was the same party is rendered very probable, because when Col. Poage had been shot he dropped his gun, and this morning it was got, having been in possession of the Indians.

Mrs. Samuel Scott (Revised)

11cc224-227

Mr. Campbell was the preacher in North Carolina where I came from after I left. I think on the Haw river.

We moved to the Clinch at Moore's Fort. Was wintering at one place 8 miles off from the fort and about a mile from the river. One Phillips family was killed between us and river, near to the river. Mamma was gone up with a neighbor, Mrs. Kilgore to Castle's Woods, near the fort to buy some sheep at a sale. My mother and me and Mrs. Kilgore at the time. He was away in Carolina at the time. One boy escaped, I think by crawling under the beds. All the rest of the family were killed.

About 2 years after this we moved over onto the Holston to get rid of the Indians. We had lived on the Clinch for 8 years. Went to the Holston and spent one year, getting ready to come to Kentucky.

One year while we lived on the Clinch we had no need to fort and did not fort. Cowan's Fort was about two miles from Moore's. We went to it one year, but it was too weak; but seven or eight families. The Indians attacked it. Miss Walker, then the widow Ann Cowan was taken going from Cowan's to Moore's. She and her sister's son William Walker were taken. As soon as the dead were buried we all left and went to Moore's Fort. Her brother, Matthew Walker, that had went with her was killed and the other man that had went with her was shot at, but escaped and got into the fort. This Mrs. Cowan had just got back from her captivity, as I passed the Crab Orchard coming out. (Two of old Robin Moffet's sons got in after we got to this country, they had been taken from a sugar camp sometime during those wars.) Capt. Snoddy, Williams and Joe Moore's wife's were sisters of her. They had moved there from the Clinch and were forted there I had come 300 miles without seeing a house after leaving Powell's Mountain, not far from the river. I saw no sign of a house, except where some men had put up a few logs and done some cutting as if they were going to build (on Cumberland Mountain) I become to get discouraged, thought I would never see a house again, hadn't been one for 300 miles.

Matthew Cowan brought the express from Moore's Fort to Houstons' (where we had been the year before on account of getting good range and were again this year, Houston's was some miles from Moore's, still higher up Clinch and Black's Station was lower down.) that 300 Indians were coming to attack Houston's Station. The next morning he would start to go back and thought that he could get through, but was shot. His horse got in safe. His wife fainted when she saw the horse; it was a stud horse, all in a power of sweat. He was brought in wounded and died. There my father John McCorkle was at the time. There were 300 to 21 families. I think the men didn't exceed 30. The Indians staid there about 8 days, killing the cattle. They were Cherokees. None of the men in the fort were killed. Relief came in from the Holston and then they left.

A company of 60 men came in to Moore's Station from Kentucky. They had gone out another way, I suppose. One Mr. Crown, that was a Presbyterian, and died over by Danville, was one of the party. My father bought a tract of one Mr. Zanes from Botetourt, or Augusta of 6000 acres. Gave him a horse to ride in on &c. but, never got the land.

One summer Daniel Boone's wife and 2 daughters were at Moore's station. (Don't know where Boone himself was). The men had gotten very careless, and while the guards were out they would go out and play at ball, and those that were not playing

would go out and lie down without their guns. This time, only old daddy Thompson was left in the fort. Mrs. Boone, her two daughters and Miss Hannah Carr (?) and 2 or 3 others, determined to load their guns light, like the Indians, and go out the other side of the fort from the men and fire them off as rapid as they could. They then ran in and slammed the 2 gates so that no one did, or could get in, but one Ben Smith, a young man sent as one of the guards to take his turn from our Holston, who jumped over and got his gun. Some were in so great haste, they ran right through the pond. They were all exceedingly mad and some of them wanted to have the two women whipped, and the men had like to have got to fighting among themselves. Had 2 or 3 fights. This quarrel did not grow out of whiskey for they had none.

While Boone was prisoner, Mrs. Boone and her daughter and son-in-law, spent a day or two there on their way into Carolina.

Boone was there staying with his family at one time, I don't know when.

The spring of 1780 we moved out of Tait's Fort, close on Moccasin Creek and higher up towards Hoslton that these others, over to Holston to get ready to come to Kentucky, 12th of July my father died.

We lived up the Rich Valley when not forted. The Indians came through Moccasin Gap as far as the Holston River, right often; but, no farther. There it was, in a year or two I think that we heard Mr. Cummins. He lived 8 or 10 miles from us.

We staid on Holston for 4 or 5 years. Mr. Craighead preached at one of our neighbors, Jimmy Logan's in a barn, the house was small. He was on his way out westward somewhere.

We spent one year in Augusta, 2 years, I think before we came to Moccasin at Tait's Fort.

General Webb (Revised)

13cc75-79

Foggy Clemens (his son Greer Clemens) was shot in the leg going up to Round Bottom, and bled to death.

We came out in the same boat as the Covalts. Old man Abraham (I think) and Abraham Jr. and Timothy. We lived right where the road goes up to the point, opposite the old well. The 21st day of January 1790 we arrived. We were 21 days getting down. Had started down the 1st day of January from Red Stone country, I was 10 years old then.

Old Capt. Robert McKinney, and David Smith and families had the boats which we came in with our stock and family boat.

As they came on down Robert McKinney and Benjamin Smith, son of David went on down and out on the Kentucky shore, (left hand) to kill some turkeys. In the pursuit of game they were soon separated, and Smith more readily alarmed, came first back to the boat, where he mistook, as he supposed the tracks they themselves made for Indians and hastened on down with the canoe. When McKinney came back he found the canoe gone, and had to make his way up again to Maysville, by land and alone. It was as much as a week before he got down. We were encamped then just back of Allen's orchards. Recollect some children playing there asking Mrs. McKinney, as they saw her walking by one day, "Mother ! where are you going in such a hurry". "Why children, they say your father's come but I don't believe it".

Between Mr. Ferris's white house and the smith shop, where the road comes along down, 2 children of Mr. Gordon of Nelson's Station were playing on the run, where they were come upon by the Indians Ross Gordon the little boy, escaped and the Indians pursued till he came to a very large log and when Ross cleared it, he turned back. The girl was taken and never could be heard of. Her father went after her to Detroit.

"The 2nd or 3rd night after they come, my father and uncle, both of them lost their horses in about 200 yards of the camp. Went out to Covalt's station where some joined them to go after their horses. They got out on East Fork where they heard the guns and passed a tree the Indians had cut down for honey; and thinking it time to turn back came down East Fork, and the Miami on a raft.

Old Mr. John Beasley had 3 step sons. Prickett and 3 his own sons, all pretty well grown built a blockhouse at Armstrong's Mill opposite and where the rail road passes along sometime in 1793. About April 1796 Mr. Beasley went out, hearing the dogs bark in his shirt, drizzly morning, perhaps for something more. When he got to the door the Indians shot and missed. He ran in, got his gun and ran upstairs to shoot. He was taking aim to shoot when he was shot in the arm, through the porthole. The ball entering right among the tendons of the arm, and lodged in the skin, passing diagonally to the inside of the right arm. A large forked sycamore, the Indian was behind, and he could see his breast just enough to shoot. Had seen the Indian's gun and he hadn't moved after he fired yet when Beasley pulled the trigger. The Indian was not found until some years after, his gun and his blanket were found up the run a piece, and Beasley said he knew he shot him. The bark of the tree was not grazed. The things were bloody and he was shot right through. They found a piece of his breast. The boys had kept their guns properly and generally upstairs, but now they were down and they made so much noise going after them, the Indians thought the house was full of men and fled.

Mrs. Bowman, wife of John Bowman, I think lived in the lower part of Columbia. The Indian stuck his gun and fired. I don't know whether wounded or not. They moved up along the hillside there because of the high water in the bottom.

James Newill, Henry Ball and one Olcott were passing up from Columbia to join a party of scouts at Covalt's station. Charles Bence (?) was staying at my father's and my father heard them & him talking as they were on their way up. Sun was about half an

hour high. Directly after they went on, he heard the guns crack, about 2 miles off, just below where the Widow Ferris lives. In a drain the Indians had ambushed (them). Jas. Newell they overtook without hitting. The horse started I suppose & threw him and they then tomahawked him. Ball ran a piece, but fell over a treetop he had not seen it was right in his way and a couple of Indians caught him. Neither were wounded. Newell was stunned and took prisoner, he went off and married a squaw. Came back 20 years after with a parcel of children. Olcott's horse brought him off, to Columbia, got wounded, didn't break the arm, a flesh wound only. When Olcott got in that time it was dark. Chas. Bence's horse frightened at Newell's body as he passed on up to Covalt's Station to warn of Indians. He got off to hunt for his hat but didn't find it, and thought he heard a moaning. The next morning the scout found the hat, it was near the body. Newell was taken in but never spoke more. Couldn't find the Indians. This was sometime in 1791 or 1792.

Mrs. General Webb (Revised)

13cc48-51

Closs Thompson and Jane his wife came out from N. Carolina in 1790. 52 years ago, 4 sons, 2 daus. Came to place of rendezvous and had to wait either the winter through or come with 5 light horsemen. The company had proceeded nearly the way through, took 5 days. The last of the 4th day as it was along the most dangerous part of the road they had gone all day without stopping to eat. It was late in the season, cold and drizzly. They found they were being pursued by Indians, whose trail some behind had discovered. We came to a place in crossing the run where the water was deep, and were in such a hurry we couldn't get one of the packhorses out, it was dark, and we left him stand. Next went on and turned up the side of a steep hill where we tied our horses and encamped in silence. Presently a dog fice came along, came up to one of my uncle's, who treated it well. Held it up to the light and saw its ears cropped. After he set it down it went along and about 50 yards off we heard it yelp as if the Indians had trodden on it. We then silently moved higher up. In the morning it was thought Grandfather and mother must have something to eat so they could get in, and then went to get the packhorses, and found some other things that had been lost. The horse was yet standing in the water. The bed had turned under to the middle of his sides. They took it off and laid it behind the logs, and were hunting around for some other things when they saw the fresh tracks of moccasins in pursuit. They went to the camp and 4 said they must go on, the Indians were all around them. My grandmother began to cry and the 5th said he would stay. After we started on, the girls and grandmother in front, they saw 4 Indians laying on the hillside asleep, sent the girls silently on and waited and told the men coming up, who got by and safely in. Grandmother said the men were very glad to see them, but never liked them after that.

Father was in the first incident of Indian warfare in the country. Two young men wanted him to go out with them for company, to the Northlands & Indians fired on them within 12 ft. and never hit. They had gotten down by a run where the river makes a bend. A tree lay on the ground, and the men were going on. My father was foremost and ran,

but as the path turned down the hill, towards the run, he stumbled and fell. The next one behind stepped on his head, so as to take off his hat. The other 2 got ahead, and he didn't get up, being hurt, till the Indian was within 20 steps of him. He turned and presented his rifle, while the Indian jumped back and forth across to keep him from firing, till the other 2 of our company treed, and he saw they would have an opportunity to shoot, and drew back. They then waded the creek, or run, pretty deep, holding up their guns, and the adventure closed. My father said he never would go out on a scrape of that kind again.

A wedding party was passing from the upper to the lower garrison, at Columbia and they came to within a few steps of a party of 15 Indians, in ambush, and never knew of it, only as the Indians afterwards told of it.

My grandfather had brought out a stallion, for which he had given \$700 and a fine mare \$300. The Indians tore off the bottom plank, got in under the floor, unbolted the door, stole a close (clothes) line out of the yard & took off the horse with it. They took my grandfather's stallion way out to the Pickaway plains where he run himself to death. Came from old Virginia.

Earhart was taken prisoner, making sugar at or near the mouth of the Miami, not from the sugar tree but from the maple, about 1792.

Capt. William Hubball was only a passenger. Hubball was the last person to come on board. But, a few minutes before they started there were 3 or 4 other passengers. Daniel Light, back of New Richmond was along. One Mrs. Plaskitt sat by the fire running bullets. Plaskitt said not to shoot at the canoe till they could see the whites of their eyes. There were 7 men in the company. A boasting Irishman. A Methodist preacher was killed. Plaskitt was the only man on board that was not wounded. He settled opposite the mouth of the Miami. Some years after, he and his son were going hunting and he was drowned at the mouth of Big Indian. Light, he wouldn't stop, must shoot when within 30-40 yards. Sunk one of the canoes. About the same place William Moore was taken, was shot in the arm and taken by Wyandotes.

In early times the people were honest to each other. If a man did wrong, they set him across the Ohio.

Mr. Miller was offered three lots in the city for a gun. But, not getting the one he wanted for a ferry he came up and bought at Columbia. The ferry he would have established sooner and a better one.

Mr. and Mrs. Ichabod Clark 13cc113-114

Demint was taken after Cook was killed. Mr. Tichenor was out with them at the time. Gabriel Hutchins and the Bridles were also there.

Tichenor hid Clemens under the leaves in the bushes. He had been shot in the knee. The artery of his leg was cut and he bled to death. Died just as they got in the garrison with him.

Demint ran, with an excellent rifle, well loaded, and pursued by some half dozen Indians. All in a string, he turned to shoot and might have killed some 3 or 4, but his gun would not go off. So he was taken. He was known to have killed an Indian and Tichenor told him never to let himself be taken, he would be burnt. And it is supposed he was.

In the summer of 1794, the year I came down, General Lytle had been out on the Williamsburg tract surveying with a party, when his men became alarmed and all left him on account of the Indians. In the return of himself alone, as he passed along, to cross the Miami, he discovered an Indian fishing alone and shot him. He named it Indian rifle, but the cause of the name was not generally known.

Major Shaler's son, Joseph was out near Fort Jefferson when the snow was on the ground (between St. Clair and Wayne's campaign) with Capt. Kibby and a soldier who were cutting down a tree for a coon. While doing this, for all the snow was on the ground, the Indians slipped up and killed young Shaler. Kibby was then a spy. Old Major took his son's death very hard. Kibby and another man were chased into a swamp, where the Indians couldn't trail them anymore & had to stay on a log in the night till after they heard the Indians no more, when they slipped out and cleared.

Robert Giffin Jr. & Mrs. Giffin 13cc97-100

Robt. Giffin lived at Columbia. Had gone out hunting turkeys, was shot to the left side of the road below Dr. Duncan's place. The year before Wayne's treaty in the fall. We landed the 8th of April 1794 and he was killed that fall. We landed 11 Dec. 1793. These are the bullet moulds, which were found right on the spot, in a few feet of where he fell, found 43 or 44 years after by his nephew, and the ground had been ploughed over and over again. The Indians took his gun, shot pouch and scalp, but none of his clothing. Paul came along just then, I had to go and warn. It was after night when they got in. Paul had been out hunting his horse. He and his sons Wm. Paul, a native of Scotland, though long in America, and his son John. They heard the gun and his dog bark (Paul had a great big black dog), and the scalp yell. They said there were Indians and began to make to the station. The dog leaving barking at the Indians, and coming back to his master, they knew (the Indians) this was the way to some whites that were there. The old man was a Scotchman, told him, John, to run and save himself, he was getting exhausted, the Indians would have him. He went on. The Indians were behind a poplar. About waist high it forked. The stump is there yet. The dog went back over the crawfish hills and Paul and his son took the opposite direction, thinking they would follow the dog, and they might escape over the Miami. But, the Indians discovered them. They would have gone on that as at first if the dog hadn't barked. Two hound dogs they had. They had

started that way and when they seen the dogs go on they turned off and round to the right in the opposite direction. They shot old Mr. Paul right in the back and out above his navel, and he pitched forward on his knees. John was about 30 yards ahead and treed and shot at the Indian as he sunk the tomahawk in his father's head. The smoke continued so that he couldn't see, but he feels assured he must have struck him, for all fear had left him and he shot as calmly as he ever did in his life. The party that went out however could see no signs. It was a beautiful day in Indian summer. The Indians had been defeated, the people were not afraid, and Mr. Paul would have laughed at one to have told him there was danger. He had just built him a strong house, with port holes outside the station. The station was picketed in. Had at one time as many as 10 or 12 families in it. Had 8 houses.

Before Mr. Paul was killed in the spring 1794, Benj. F. Ovault (?) was a constable, had come at a late hour in the night, lived not more than 150 yards from the Ohio River. Had a little enclosure round his house and a trough inside where he could feed his horse when in haste. He left his horse in the yard, with his saddle and blanket on (this denied) and that night in the midst of Columbia, 2 Indians came along and took it. In the morning when Nelson got up he observed the fence down at his oat patch, looked and saw it down, at the time, and indoubtable marks of Indian sign. He immediately ran in and 5 of them, Samuel Nelson, Stephen Shipman, Hinson Hubb, Thomas Beasley and Samuel Nutt, jumped on their horses and overtook them just on the top of Indian Hill, near Major Parkers. One of the Indians was walking, the other setting sideways on the horse. The last they shot. Nelsons ball shot him. Two fired but his was the right size ball. The other ran in a zigzag course and got away in the spice thickets and other under brush. The party returned with the horse, scalp & rights & Indians blanket, all bloody, and his gun and trinkets and put them up at sale, within a 1/4 mile of Red Bank Station. In 2 or 3 hours the news of the scalp soon spread. Ovault stood by and saw his horse sold without a word.

Joseph Martin 13cc80-81

Came down a few days before Christmas 1790, landed at Jarrett's Station said there proper name was Garrards, but it was a French name and the Virginians gave them the nickname of Jarrett. Knocked off some planks and made a camp on the upper bank of the Miami. Samuel Welch and Bridges, from New England had 2 cabins about 30 poles below where we camped. We came by without seeing them; it was dark at the time. The river makes a sudden bend at that place, and on the 2nd bank we placed the station, 2 rows of cabins in the course of 2 years, when the Indians being so bad, drove them down from Covalts. The Ohio was rising and backed the water up the Miami, so that it was very easy to get up. We landed and Joseph Frazer (the old gentleman) said to put down some heavy things in the bow to keep the boat from floating off. In the morning we found our boat sunk. The water had come up over the gunwale. The water came in so as to fill all the boat. But, the weight of the bow kept the back end from sinking. A chest of Mother's got afloat. The bow somehow got off and some of our clothes were also

floating in the water. Flour, salt, whiskey and necessities in the family boat. The stock boat was the only other.

"Samuel Welsh was taken. He had gone out to get some sugar water, was in the act of taking it up when an Indian, one of three, tapped him on the back, and holding the tomahawk over his head said "no hollow", no hollow". It was in the evening. They took him to the towns and sold him out in the country of Detroit, to a Frenchman, who could hardly keep him; the Indian thought he had given too little for him. He told Welch if he saw the Indian coming he must run out in the meadow and hide in the meadow or grass, they would kill him.

One of the 4 boats contained the stock. On arriving at the mouth of the Big Sandy, where they went out to get some meat or wood, and let their creatures graze, there were there some 8 or 10 platforms, as they were called. We had idled along till we got nearly to the mouth of the Big Sandy, when we were overtaken by these platforms, perhaps 9 in number, who proposed that we should make a stop at his place. Using the advantage of the backwater for an easy landing, came a way up the Sandy and let the stock out to graze (the river was very high). When we had done this, they also landed and got something, which appeared to have been before concealed in the sand, and immediately, then pursued there way down the river. They had not gotten very far when they were attacked by the Indians, and one of their platforms taken in a battle, which continued 2 hours, 50 minutes, and was then stayed by the apprehension that our boat would be soon along, and representing them as soldiers. Our company continued at the mouth of Sandy, till they discovered a Buffalo skinned, and yet warm, and other appearances of the grass springing up, indicating the presence of Indians, where they then hurried the stock on board, and passed on down, but without hearing of the attack till they came to Louisville. That same afternoon we went on down to 18 Mile Island, where they staid all night and the men took the horse boat over to the Kentucky side again, to get wood and to graze again, when they were driven back by the alarm of guns. The girls ran all about on the island gathering wild onions, in perfect security. But they spent the night there without any sentry, but my mother & aunt and a little dog. When they arrived at Louisville they had supposed we all were cut off, we were so long coming. One McNitt, who had been taken by the Indians, got in just about then, hadn't been but a day or two. Was formerly known to my mother in Pa. and brought word the Indians meditated an attack on Louisville and to sweep the country.

Capt. Jas. Welch who commanded one company induced Frank Campbell to go with him (had business at Louisville). They got there on Tuesday and scouted round several days. When on Saturday he took sick, Welch did, and asked Frank to take his place (they were going out with Colonel Patterson and Todd) and maybe he would kill a buffalo and if he did, he would carry it down to his family. Frank agreed, and when he got on his horse, took off his watch and out his pocket book, saying, "God knew if ever he would return, and if he did not to take them back to his family". They had nearly completed the scout and just came to a turn of the lane that led to the fort, when Frank Campbell saw Indians and told the boys to get down and fight. While in the act of lighting, two Indians concealed in the road, shot him and he said "Why Lord of Mercy, I am dead" and fell and

they thought he didn't carry his life to the ground. But, he ran 150 yards. Before they caught him, and he was found with his hands full of mud he had clawed. This in August 1781. Welch heard the firing and ran out to the end of the lane to see and there they seen the woods red with Indians. Welch heard the firing, ran out to see, ask who was out. They said "Frank Campbell". He said one man go with me and I will go out and bring him in. Then they ran to the end of the lane & they made no attempt to go further after that till the company from below came. The scalp hollow was not heard till in the night. This was in the P.M. When he was found he was lying on his face that way, but appeared to have been tomahawked in the forehead. Whether he got away till then, or how, we can't say. He had gotten over a fence in the bushes. Must have met him before he fell, by the stroke in the forehead, and then scalped him afterwards.

That night a runner came on down and got into the Dutch Station on Sunday morning at break of day. All the efficient men, about 30, got ready to go to their relief, and bury the dead. James Galloway came in to sympathize with father. He had not been able to get a horse in time. My father not understanding the case, said Jimmy Galloway, if it had been you that was killed, my son wouldn't be here. This remark so cut - he found too late he could get a horse of Uncle Smith, and this he mounted and run to overtake. Scarcely had he started, or gotten through the lane, when guns were heard. We knew they were Indians, and all flocked to the gates full of sympathy, and almost ready to run to his help. Old Mr. C. however came out and thrust them in and barred the gate. There were none but old men and women in the fort. I said I knew if he wasn't shot, and the horse that they would fly round the field, and come to the other gate. I got there first and there he lay, all weltering in blood. We took him in, and Dr. Culbertson dressed the wound. He appeared to have had his arm over his gun on his shoulder. The bullet went in a little above the elbow, on the upper side of his arm and lodged in the neck, and always remained there. Galloway lived to be a pretty old man, and died upon Licking.

Twenty miles they had to go Monday night, they got there and buried my brother. In the meantime, Squire Boone moved down his family on Sunday to the Dutch Station. The rest remained and started out on Tuesday morning. They had heard there were 500 Indians and they evacuated the place (Boones). They had not gone but a little ways, when they were attacked by this body of Indians. Welch was sick and behind, on the same horse holding him on, was Allen Campbell, a younger brother. They were out of hearing of the guns and knew nothing of it till they came insight of two Indians, who had a young lady and her mother's infant prisoner. Supposed they had killed her mother. The Indians took alarm on seeing Welch and Campbell and ran. The young lady was seated on a horse and Campbell carried that young child a long circuit to avoid the Indians and got in all night. Nearly all were cut off.

Du _____ taught a school in that station, himself, a son, and 2 daughters, with the infant survived and arrived at our station, and that was all that that came there, of these families. The mother and several children were killed, as also Wm. Mitchell, whose mother and family were living in our station. Col. Floyd's brother, Isaac lost his gun in this affair. As they were about to start out he raved and swore that the first man that lost his gun was to be hung.

Levi Buckingham (Revised)

13cc61-63

13cc89-94

Came down from the Red Stone, spring 1789, latter part of April. Staid a little better than a month, then returned and I came down again in the spring of 1790. Mr. Covalt came down a little before I did, it may be a few days. We went back together. While here we came up to this place. It was all surveyed by this time.

David McKinney, Covalt, a surveyor and myself came up. There were 4 or 5 of us. Covalt had been up before and had picked out where Ready's is and that same fall after he came back built a station. Three (3) acres for a dollar.

Spring of 1790, Covalt had 4 block houses, and some cabins and some picketed in. I helped to finish some after I came (by the last of March, pretty cold weather I know.) It was all picketed in that spring, before the corn was planted. I staid and helped clear and plant corn, and then went back again. There were from 8 to 10 cabins in a side of the square, Covalt, Hinkle, McKinney, Morris, Abel Cook, Riggs, Tichenor, Clemens, Bailey, Bedle. Covalt had 2 or 3 young men grown; most of them had pretty smart families. Some of them didn't stay there long.

That same year Tichnor & Morris and Clemens and Bedels &c. went down to Round Bottom and planted corn. I don't know whether they planted corn or put up the garrison first. It was put up that summer they went there, it was easy clearing.

I came down in the fall, and my brother and his family with me, 1790 (I had no family). They had merely a grant to settle at Round Bottom, it had been sold to a man in Kentucky, but he had never came on to get it, and they got it after they settled it.

Joseph Bedle, Mr. Clemens, Levi Buckingham, Dick Fletcher, Abraham Covalt, about the 1st of May, the woods were right green, had been at the mouth of Sycamore. Had gone up the night before, and were there all night. There was a very large hollow sycamore there and some of us lay in that night. In the morning Bedle and Clemens, started on down (Bedle killed the deer a yearling, had it on his back) to a lick on the way, and finding no deer, passed along the river where Bedle saw a deer crossing in the river, as they were frequently found when not at the lick. While coming on down, (in a bend of the river, which commands $\frac{1}{2}$ mile up the river) they saw the Indians crossing the Indian riffle, they had just gotten by on the bank & saw the 3 perhaps tying on their moccasins below on the bar. Where we lay was not far from the stone meetinghouse there on Sycamore. The Indians came up the bank and waylaid the bend, between the mouth of Sycamore and Indian riffle. When Bedle and Clemens started, I went up Sycamore to a fork, and up the right fork to a lick, where I shot at a deer. I think I must have hit it but just then, Covalt came along as if foreboding some doom, was fearful there were Indians and wanted to go home. We turned and came down Sycamore, and along the bend of the river, to where the Indians lay in ambush, Covalt and Fletcher in advance. I had cut my ankle, and being a little lame, limped along a little behind. All them fired. I was but a

few steps behind, when we had just crossed a run at the upper end of Indian riffle bottom, when they fired. I turned back to the upper side of the run, throwing off my blanket, which had my cloak wrapped in it, and was strapped over my shoulder. It fell into the run, and getting it off my fur hat fell into the run too (come off). I had my gun to carry and pushed on without seeing any Indians though I looked back, stopped at the top of the hill, as I cut across, to listen if I could hear them and rest. When they came for Covalt I came, but my hat and load were gone.

Fletcher took up the run, and said as he turned to start, he blundered and fell and said he thought it wasn't worth the while to try and get up, he knew they would knock him down, they were so close behind, till he heard them pass by (suppose they took him to be dead) to take Covalt. He then jumped up and run and got in before Bedle and Clemens. I got in just then and found the garrison all in an uproar. Said Covalt and me both were killed. He wouldn't go out with the rest for Covalt. I ran till I got to the top of the hill, when I looked back and heard one yell, where I knew someone was killed and I put on, but without seeing anyone.

Covalt had run till exhausted, and stopped by the forks of 2 logs, which lay across near the trace. The Indians on coming up, struck him in the forehead, and knocked him over with the breach of the gun, which was broken with the violence of the blow. The Indians hid this under the log, where it was afterwards found, and took Covalts gun, leaving him scalped on the ground. Covalt was the 1st sacrifice to Indian hostilities from the Miami settlement.

The spring of 1789 I was at Flinn's when those Indians that had the chase with him came in. I think it was before I had been up to see my land. They lit, spanselled (sic) their horses and then went in. The next day they were at the garrison. They next brought in furs and skins and traded, they got whiskey. There was one squaw that had on a white shirt that done all the business. She put down a grain of corn each time they got a quart of whiskey &c. Flinns lived between the railroad and the Union Bridge on the second flat, about a mile from the garrison. Flinns had a station at Belphre.

The tomahawk that Covalt had when he was killed, slipped out of his belt when he run and was found 30 or more years after. I could swear to its identity for it had 2 edges, and was made by a blacksmith, Hinkle, that was killed and lived at the station.

In the fall of 1790, we came to Covalt's, brother's family and myself and spent the next summer there. After St. Clair's defeat the station broke up for the winter and moved back again in the spring, in part. Round Bottom, I think, held on.

In the spring of 1791, Old Mr. Covalt, and Mr. Hinkle went out on the hill, opposite the station, had felled a tree to make clapboards, for a small hewed log house, he had just put up outside of the garrison. They were lying or setting on the tree after felling it (some men were working below, on the hill, where they were at work) when a considerable company of Indians fell on them, and tomahawked them without a fire. The men under the hill run in and alarmed the garrison. They the men under the hill had heard it. They

were tomahawked and scalped. Some men who came from Columbia the next day with Gano had a mind to pursue them, (they had come for it Gano led them) 15 or 20, but after making their trail 3 times abreast, they found the Indian trail seemed still to be the largest. They supposed the Indians had had a design to attack the station. The men under the hill were firing a piece of ground. I think for planting. Covalt had 4 sons, men grown. Hinkle's family composed of small children.

In the fall of 1791, Timothy Covalt and Major Riggs, went out and crossed the Miami, down a little piece below the garrison, in sight, just across the creek, down below. Riggs with a basket on his arm to gather pawpaws, and Covalt to hunt his horses. Used to be a great many pawpaws over towards the East Fork, and Riggs had gone round the station for company and Covalt said he thought his horses were over there, he believed he would go along. Just as they were rising the opposite bank, Riggs was foremost and was shot. We were eating dinner when we heard the gunshot. He fell over and lodged against a sapling on the steep side of the hill bank, where the Indians scalped him. The basket was found still hanging on his arm that he had taken to get pawpaws in. Covalt turned back and being behind, reforded and got in. Neither had a gun. Riggs left a wife, no children; I think he hadn't been married long.

Suppose it was after Riggs that Abel Cook was killed. I was in the bottom, between Covalt's Station and Round Bottom when Cook was killed gathering grapes, and heard the gun. I came along Saturday, in the afternoon, in the same narrows alone, and Cook was killed Sunday P. M. Left a wife and 5 small children.

Colonel John Graves

11cc121-125

Came here Dec. 5th or 6th 1786, his brother now eight miles this side of Cincinnati on the turnpike road, had come out the year before and purchased the place of Elijah and John Craig for my father. Father, Mother and myself came out with 30 blacks. My brother had remained, came by water. A man, wife and 4 children had been in the fort at Wheeling, which was the upper side of the creek, till they may have got tired of staying in and built a little cabin, hadn't put a door to it yet, just had hung up a blanket. The Indians had came upon them and killed the man and 4 children, tomahawking them. The woman was up at the time and at the door, where she was struck with a tomahawk, glancing on the right side of her head, pealing it some and knocking her backwards out of the door. As soon as she came to she found they were pillaging in the house & got up and ran to the fort. They then sent 5 or 6 men to our boat; our boat was almost other side of the creek, about 50 steps. The woman had a child in her arms when they struck her, and it was taken from her and its entrails taken out and wrapped around a sapling before the house, which I saw myself the next morning. The creek was crossed by falling a tree over. The party was pursued but not overtaken. We were there all that day. The river was low and our horses had been put across country from Redstone Old Fort and had gotten there a day before us.

We were often asked by the Indians to come ashore for fresh meat and we in turn asked them to come aboard; but were not interrupted.

Francis Flournoy settled a little station of his own family, three miles below here, spring of 1787, a little to the right of Georgetown, three miles above, right on North Elkhorn. Flournoy was later killed by the Indians; was in a company going into Virginia, three or four others killed at the same time.

Burnt Station was two miles this way, or to the left of Bryant's Station. It was Grant's Station before. Burnt in the spring of the same year we moved here; spring 1786. Only one square was burnt. It might have been by the Indians, but it was repaired and occupied. Grant afterwards moved on to North Elkhorn and built a mill.

In 1796 he moved down on the Licking, and found out the salt works. My brother went on and bought the ground, of Government, in partnership with Grant. My brother tended to it. The first year made a bushel of salt a day to every kettle they run. The fresh water then broke in, and spoiled it all. They sunk a good many new wells in this place, but it was the same with all.

In 1786 a woman about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile or so from Covalt's was in her cabin boiling soap, had her gourd and was standing by to keep it from boiling over. The first that she knew that anybody was about, an Indian took her by the arm. She dipped up a gourd full of the hot soap and dashed it in his face. The violent screaming of the Indian frightened the others, some $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen at the door and they ran. She then took up the axe and dispatched him, and then took off for the fort where she met her husband on the way. Returning from the fort where he had been. They were the only ones that had left the fort. They moved back into it, this was just before we came that same winter.

The next spring after we settled here, a young man named Gibson was in the field, guarding the hands of his father which were in the field planting corn. The young man was killed by the Indians and a young Negro woman taken and carried off. Gibson's was opposite to Flournoy's Fort, lower down on North Elkhorn. Flournoy's was on the south side of the creek and Gibson's on the north.

Colonel Grant was afterwards (after the treaty) out at the Indian towns and saw this Negro woman at Fort Greenville. She had come in with a trading party, with furs and skins. She told him the whole circumstances. He tried to get her away. He said he spent the whole day trying to get the Indians drunk, and then he would have tied her and put for it. She had married an Indian and had four children; and was unwilling to come and leave her children. She said she would come if her children were away here. She would rather live with white people.

I think it was Tanner's Station (1786) at Limestone. We saw Kenton the day after we landed, and he guarded us as far as the Blue Licks. He lived at Washington then. There was no settlement at the Blue Licks then, emigrants. They were glad to see newcomers, and had nothing else to do but to guard us on, and give companies security through the

most dangerous passes. They hunted for us and when we left, they supplied us with provisions.

The same spring I went out and came on a party of 3 or 4 Indians, before I clearly saw them. I treed, kept my fire and worked my way in safe. They were laying in the grass. I thought I saw something, and waited, and they put up their heads to see. I knew then I was in danger, and run, for they popped down immediately to hide, till I should come out. One that was foremost in pursuit was hardly kept at bay, till I got in sight of the cabin. They run off zigzag then so that I couldn't shoot them.

We brought about a dozen dogs. The wolves killed them all but one, in their encounters.

The Indians would come round every night, round the stable. We could see their tracks. But, it was a puncheon floor we had, and a good lock, they couldn't get in. We shut our door early & in the morning it was sun up before we opened it.

The year I came here I went up to the Crab Orchard and got 10 bushels of corn & that had to do till we raised it. I supported the family mostly with my gun.

Two rangers were kept stationed at Georgetown. David and Jake Stucker. They had been out on a scout and were come upon by a party of 20 Indians. David was wounded. After they had gotten cross Elkhorn, Jake stopped, about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the fort, after they swam the creek on their horses, and he had gotten his brother safely treed, he then tried to get a shot at the Indians, but they kept so close no shots were exchanged. The Indians knew it was the 2 brothers, and ask which one of them it was that was wounded. He told them "David". They wished him to come over, he said "No", for them to come to him. That night they stole about 40 horses from Covalt's town and the Great Crossing together. Stucker answered that he would pay them for wounding his brother, before they crossed the Ohio. Stucker at the head of about 40 men pursued the next day about 12 o'clock. (We were all minutemen ex-officio. A little parched corn kept in a little bag & some jerked venison in another (venison cut in thin slices and cured over the fire) and a horse standing in the stable. When you seen a man coming all you wanted to know was where you were marching) We came upon the Indians at Mountain Island, about 20 miles below where the Cincinnati Road crosses on Eagle. The trail was fresh. We stopped at sundown, tied our horses and put a guard of ten men over them. After night Stucker and I went forward & came on & went all round their camp, when the Indians were done cooking they seemed to be perfectly secure. When they got asleep, say 10 or 11 o'clock, we all crept up. My gun was within twice its length of the Indian I shot at, and waited on Stucker's fire as the signal. Everyone was killed but one, who ran within 10 steps of me. Leaving blanket, moccasins and all, I threw my tomahawk at him. Next morning we looked, but if he was wounded we couldn't see any trail of blood. The nineteen all lay there in death. The Indians had stuck up little pieces of venison, on sticks, ready for morning. The horses were tied to the trees by tugs (buffalo hides cut up) This I think was in the fall of 1787.

The Indians horses just did them one season, they made no provision for them in the winter, and they had no cane to feed them, so they couldn't stand the cold and fare.

Very shortly after this, at the Great Crossing some of Robert Johnson's Negroes were out at a blackberry patch which was only a small distance from the fort (blackberries were a very rare thing, owing to the cane being so thick, on my place here was an open space set thick with raspberries) The Negroes couldn't be pursued by the Indians, it was to near the fort, they came upon them however and caught Harry. After going a short distance they were alarmed by the running of some horses through the cane. That seemed to frighten them and they struck Harry for a deathblow and run. He however was only stunned and found his way in, the men meeting him when they come out of the fort. This was on Sunday P.M. Next morning a company of 40 or 50, again under Stucker, pursued and overhauled them about sundown, recovering all the horses and killing some $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen. This was on Eagle Top mountain, would have killed more if it hadn't been so late. There were 10 or 12 in number. Their blankets would have been desirable if they would not have been so full of lice, and on that account we wouldn't bring them home. Jno. McDowell had gotten some of these animals in a pair of pants he had, he had them boiled $\frac{1}{2}$ day as hard as they could; hung them out that night & next morning they were crawling.

In the fall of 1787, four of us pursued a party of four that had stolen horses. Saw them, flanked and got ahead of them, hid in the grass, and shot three of them. The other was badly wounded, but got away. The one I shot, it broke his back. When I had shot I ran up and got his gun and pursued on. When I came back, he took out his tomahawk and gave it to me to kill him. I tomahawked him".

Jas. Suggett, now in Missouri, was at the crossing at that time and in this encounter. He charged up to shoot an Indian. The Indian rushed out from behind a tree, Suggett went to jerk away, to start and the horse threw up his head and took the ball in the forehead & in falling fell upon Suggett's leg and knocked his gun out of his hand. So that the Indian was rushing on him with his tomahawk when I shot him. Suggett was a Captain of spies under Harrison in the late war.

One Indian (was equal to) four regulars, and two Indians (equal) to one Kentuckian, this was the common rating of equal forces.

Colonel William Christian had a thousand acres of land. Dr. Walter Warfield married Betty Christian and got this. I saw the clothes (Colonel Christian's), the bullet went right through the waistband.

About Colonel Johnson's defeat in 1789, I went down to the Ohio, and there met with a keelboat, which he got to set he and his men across, and to wait a day for their return. They went eleven miles, and there came on a camp of Indians making salt. Jacob Stucker wanted to give back, but Johnson wanted to attack. He divided his men into three companies, a front and two flanks, leaving a place for the Indians to run, supposing they would run and not rally. Then they could kill a good many squaws and get horse and

spoils. Stucker killed an Indian with his gun, then rushed in among them, and tomahawked two squaws and two children. When the Indians rallied, Moses and Samuel Grant, brothers, of the Colonel Grant got killed. Moses Kelly was wounded in the thigh. John Steele, our Pennsylvanian, a great soldier, gave out on the way back, and fell down in the grass. After the Indians passed, he took off to the right, and reached the Ohio, about two miles below. Here he tied some chunks together, and laid his things on the raft thus made and swam the Ohio, and got in about four days after the others, who had brought on his horse and given him up for dead. I was talking with some Indians at the treaty of Greenville, and they said there were 300 warriors at that lick, where they were making salt, and that the Indians had fifteen killed.

William Hardin had moved out into the Green River country, seven or eight miles, from Elizabeth, in now Hardin County, and with some other families endeavored to settle there, but was obliged to move back, on account of the Indians. One morning while living there he was walking out with his gun, in a deep study, and, looking up saw a half dozen Indians with their squaws and papooses, right in his way, standing together, within 50 yards. He said to run was too late and useless, and to be scared was worse. He just went up, and when he got there shook hands with them. They ask him if he was hungry, and although he had just come from breakfast, he said he was. They got him some, and asked him on smoking, if he wasn't Hardin. He denied that he was. They asked him if he knew him? He said he knew him very well. They said they had come to live with him in peace, and if necessary to fight with him against the others-were Northern Indians. But, they thought he must be Hardin. He was made like they thought he, Hardin, was made. (Hardin was a low, stout, muscular fellow). They were waiting to see some white men, to let him know, that they might tell Hardin. He said he would let Hardin know, and would bring Hardin and some other men to them the next day, to take them in. He went away, and that night came and killed them everyone.

When Hardin left the Green River, he wanted to save his cabin from being burned by the firing of the prairies. A Negro woman proposed to stay, and was there for three years, before Hardin moved back, and never saw an Indian. Hardin and the hunters frequently called. They did the hunting for her. She had nothing to do but to dress the deerskins, in which she got to be an excellent hand.

William Niblick

11cc84-85

Was a year old when my father came to Kentucky. Moved to Kentucky in the fall of 1779, from near the Blue Ridge in Rowan Co. North Carolina.

We lived in the corner house of the fort, David Mitchell lived next. (Lexington) My father was the first that got his gun and got to Wymore. The breath wasn't out of him yet. I stood at the little gate, hanging hold of my mother's apron and heard the women crying; and directly I saw them bring in Wymore in a sheet that was all bloody; he was hanging on a pole. I recollect the women had all gathered and there seemed to be trouble

and confusion. Wymore was brought in at the little gate and carried right past our house. After the Indians had shot Wymore, 2 of the Indians pursued. When they came up to him the one gave the other his gun to hold, while he was scalping Wymore. McDaniel shot the one holding the 2 guns. The scalping was done very quick and then the Indian took the two guns and run.

John Rankins 11cc81-83

Born September 18th 1769 in Frederick County, Virginia, son of Reuben Rankins, came to Kentucky in 1784, got to Boonesborough in May and spent the summer there. The picketing of the fort was gone, but the cabins were occupied and the bastions stood, made mostly of little round sugartree logs. Widow Hart lived in a low, steep roofed, one story frame on a very pretty rise about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile above Boonesborough.

John Taylor, Joe Berry, and myself and a black boy came into the Indian Old Fields the year we were at Boonesborough on horses hunting. Camped in a bottom in Indian Old Fields on Howards Creek. Next morning we went along very early, by this lick, ever since known as Taylor's. Nothing was there. We took a circuit of about 2 miles and came around and camped where there was a couple of forks and a ridgepole. John Taylor went again to the Lick; there was 5 or 6 deer in it. He had raised his gun and was just about to draw trigger when another gun fired. The Indian came down to the Lick; seen where our horses had been along, raised his charger and gave a whistle, 4 other Indians immediately came up. They set off on a trot, and as soon as they got out of sight, Taylor pushed for his camp, calling Indians! Indians!, he cut lose the hobbles of his horse so hard he fell back. We then put off without any explanation till we were on our way. The first place we came to was B. Station.

We staid at the place on Boone's Creek till we raised 2 crops. Then we moved over onto Bourbon on Houston. The old Maysville road went on beyond Bryant's Station to the left after you cross Elkhorn and about 4 miles to Gentry's Station. We had raised our crop there I think before the following occurrence.

John Saunders had married a Grant. Grant had married Moseby's sister. John Saunders dau. had been to see her cousin (Moseby's dau.) Betsy Moseby. Saunders lived on Houston's higher up, Moseby about a mile lower down. Myself was still lower, Starkey was below us near the pond (4 mi.) and Peyton about 2 miles from it. Towards sundown, sort of in the evening, Saunders daughter asked Mrs. Moseby if Betsy could go part of the way with her. She went and after she had gone about $\frac{1}{2}$ way, she turned back and very soon heard a very curious, ugly sort of noise. When she got home she was telling of it and they went out and found her tomahawked and scalped. She was taken in and lived till the next day. I had been out all that day hunting horses, had passed before this over the same ground. I knew both of their families. I didn't get my horse. They were particular friends of my family.

That day Tim Peyton & one Jas. Starks had been to Lexington. Peyton was a very wild, rattling, drinking sort of fellow. Had bought a fine bay horse at Lexington, coming home he would whoop and hollow and ride away from Starks, out of sight and then wait on him to come up. They lived in the same neighborhood, I knew Peyton well. The last time he rode on, was after he had crossed Davis Fork, Starks heard the gun fire. The Indians were gone. It was within about a mile of Grant's Station. They had hid in some cane, about as high as a man's breast, behind a large black walnut and as Peyton came riding along had shot him through. The ball entering his left side just in front of his arm. The ball grazed his arm, didn't knock him off his horse. He still rode on to where there was a pole bridge, about ½ mile. Here his horse jumped the bridge and Peyton fell off. Starks came riding up and inquired, "why Peyton, what are you doing"? Answered Peyton, "The dam Indians have killed me at last". They had wounded him twice before. Starks got down and set with him till he died. He then went about daylight down to Grant's Station. Peyton was not brought in that night. It was a distressing time. The Indians had not been there for several years before, and now they had came as before, right in the daytime and killed 2 persons, right in the same neighborhood.

Colonel James McMullen was at Harrod's Station in early times. When they went out hunting they took it by turns, 2 at a time. Once when McMullen and another man went out to take their turn, there was an Irishman, who had no gun that desired liberty to accompany them. They went around, and a rain setting in, in the evening, they took into a cabin. There was a loft in the cabin, made by placing clapboards over the joice. In this dark place our hunters concealed themselves for safety, being to near the station, only 4 or 5 miles, to waylay Indians. After they had quietly secured themselves, Indians stepped in below, set down their guns and kindled up a fire. They were seated round the fire and drying themselves. Our Irishman kept stretching his head forward to see & the hunters kept pulling him back. At length the clapboards became displaced, lost their proper position and yielded to the super encumbered weight. "Come On! by God", said the Irishman as he tumbled through. "Come On, boys, By God, Indians, get them" The panic stricken Indians indeed waited no longer, they went where they could find pass way and made their exit from the house, leaving their firearms and everything not connected to their persons. The hunters immediately descended, gathered up the booty, and made their way to the fort.

Matt and Chris Hahn, brothers were living at Boonesborough and raised corn there the summer we were there. That summer when corn was about as high as your shoulders, a big buffalo bull came in with the tame cattle to drink at the salt lick. The buffalo was in pretty good order. It was Sunday morning and they were not stirring much about the station. Matt, I think it was, or Chris Hahn took down the gun and went out and shot it. It jumped over the fence, but fell down and died. It furnished us beef for some time. Buffalo can run very fast, as we saw one running with the dogs after it, as we were first coming into this country, this side of B. Lick.

William Moseby

11cc270-274

Nicholas Moseby, father of William Moseby, came to this country by way of Limestone very soon after the battle of Blue Licks. Came from Cumberland Co. near Portersville, not far from the James River. General Scott and he were neighbors there, lived within a mile of one another. Went to Brownsville or Redstone, about 30 miles, then to Limestone.

General Scott built a fort. Father and Mr. Moss, who went out with him, came and moved their families into the fort with General Scott. These were the only three families, but there were some 5 or 6 men who were constantly kept there as a guard; spies going around. Valentine McCoy, Barnett Gaines (Goines), old Indian David Williams.

General Scott was looked upon as all and everything. His name was all that kept him from being massacred. The fort had a large gate. Pickets of oak timber, that were a foot square, 12 or 15 feet long, well set in the ground and sharpened at the top. Square port holes were cut in these 4 or 5 feet from the ground, all around. There was a big large gate, the only one. Kept a great many dogs, and some bulldogs. The gate was not allowed to be opened until an appointed time in the morning, and it was a rule for these men to be in their place. The dogs were let out first. The men followed afterwards to look for moccasin tracks. It is very likely they were not paid at all, farther than their board. Valentine and McCoy, and its probable the other had been with him in the war. About 120 square, gate in the east end. Scott's house, two stories, and the cabin my father moved into about 20 feet from that, on the same side of the fort. This house was about 60 feet long; a large house and off from the pickets and in the center of the fort. On the east of it about 20 feet, stood this log cabin, one side of which formed a part of the fort. General Scott lived in the house Isaac Wilson is now living in. Nothing there now has the appearance it did when he was there. He was a man of taste.

Young Scott and Valentine had gone in a canoe to a deep place on the river, that was known and is still known as the "eddy" on the opposite side from the fort, and were there anchored with a rock. How long they had been there I know not, but while they were fishing, the Indians, their number not known, shot young Scott 3 times through the side. A roundabout he then had on, had these 3 places in it, and was long kept by the family. Of the wounds Valentine received, I know nothing, because he tumbled into the river and it is supposed sunk. His body never was taken up. Suppose by the tracks and signs, about 12 or 15 Indians. One mark was made by an old Indian Chief, whose track was well known wherever he went. When they fired, General Scott and his guard hurried to the place on the bank on this side. The Indians had gotten to the canoe, scalped Scott's son and dragged him out to the other side. He there stood holding by a root that formed a little elbow in the bank & in the water about waist deep. They had swum into the canoe and finding that he was yet alive, they drew him to the bank to this crooked root that I spoke of and scalped him. In doing this he appears to have fought them, for his hands were very much cut. It was said they got 2 scalps from his head. There were two points, which appeared equally to be the crowns, and they made 2 scalps of it. His hair was long,

and they seeing no danger, took their time to it, and he it is supposed fought them. This _____ was evidence of a scalp. When Scott got there he saw his son standing in the water, and called to him and inquired of him what had happened. He replied that "the Indians had shot him", but told his father not to come to him, for the Indians were in waiting for him. Scott, a daring, as well as a feeling man, was about to jump into the water and swim over to his son, but his men would not let him. He stood there and talked with different persons that passed back and forth from the fort till a late hour in the night. They kept up the communication, expecting the fort would be attacked. This happened the spring or so before we came out. Told his father not to come, the Indians were in ambush, and he could not live anyhow. The point the Indians went up, and in going up they scared the turkeys, by the tumbling of the rocks, as it was sort of steep formed the Indian Branch. He finally fell back out in the water. This man named Lips, swam over and brought him over in the morning. He was a brave man and distinguished himself and Scott learned the history of his Tory adventures and said he should be called again by his right name of "Phillips". He brought back the canoe which had been left so all night.

Fishing among men & boys too was a favorite amusement, a thousand to one fish then for now. Daniel Scott said he wanted to go fishing. Daniel Scott was about 16. They were afraid because it was against orders. They appointed to go down to a big root and set out their hooks. Old Aunt Sarah would cook them and Pa wouldn't know. They set their hooks and towards evening slipped out again. Owls hallooed very pert, 2 at a time, the same and another hallooed. They were endeavoring to get around them. The Indians had been taught & could halloo like owls, and these owls were on the ground. They got to the fort and told.

Studied by firelight, when a boy, made of scale-bark hickory. It burns almost as good as oil. Scaly bark light. Had fire hunts, the deer would come down at night to get the moss out of the bottom of the river, in the shoals, grew in the bottom and pointed up frequently, a little above the water, if not they would reach their nose down and nip it off. A canoe was gotten ready, a piece of green bark was spread over with sand, and on this a fire made of dry Linn, which made a very bright light. The steersman set in one end and this light was placed in the other, and the gunner in between. The deer would gaze at it, till they would come up to it and shoot, and the canoe was then loaded.

When we lived in the fort, we were often on short rations, had to live on Deer, went on fire hunts 2 or 3 times a week.

First fire hunt at night went with my father and older brother, 4 large bucks were killed with the gun called "Frank" loaded with about 30 buckshot as large as our rifle balls now, and which was taken by my father in the Revolution from a British soldier whom he overcome. Ned Trabue got one of those bucks that had floated down into his fish trap. Lying on the rocks there, had been magnified to the size of horses by the fog.

General Scott and father had killed fat bucks at least 220 yards.

We baited turkeys, I killed 10, and my brother killed 12, at one shot.

McAfee, very bigoted man, hardly would let anybody come to his house on Sunday.

Lillards, great bear hunters, kept good many dogs. Bob (Lillard) shot a bear 3 times and then was out of bullets, and the bear had killed 1 or 2 of his dogs. He then took his gun-wiper and shot him in the side. Weighed 400 lbs. and upwards.

Tillery (Revised)

11cc274-275

Came out in 1785 by the river, my brother-in-law and his wife and their children and his two boys. I was from Northumberland the rest of them from Richmond. After we got to Limestone, I think I heard some people were killed at the place where we camped the first night, but we saw nothing.

I hadn't built me a house. I was living with my brother-in-law at the time. They shot Scott's son through the neck first with arrows. They didn't want to alarm the garrison, but they found that wouldn't do and they shot him & he fell in the canoe. The overseer (didn't know his name) was never seen or known of afterwards. I was in the company that pursued after them. We swam our horses over the river and pursued on up to where Lillards lived, to other side of Lillards and then went to warn Nokes. The Indians had killed a hog, we traced them up from the river to where Lillards had moved from. They had cleared out. There was a good deal of corn there & the Lillards had hogs. The Indians shelled down some of the corn there to draw the hog, and we saw the blood of one and then we traced it off to a fire where there were a half dozen spits sticking in the ground where they had roasted it. Never saw any of their meat. Took a piece of the corn they had parched, was hungry and eat it. Then went on to warn Nokes, this was the last I ever saw of him. I had seen him before. I didn't see the hidden corn or the arrows. Nor did any of this company, I dare say or I should have heard of it. I think by the spits there were 6 Indians. I believe at that time old Mr. Ward lived this side. He did live over there. While we were there we called it Ward's cabin, he lived where Mr. Cornell now lives. It was very dangerous fording the river. When we stayed two days in the week, it saved us the next week. There was not a man at a cabin on that side. We found plenty of corn there and we took it and staid in the house and guarded all night. Sowell Woodfork was Captain of the company at the time and Johnny Vaughan was Lieutenant or Ensign. The officers in some way chose out men to go with them, had to go one day every week, their labor for their pains.

Scott's son told his father they had swam to the canoe and taken him to the shore and scalped him and then shoved him back in the water. He begged his father to come over and get him. But they couldn't get over. Next morning Jacob Phillips swam over to the canoe and took it over and got him. I saw it.

Went down to a water mill at the Forks of Elkhorn. I got there first and got my corn ground first, I got leave of my company and came on alone. I had gotten about a mile

when a man overtook me with a gun on his shoulder. He asked me if I wasn't afraid to be going on alone in this way. What should I be afraid of? I inquired. He replied that the country was all full of Indians. I never knew what it was to be afraid of the Indians before.

There was no town at Versailles when I came. A man by the name of Faulkner had built a cabin and sold liquor, not a town or anything.

But a few cabins scattered here and there in Lexington, when I passed through.

There was but one cabin in Frankfort, that Wilkerson had built, he had put a Negro or two there and got an overseer. There was a little piece of ground cleared about where the Statehouse now stands. The rest was all poplar and beech. Lee Vaughan was the name of the overseer.

Daniel and Ned Trabue both lived down here by the mill. Daniel is alive yet, down in the Green River country.

Mrs. Smith had sons, but no daughters. When they came out they lost all their clothes. Another woman who rode along kept crying out, "she had lost all her clothes, she had lost all her clothes." Lived in Shelby, she was a widow lady.

Mrs. Taylor: the Indians attacked the place they were in. The men kept the Indians off till the women got on the horses and had gotten away. In the night the women went off in a stream. This Mrs. Taylor had a child in her arms, and a boy caught by the tail of the horse, till she should swim Bullskin, or some place there near to Shelby.

William Clinkenbeard (Revised) **11cc54-66**

Conolloway was in that narrow part of Maryland where the Virginia and Pennsylvania lines come so near together. My brother lived there till he got to himself. My father married again and I left my grandmother and went to live with him at Sheperdstown, thirty miles lower down the Potomac. Conolloway was in Pennsylvania. My grandmother lived in Pennsylvania. Line did not run far from her house. I recollect when they were cutting the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland (Mason-Dixon Line run 1763-1767). They looked through spyglasses. Lifted me up to look in. Cut the line, I think it was thirty feet wide, everything cut down and put up mile stones. I was the youngest child but one and it died. Can't remember my mother at all. I was perhaps not more than two years old when she died.

Thomas Linn, the Indians broke all the bones in his scalp, so that you could see the meat (brains), just like a baby. He was stone blind, and his eyes, you couldn't see anything, was the matter with them.

Recollect when Isaac Linn came back, went out onto the back porch of his mother's & put on his Indian dress & took his gun. His mother was afraid he was going to go off to the Indians again, but he only went hunting.

I was at Sheperdstown when the Revolutionary War broke out. Major Beddinger was in Sherperdstown learning the wagon making business. When the war commenced he went in the first company that ever went from our part.

General Lachlan McIntosh Campaign in 1778, McIntosh's son was along in that campaign. Crabbed sort of fellow. We called him tow-head. We crossed the Muskingum on our way before we built Fort Laurens. The ford was nearly waist deep. We had some women along. McIntosh's son wouldn't let a man ride over. Stood there with his sword drawn and if one attempted to ride he made him get down. Wouldn't let the women ride over. McIntosh had a parcel of pet Indians along; treated them better than he did his men. They drove beef, some of them they did not kill till they got to the place where they built Fort Lawrence (Laurens).

Indians killed Capt. Ross and another spy as we were going out (McIntosh's Campaign). Were our spies. Only lost those two spies. I saw a coon eating on one of them as we came back home. They had been thrown in a little gut-like place and some chunks thrown over them. Twas said a man killed that coon and ate it. I saw him kill it and I suppose he ate it; he took it along off of the dead man. As they killed the beef on the way out, they hung up the hides on forks, on a pole laid on a sapling and a fork across to save them, if they should want them. On the way back twas said the men ate them.

I was on before the army coming home. I ate none. A fort had been built on the Ohio by us on the way out about thirty miles below Fort Pitt, called McIntosh. While we were at Fort Lawrence, three companies of us I think, I know two, were sent back to McIntosh for more provisions. We went, and as we returned we met the army discharged and going home, except what were left at the fort. The men that had the provision (nothing but flour we had nother(sic)) kept on. The guard turned back with the army (little before it I suppose). I was in the light infantry. Traveling so far, so young, and with so heavy a gun, I was overcome. (Carried his blanket and pack on his shoulders too) My brothers applied to the Captain for a horse for me to ride-one of the pack horses- but he wouldn't let me have one. When we turned back before the army, my brothers heard an open bell and went out and caught a continental horse and fixed it up. It snowed and blowed very cold. It was Christmas Eve about midnight when I got to my Grandmother's on Conolloway. Didn't go up the Ohio. Never was at Redstone or Pittsburgh in my life. We came by Braddock's battleground we understood- I think saw cannonball too.

My father did not come out to Kentucky till the fall of 1782, while I was on Clark's Campaign. When I came back I found him at Strode's station.

I carried chains through the Lower Blue Licks battle ground & never saw bones thicker in any place. Never buried nor nothing.

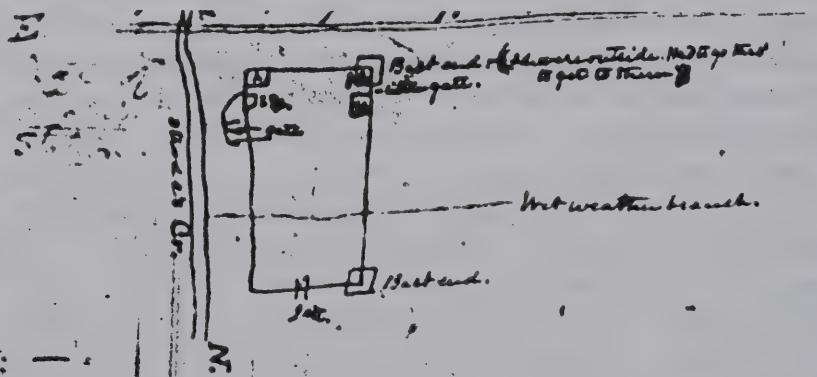
In coming out, Pressley Anderson was barefooted and bare legged (rolled up his pantaloons). His wife was walking and carrying her child, they passed us pretty nigh every day. Don't know the name of the lick we passed before getting to Boonesborough. There was a dead buffalo laying in it, someone had shot in it, suppose it would destroy the lick, but the wolves would soon destroy it.

John Kirk and I got 2 bushel of corn, and that had to do us till we raised, hadn't corn at Boonesborough to do them.

The women the first spring we came out followed their cows to see what they eat, that they might know what greens to get. My wife and I had neither spoon, dish, knife or anything to do with when we began life. Only I had a butcher knife. When old Mr. Strode went in he left with us a little pot, and when he came back he brought some more with him. I gave him \$4 and a Punch Crown, for that one we had and was glad to get it. The first dishes we had were made by one Ferry (trenchers) in the station. A turner, he turned dishes and bowls & being no hunter, exchanged them for meat and tallow to us hunting. A parcel of those dishes made out of buckeye, new and shining, and set on some clapboards in the corner of our cabin, I felt prouder of in those times than I could of any dishes to be had now.

Everybody coming to Kentucky could hardly get along the road for them, the all grand Tories. All from Carolina, had been treated so bad there they had to run off or worse. Strode's was strong after the first winter, a heap of Tories settled there then, but after that they went off.

Plat of Strode's Station



1. Strodes', a blockhouse, at the other northeast corner, was nothing more than along the sides, a cabin.
2. Stephen Biles had a cabin right by the Old Man Strode
3. Matthias Spohr was next
4. John Douglas next
5. Jimmy Bailthes (?)
6. Granny West
7. Joshua Stanfeck (?)

8. Dumpford, a Dutchman, moved away that winter to Boonesborough, Bryan's Station and elsewhere
9. Old Pressley Anderson, 3 Andersons, 1 at McGee's, 1 at Boonesborough & these cousins I think.
10. John Rice on the northeast corner, a schoolmaster and living in the station.

This (above) was the string next to the creek. The south end of the station was next the pike.

1. _____
2. _____
3. Robert Taylor
4. Jacob Spohr, brother to Matthias
5. Old Barney Mitchell; old man staid about 2 years and went back to Virginia
6. Capt. John Constant, got wounded, his leg broke by the Indians (this must have been after Holder's defeat)
7. Frederick and Benedict Couchman, Frederick died on other side of Winchester, Benedict moved off on the Ohio, towards the Yellow Banks.
8. Capt. James Duncan that afterwards lived on Kennedy's Creek.
9. One Baker, two brothers, they went off one night and we never heard of them till about 10 or 12 years ago, went to Blue Ridge.
10. Joe Dark, he got killed by an Indian or a white man out at Mud lick
11. Old Mr. Patrick Mooney, my father-in-law.
12. John Hart
13. Patrick Donnalson
14. Joshua Bennett
15. Then ours, John Kirk and we 2 together, we were next to Strode's on the southside. Mooney's on the corner, went thru his to get into the Bast end, then Hart's and so on, next to him on the south side. These on the upper side were not as large as those on the lower.

Right between Stephen Biles and old Matthias Spohr's houses on the east side was a big gate swung like a water gate, on pivots, but with the lowest half the heaviest, so that it kept down, made so that it could be propped up with a stick, and wagons and sleds, wood and corn or anything could be taken in. Puncheons must have been ten feet long at least and two inches thick; took a good deal of work to make them. Much as a man could do to lift it; but then it was safest-though dangerous-for if it wasn't propped it was always shut. The other big gate was in the north end, these two were made as nigh alike as we could make them. There was a little gate between old Mr. Mooney's and Joe Dark's where Patrick Donnalson was shot on the west side. Only one house between theirs and the corner of the fort. A horse couldn't have been taken out thru this gate. The cabins were all covered only one way, with the high side out. Maybe 2 or 3 _____ there where that wet weather drain ran along and that there were no cabins, it was all picketing, dry in dry weather. They picketed it in, in the spring. The houses were not close together. The end of the fort went right up to where the turnpike is now, not quite up to it.

(Inside the station) There was a big Red Oak within about 2 rods of Strode's cabin that had the top broke off of it at least 40 feet high. There was one season that a stalk of corn grew in the top of that tree & tasseled. I don't know whether it silked or not. I'm not so sure about that. My brother was asked about it, if I recollect the last time he was here.

Strode's Station was attacked March 1st 1781, John Douglas, John McIntyre, John Hart, Frederick Couchman, Samuel Taylor, John Kirk, my brother and self, eight of us, had been ordered from Strode's Station to Boone's station to guard the (Tories, dare not call them Tories) Station. They, the Tories at Boone's Station were afraid and we were afraid as they. But, if it was to do over again, I wouldn't do it to save their lives. None there (guards there at the time), I believe from other places. The morning we got home the Indians had been at the station and killed all the sheep, only one left; cattle, and dogs they could get (drove the cattle in groups at some distance out of shot from the fort into the field where they in the fort couldn't kill them; and then called to the men in the fort to come get their cattle. The Indians would kill them all. And when they shot one that kicked, or cut any capers they would Ha! Ha! Ha! as loud as to be heard all through the fort.) Some of them they scared off so that they run wild and never got back. Major Hood did kill one bull of them out beyond the Mud Lick. I only heard of this, was between Strode's and Boone's Station at the time. But one married man in our (Station?) the rest of us were young men. When we come near the station we wanted to shoot off our guns, but he, the married man, wouldn't let us, said it would scare the women. We wanted to shoot for joy, we were getting home. Had we done it, it would have alarmed them. When we got in there we saw what we didn't want to see, never knew a breath of it till we got in.

There were but thirteen or fourteen men in it (Strode's Station) that belonged to it, at the time, and three or four that happened there from McGee's. Women ran bullets for them. This was the time that Donnalson and Spohr were killed. Heard my wife, that afterwards was, say she ran out at the back door outside of the station and got a log of wood and took it in and set it against the door, and when she had done that she couldn't do anything more.

Every fellow had a garden round the fort that wanted one. It was all in one field with no fencing between. Not all of the gardens but parts of them. One fourth of an acre was allowed to each farmyard and staked off. The side next to the creek, the east side, was entirely open, uncleared till old Edward Wilson came to this country and did it. The spring was on the east, outside next to the creek. Spring used to be in the creek, and there was a smart bank next to the fort there then. But, the bank had been trodden down, tramping of cattle, and the spring had broken out higher up the creek than it was; gum in it now, I think it was a deer lick at first. On the north end a cornfield came pretty nigh the fort. The garden was on the south and west end and side. A lane ran about where the turnpike now runs, through the plantation. No garden had yet been made and the fence was all laying open, so early in the spring, didn't take care of the fencing then as they do now. The cornfield fence extended down nearly to Constant's Station and then went around to the woods and so to the west to that lane. There was no passage at all out to the northwest. The garden on the west was separated by a fence from the cornfield. On the

south-side the lane ran all along, clear thru the plantation. The cornfield extended over to the west so that part of that wet branch was in it. They wouldn't have gone thru the garden and into the cornfield, but the fence was all down and the place was open. Would have had to go thru the lane, no other way.

Judy was over the creek, on the east side, got wounded in the side; didn't bury the bullet quite in, just scalped it; and got in. Jacob Spohr was on the west side; had driven the cattle into and perhaps might have been within steps of getting through the garden; after they had done milking. They didn't take care of the fencing then as now and the cattle were suffered to run in the cornfield. The Indians were laying on the "outside of the gap" that led into the cornfield, which Spohr must have come so near to, and there, from somewhere along that fence, they fired and killed him.

Flies were so bad the stock came in and made a stamp in that open space all around the fort, between the fort and the cornfield and garden from sun up to sun down. It was left purpose for them.

Children were Polly Donnalson and Rebecca Spohr. The Indians were outside the outside garden fence and would have gotten within 10 steps of them. We saw also where they had stuck in leaves into the fence to hide the cracks in the fence, from behind which, the Indians hid and shot Donnalson. Found part of that Indians wadding, or wipings of his gun, that had shot Donnalson. It was the same side of the station with that which Spohr was killed, but Spohr was shot farther along. Didn't ever understand where the Indian was that shot Spohr. Donnalson went to see what it was. Put his foot on the log of one house and then his other foot on the log of the other house, and so raised himself up. Had no gun that I ever heard of. Couldn't have shot very well from such a place. The brains all worked out at the hole; the skin, or texture of the brains, was broken. Suppose Spohr was shot first, you could always tell an Indian gun. Never were so heavily loaded, nor sounded so loud, cracked flatter". Never could track them anyway. Nothing else I recollect was done at all, but the taking of that Negro woman when she was taken. She was gathering sugar water she belonged to this Mr. Moore. He had a Negro man and woman there, the man died.

Strode had been out in 1776 and had gotten a pre-emption right of a 1000 acres, by building a cabin on it there. They had raised corn in 79, were entitled to 400 acres. We didn't come over because there were so many at Boonesboro. But Strode gave us all a chance to clear what we pleased and we were to have it rent free till the close of the year. Strode had came out that same fall, just a little while before us and had gotten his cabin as high as the joise. When we came that was the only one that was started. We were there sometime before Xmas. Eight of us were out on Stoners, 3 or 4 miles above where my brother Isaac now lives, when a small snow fell (we had gone by there, next day the snow fell). Bevan's cabin we lay in that night. Next day we went on down to the mouth of Green Creek, and there camped and this little snow fell. On the way there I killed a big fat buffalo, my 1st and there we parted. Taylor's son and myself kept camp, Taylor and McIntyre went one way, my brother and Jno. Kirk, another. They were lost 3 days, had killed 4 buffalo and started to come into camp and couldn't find it. Afterwards a

couple of us went down the other side of Green Creek. Eight of us were laying out there when the deep snow fell. This was before Xmas or Xmas morning. We had 68 marrowbones in 2 fires roasting at once. Stephen Biles ate the marrow of 8 of them, but they were small. We ate them all up for breakfast. One and a half I ate once, the first time I ever got my fill of marrow. Peter Harper, $\frac{1}{2}$ Indian, and Enos Terry were along and shot the distance of 10 steps a buffalo against a tree and the bullet flew back, flat as 4/p so that he just took one step and picked it up. Hit the buffalo in the forehead and it fell off flattened, never entered. The buffalo had been wounded several times, and was lying in a creek. They stoned it till it set out after them. They are very quick in their motion and it bounced up and was after Terry and Harper. Terry caught hold of Harper's sleeveless coat as they ran, had like to have had a fight about it, didn't want it to die there. We were saving of lead. I shot a buffalo, got the bullet, and then shot a deer, after chewing the bullet round.

Bill Rayburn was once gored with a buffalo in the side about 6 inches, before he could get up into a honey locust, got a great many thorns, not a mile from the fort". My wife said she picked a great many thorns out of him.

My brother shot a buffalo, it laid down, and he went up towards it to stick it with his long knife. Just as he got to it, the Buffalo suddenly sprang up & made after him. He dodged behind a sapling and there they kept till he hacked its eyes out. It then went and laid down, and would still run after them if they went to go up to it. He wanted to save his ammunition, for we got none except what travelers brought coming out from Virginia. They were afraid to fire more than once, lest the Indians should hear them, and come to them. The Indians were always worse in the spring and the fall.

Reuben Searcy and I were once hunting together. I wounded a buffalo and it went into the cane. He went in to shoot it again & it turned on him. He went to run, and fell over and kept rolling. The buffalo stopped. Reminded me of what was said to children falling down, not to stop, to get up again.

Old man Strode was pretty much of a coward too, as well as the Tories. He went in the spring of 1780 and never came out again for 3 or 4 years after. I went to Limestone and helped bring him up when he returned. After that he and Jim Duncan, his son-in-law were out on Green Creek one morning before it was fairly light, catching horses, one of the men who was off apiece shot a buffalo. Strode took the alarm and rushed through the Prickly Ash that grew very thick on Green Creek at that time and never stopped till he got into Strode's Station.

Had a good many traps round from the station to catch wolves in & caught a great many. Dick Piles run a ring round the neck of a wolf with his knife, drew its skin over its eyes and let it go. Twas said he skinned another alive and let it go. He came in once with one on his back, holding it by its forefeet and its hind feet hanging loose down his back, its mouth only tied, and its head sticking out from behind his shoulder, beside his own. Piles had dark skin, big mouth and he came grinning into the fort gate, tell you it

did look a sight. Threw the wolf down for the dogs to fight with. The fort yard was a great place for wolf baiting.

Caught a painter once and put it into an empty crib, till we should put in a wolf, but the women were afraid the children's hands would be torn and we had to kill it before we could catch a wolf. Caught a turkey buzzard and put it in, but they wouldn't fight or do anything. The wolves use to come & take the pigs and things close round the station, before we put out so many traps, they and the bears.

Van Swearingen saw a bear chase a pig close by to the station one day (from out of my cabin) he jerked down my gun & shot the bear. It ran across the road, jumped over the fence, fell down in the garden and died there.

Use to catch a heap of painters. Dan Foster was tying one once, thought he had smothered it more than he had (in a swinging noose, let down into the trap, and then draw them up against the top of the trap till we thought they were dead enough, and then tied them) and as he was tying it, it clawed his hand. One claw happened to hit he just took hold gently and drew it out without further harm, instead of jerking and tearing it.

Ravens used to be plentiful about here in this country when buffalo were so plenty; they went off as well as the buffalo.

Holder and Pressley Anderson were riding out together. Holder had his gun swinging by a strap over his shoulder, the muzzle before, it went accidentally off and took his mare right in the jaw. Pressley Anderson, was before, he just laid whip & Holden could hardly get him to stop. The horse died.

Pressley Anderson, swallowed a chew of tobacco to keep from going on a campaign. We were to rendezvous at a big spring not far from Bryant's Station. He got so sick, we went by McVeys on our way and I went into his house to see him. It had made him very sick.

Major Thomas Van Swearingen wintered with us that first winter till after the Tories went off. He then got a cabin to himself. He came in the fall, later than we did. He had a little nursery penned off to itself down by the creek in the upper part of the cornfield next to the fort. Perhaps not over four panels square. I brought apple seed with me when I first came out.

Pressley Anderson had lost two horses and I one. We thought that perhaps a man at McGee's Station had taken them with him to carry his meat on and we went down to see him come in and see if he had them, but he hadn't. The Indians had them. While there news came that Riddle's and Martin's Station's were attacked and taken. Then we struck for home. It was very wet and slippery and coming down a little branch on a bank, Anderson slipped right up on his back. A great many horses strayed. Our station was very near breaking up at that time. A heap of people packed up their plunder to move off. But, Capt. Constant applied to Col. Todd, 2 or 3 miles from Lexington, to the left of it on the

hill at the crossing of Hickman and got a guard, not many though, not over 10 and the people stayed.

My brother and I happened at Riddle's after it had been taken. We were out hunting and the first time we had ever been there, came on it accidentally. Little wheels, plough irons, blacksmith tools, feather beds ripped open &c. scattered about there. As we returned from the campaign in 1780 we got watermelons at the same place.

I sold my meat and my hides and everything for Continental money, tallow too and deer skins. A man came from the other side of the river where they had gotten the news that it was worth nothing and gave me a \$100 for a load of buffalo meat. They slipped over from there and bought a good deal at that time. I had \$2000 and gave it all to Van Swearingen for one cow. He thought he could get something in Virginia for it, but lost his cow, never got anything for it. I made a good deal of money afterwards carrying the chain, better money.

Strode's Station Clearing - Col. Thomas Swearingen and his son and a Negro fellow of his cleared 5, Jas. Kirk 2, Adam Monsey a little Frenchman 2, my brother and I, 6 acres at Strode's Station. We all fenced in under one 15 acres, we all came out from one neighborhood in Virginia and as we had knew each other there, we worked together here. Some had to stand guard while others wrought. We went $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the fort to get rid of the cane, every bit as good soil and easier cleared, no cane to cut, trees grew in the cane same as elsewhere.

Most all was cane in this rich country, with some chance ridges. Monstrous place to travel through once, grapevines, thorn-bushes, cane and everything. Where the soil was very rich there was a great deal of locust. Cane Ridge (Bourbon County) was the greatest place for plum bushes. We always called it the Plum Orchard. Grubbed with our axes them times; nothing to grub hardly, but Paw paws and spicebushes, and they had very little root. Couldn't burn this country; always too damp. Wet damp soil under the grass kept it wet. Burn out in the poor barrens, and it did, but never could here, or it would have been all burnt up; too many hunters fires.

All came from one neighborhood or settlement. Pat Donnalson and family; Old Colonel Van Swearingen (old Tom came out that spring), John Taylor and son Sam; John Kirk; John McIntyre; Joshua and William Bennett; George Reynolds (that carrying his gun with his finger over the muzzle and it went off and tore his finger so that Pat Donnalson cut it off) and Isaac and myself all came in one company from Berkeley County, Virginia and John Hart.

The first hemp seed I got was while I was in the station, after I was married. Saved the stocks and broke it up and my wife made me a shirt out of it. Raised a right smart patch next year. I was at Strode's yet then. A hole in the creek down below the spring where I use to rot it; only place and there only one layer thick at a time. Kill every fish in the hole to water rot hemp in it.

Shoot down the mother of a buffalo calf and the calf was sure to follow you home, that is if you could keep it from the gang; know which of the gang was the cow and get it, the calf, separated from the gang. Old man Strode had one that he got in that way; followed him clear home; kept it till it was three or four years old; run with the other cattle; begun to get cross; women were afraid to go out and milk and he sold it to some person from Virginia, I believe. He kept it up for some time at first before he let it loose. Common cows could not bear a buffalo calf, had too big a hump. Got a bone, rib bone once, the gristle all off and it was twenty-two inches long. The bulls fought like rams, running first, saw two once down at Flat Lick, on the creek.

Cud Steele, Van Swearingen, Jimmy Baythe and one Orchard had gone onto Grassy Lick to hunt. They had just jumped down from their horses and left them standing to pick, as hunters commonly did with their horses and had gone to a lick to see if there was anything in it. Baythe shot a deer; they skinned and emboweled it and were ready to return to their horses. By this time the Indians had gotten between them and their horses. They now fired and killed Orchard, wounded Baythe and took him and Steele prisoners. Van Swearingen started to run. In his way he had a branch to cross. This he jumped, but as he jumped he dropped his gun and did not stop to pick it up. Van Swearingen was then only a lad, not nigh grown; could not have been more than sixteen. He was out seven days without eating anything, only the hind part of a squirrel that he took from a hawk. Got into Boonesborough the first place. Was the poorest object you ever did see. I went there after three or four days and packed him home. He was so weak at first he couldn't hardly travel. The Indians fixed up a heavy bundle and one said to Steele -puck a chahoc- brandishing his tomahawk over his head; pick it up and carry it; Steele never would, would die first. The fire broke Baythe's collarbone. They never dressed the wound till they got to the Indian towns in Ohio. They sold him at Detroit. He was gone two or three years. His wife never could hear from him and like to have gotten married. This was in the spring or summer of 1780.

The very time they took Martin's and Riddle's Stations, shortly after it we went to the towns. Crosswright's lived on the other side of now Winchester from Strode's Station. He had settled out there the fall before. This was in the spring. She was out in the clearing and the Indians killed her. Crosswright had never lived in Strode's Station, ____ at their killing her that they hadn't made her go and hoe corn for them. Can't connect with anything else that occurred at Strode's Station or about it.

Peter Harper, that half-Indian, and the whole family lived in Strode's Fort for awhile. None of them half Indians but him. I think he was the youngest. Looked as much like an Indian as could be; black hair and straight walk. (His mother was rescued from captivity, which was the cause of his paternity, by Bouquet's expedition in 1763). Their feet are less in size (Indians) toes turned in. We could tell their tracks. Knew one, Bigfoot, he used to visit us often. Harper built a little cabin tother side of the Little Mountain (Mt. Sterling). We passed by there going after horses once, following Indians. He had jerked meat hung up in the cabin. Harper got killed and we never knew how, whether by the whites or the Indians. His horse was found with saddle and blanket and a pine knot tied on it behind him. Supposed it was on the waters of Lubegrud Creek where McMullen

said he shot an Indian (James McMillan). Everybody said it was Harper from the description given by McMullen; an Indian on a horse. Harper was never found that I heard tell of. McMullen said he killed an Indian on a sorrel horse with a bald face, coming up through a canebrake on the waters of Lulbegrud. McMullen was a fine soldier; would fight like a horse. Never seemed to do well after this. Everybody believed he thought it was an Indian, but if it was a white man, through mistake, he ought to have told it. McMullen and Harper, too were quiet, peaceable, harmless sort of men. Nobody believed McMullen would have done it intentionally.

After I had gone to live, as I said, with Captain John Constant the Indians came and got two of his horses and made great endeavor to catch my mare. Made a pound and twisted the grapevine from saplin to saplin and tried to get her into it, but she was not an animal to be caught by anybody. I never caught her myself, without she was willing. The pound was not more than a mile from Constant's. We did not know it (horse stealing) until the second day, when it was to late to pursue.

While descending the Ohio in 1791 a company of men of us went to bury the dead (Greathouse's defeat). John McIntyre was the Captain of our company, but there were other companies. We were at a muster on Houston Creek (Bourbon County) when the news came. They wanted to know who'd go. McIntyre turned out and soon raise a large company. Other captains turned out. Don't know the chief officer. Camped the first night at Washington. Michael Cassidy loved liquor and got into two or three fights there. Place of Greathouse's defeat was at the mouth of the Scioto. The dead Indians were on tother side, but the whites were on both sides. On the Ohio side the dead were a little higher up than this side, but mighty little; just a slant to look across the river to those. One boat I know was on tother side, part of the wagon was in the boat and part on that shore. Wagons, chains, stills in the boat; flax, books, and such things, feathers and so forth, were all on top of that bank, tore all to pieces. Found a log canoe up a little branch on that side too. I think another boat was on this side, but am not certain. Many things the Indians had not been able to take with them, or had no use for. Had taken the ticks and scattered the feathers. The river had fallen from the wagon. Some of them living nearest to that, took the things, wagon and so forth and brought the boat down, I heard to Limestone. No doubt a good deal more was found as the river fell.

Major G. M. Beddinger was along, those that went from this part of the country rode; left our horses on this side with some men, and pursued up the Scioto River about a day of better to see if we could find any lurking parties of Indians, but saw none. We went so far, Colonel Hall of Paris, was galled so bad he could hardly walk. Our line was too far (marched in two lines) ahead for the others; they had stopped. Someone saw some old Indian camps and told. Step said, "where are they", pointing his gun, we all laughed at him. Marched back some to form the hollow square. Next day went on again some, and then returned. We found three Indians; one in his blanket, shoved under the root of a tree; the other two buried about a foot in the ground. Thirty-three whites were laying there dead. All but one had been so eaten by the vermin there was no distinguishing one from another. Couldn't tell one from another. Couldn't tell a man from a woman. Nothing done with them. This one (unmutilated) had slipped down the bank on the

Kentucky side into the river, and there lay on his back in the position in which he had fallen. Had a very nice gun with a square and compass engraved on the brass box. Nothing had troubled him; his gun lay by his side; the river had fallen from him; no one knew him. Only one man of all this company escaped; Tom Pierce, a sort of Doctor, pretended to be of rheumatiz. He went up that time, clear up as far as the mouth of the Kanawha. Not being able to get over, he turned back and came to Kentucky again. Brought back a very nice Indian shot pouch with him, all beaded off; don't know where he got it. Those three Indians were shot plumb in the forehead.

My brother and myself drove 2 cows out that died that hard winter, (1779-80). Going through the cane you could see cattle laying with their heads to the side as if they were sleeping, just literally froze to death. Great many lost their cattle. A great country for turkeys, and they had like to have starved to death. A heap of them did. Greatest country for turkeys I ever saw. Cane was very binding, cattle needed to eat a great deal of salt, when it could be had. Cane grew up in one season. When it went to seed it all died down. Want of salt I think killed a great deal of stock, the hard winter. Stoner raised corn down here on Stoner, the year before we came.

When we first came out there were a great many parakeets in the country. Like a parrot, only not as large. Lived on cuckleburrs, they flew in large gangs. There was a good many about the station the first winter and spring. Saw a good many at the French Lick on our way home after the late war (1812). Last I've seen.

(The next few lines are very much abbreviated and had to read) When the children were killed there were only the three families living there, Constant's Parvin's and Stamper's. Hood's never was a station only some soldiers there, I don't believe there were ever over three families there at once. There were Hood's, Sudduth's and a third. I helped to build the first house that ever was built there. There was no picketing or stockading. Hood was from the Red Stone country and was a pretty good hand after Indians, expect he had been accustomed to them. Constant came from Capon and he and Hood had married sisters there. Hood cut out the road clear to Virginia, undertook it and it like to have broken him up. Before this that the Indians came, Constant had been over in Madison and had given a \$1 for a quart of Bluegrass seed to sow in that pasture. It was the first bluegrass that I ever heard of this side of the river.

Constant (John Constant) was out in his, and Stamper was in his corn field ploughing. Some of the children had the measles, and these two had been sent to the mouth of the lane (they were just big enough to do such an errand) 120 or 30 yards from the house to break some spicebushes. These two children did look dreadful. Pretty nigh cut their heads off. Mrs. Constant ran to the door to see, it was warm weather and suppose it was open, and a ball struck the cheek of the door, it, or the end of a log right at the door. Saw the bullet hole many a time. Old Daddy Stamper, heard the noise and got in. Constant had also gotten in without hurt, but he couldn't get to 2 other of Parvin's children that were near him in the field, hoeing corn, to take the alarm. (*Parvin, Stamper and Constant were the only families living there.*) A little gate at the house went into the cornfield, or rather from the end of the house, or that lane. The house was a new log house, on uneven

ground and hadn't been underpinned all along. It was open except for at the corners. Constant came out at the little gate and came along on the lower side of the house, and his wife took up a puncheon and let himself up from under the floor. We never could track the Indians that did this mischief. When we did see their tracks they were from 20 to 30 yards apart. They got out on the poor barren hills and there we lost sight of them altogether.

I think it was after this that news came to Strode's Station that an army of Indians were coming to attack it. Constant then moved into Strode's Station for awhile, but it was all false news. He went back and when he went I went with him and lived in the upper end and Morgan in the lower end of the house next to the lane. I had my family then. This Constant was John Constant. His brother Isaac who had the measles was the one who ran to the fort and gave the alarm. Parvin had the palsy very bad. His hands trembled so I don't know how he could make out to set the type _____. Vaspool (?) had a good many children, weakly little man, taught school for some time. A teacher at Strode's. John Rice and Col. Sudduth, I think had taught before him. Rice was, I think, the first teacher. Did bad enough for books, spelling book, the Bible & testament were enough in those times. Didn't use to go to school in every sort of book then as they do now. The schoolmaster made the letters and put them on a piece of board.

We picked up nettles in the spring to make the chain (warp) and got buffalo wool in the spring for the filling (woof). Made the buffalo wool into hats too. The buffalo wool was the longest in the spring, and the longest we called the best. Yearlings and two year olds had the best wool on. Four of us went out once and got twenty-four; killed them and got all the wool off. They did destroy and waste them then, at a mighty rate. If one wasn't young and fat it was left and they went on and killed another. Likewise the cane, I thought they never would get it out of this country, when I came, but now it is scarce and a curiosity.

Lower Blue Licks Battle, knew nothing of it. A man named Boone, a brother's son of Daniel had his thigh broke there. He came clear on from the Lower Blue Licks and stopped there at Strode's Station, he didn't get off, drank some buttermilk only, I think, and then went on to Boone's Station, got well and went to preaching as a Baptist.

Joe Dark, and a little Englishman named John Nutt (Nutt got killed at the Lower Blue Lick) lived down below Lexington in McConnell's Station. This was sometime before Lower Blue Lick Battle. Dark was a son-in-law of old Mr. Patrick Mooney; also my brother-in-law. Married my wife's sister. They started out to hunt their horses, expected their horses had started back to Virginia again. The night before what follows they had stayed with me in Strode's Station. A dreadful sight of horses had ran away, besides what the Indians had got; the flies were so bad they could not stand it. The buffalo gnats were also bad. They were worse on white horses. My brother had a white mare whose flanks were eaten raw with them. Mooney the father-in-law and Dark had moved down to McConnell's Station. Mooney was Irish and had taught school seven years in one house, on the Cow Pasture Creek in Virginia. They were pretty nigh all Irish at McConnell's, so they moved down there and he taught there, but not long as he was too old, not fit to

teach. He was an old man, was said he was 120 years old when he died, about a mile from here it was.

From Strode's Station, Dark and Nutt got out to the Mud Lick Spring and there killed a deer. Expect Dark killed it as he wanted Nutt to carry the skin, but don't know which. They quarreled about carrying the skin. The one who killed the deer usually carried the meat, if any was taken, the other carried the skin. Nutt got on his horse. Dark was a large man; Nutt was a small man; I suppose that's the reason Dark wanted him to carry the skin. Nutt said that while they were talking about it, he on his horse and Dark on the ground, an Indian shot Dark. It was doubted whether or not they had a quarrel and Nutt shot Dark. Nutt was a powder maker and because of his usefulness was probably given the benefit of the doubt. Ralph Morgan a surveyor said he saw the bones, apparently of a very large man, lying at the Mud Lick. We never went to see. Didn't hear of it until some time after, and none of us had ever seen the Lick and didn't know where it was.

Indians killed a buffalo on Mud Lick once, as they went along, and in 3 or 4 miles, stopped to eat it. My father, Josh Baker & 6 others, six horses we thought it was, four Indians had been up and stolen at Strode's Station. Old Major Hood was along, Capt. Constant and all the best hands in the station, if they were there. Perhaps 10 or 15 of us. They had just got the fire built, hadn't time to eat yet. When we were on them. Couldn't tell whether we were nigh or not. Buffalo was warm yet and knew they were not far. (If the water was muddy or the horse had dunged, poke your finger in it see whether it was warm.) They had left 2 to watch. These 2 took off 2 of the best horses, my fathers and Joshua Baker's. Never waited to let the rest of the party know. Saw 2 other Indians suppose there were 4 & got the other 4 horses. Didn't see the two that got off on their horses, only supposed that, as their horses were gone. We saw where they had started from over the knob. We had passed the Knob Lick and just beyond there was a high or smart knob. My brother Isaac and McIntyre were on foot, we kept two on foot before running and when they got tired they fell back & two more jumped down, just left their horses to follow (left my horse once and went after buffalo, 3 miles over, and came back and he was there picking) if they saw any sign they would beckon, and the men would hurry on. They got just over the knob and saw where horses had started and beckoned. We supposed they had seen us and started off. Horses starting that way make a great trail, and it was a wet time. They didn't keep on the track of the others, but turned off to the left. The spies followed them a piece, but soon found there were not enough tracks and turned and got into the other trail. They came on the two kindling the fire, fired on them, they were running and not hit. Captain Constant and myself rode in pursuit of one, had been after him for some time when Constant jumped down from his horse and fired at him. The Indian fell flat down as if shot. This in truth he hadn't been touched, Constant not knowing, but that he had hit him, told me I had better get down and shoot him, he might get away. About this time the Indian threw away his gun as I saw. It was pretty open woods. I was on one rise, a hollow before us and then another rise. I had drawn up my gun, a double trigger and was going to shoot, but saw I could catch the Indian and just dropped it to my side and put after him. As I ran something caught the trigger and my gun went off. I ran on, thinking to punch the Indian in the face with my gun, when in about a rod of him on the opposite rise, he turned around, raised his hands

and said Whoo! He dodged my gun and caught the barrel in his hands. He pulled and I pulled. Capt. Constant came up, caught him by the shoulders and jerked him down, and Baker came running from the other side of the branch, said "Take care boys, take care", poked his gun in and blew a whole load through him".

When we got to the top of the knob we found they had parted, we took the wrong trail, found that we had and then struck cross and got on the right trail and killed one Indian and the other got away. Saw a little dog of Peter Harper's after the Indian that got away, jumping up by his side 3 or 4 times and if there had been anyone near to give him encouragement he would have taken the Indian. Peter Harper always took this dog with him, this was before Peter was killed.

McIntyre and Jim Howard lived with us in the station, came from Berkeley, had a brand new rifle and was always taking sight.

When father came out he brought 5 head of horses. One mare was with foal and foaled after he got her here. The colt we kept but the Indians got all the others. For the last one the Indians got he had been offered 100 acres of land, but the Indians got it for nothing. They took a mare from old John Constant for which he had given 700 acres of land to David Foster. A racing animal. Foster traded all the land back again to Constant, but this 200 acres which I traded with Foster for. None other that I can recollect of at the time. He got two other horses when my old mare was with them and wouldn't let the Indians catch her, the Indians got them. My brother Isaac and Isaac Constant missed two mares of theirs, had been gone a day or two before it was known. The men thought it was too late, not worth the effort to try. The two went off alone and went down to the Ohio, they hoped to have stolen them back, but the Indians had gotten over the river.

I helped bury the dead in Captain James Estill's defeat, March 22, 1782 at Little Mountain, now Mt. Sterling; but you couldn't tell one from another, the wolves and the ravens had eaten them so. Couldn't tell who they were, only as those in the battle could tell us. One man killed two Indians at the crossing of Hinkston's.

I was down at McConnell's when Holder's Defeat was, they came by to get more help. Clemens lived at McGee's. Barker had a mighty slight wound, just across the elbow. Capt. Fleming was shot just above the bone in the pit of the stomach. Had married Donnalson's widow. Holder lived down on the Kentucky River below Boonesborough, where Comb's now lives (Comb's Ferry) was another Carolina chap; and as grand a Tory as ever lived.

Estill (Sam Estill's brother that lived at Estill's Station) this side of road a piece was our Lieutenant. I had to go to Estill's Station in mighty early times to get a wheel. Wheel-Wright was there, none nigher that we knew of. Pretty fraid when I went, heap of cane along the path, I couldn't carry a gun and the wheel both, had to be without a gun.

John McIntyre had a buffalo robe to lay on some time. While in Constant's Station I had made my father a chair & he took it and bottomed it with that buffalo hide, and it is good yet. Made about now 50 years.

Old Daddy Joshua Stamper and myself were out coon hunting one night, just up the head of that hollow, above where the cornfield was, to the right of the now turnpike. I had gotten up a tree after a coon. Heard someone walking round; suppose to get me between themselves and the light. Heard one make water in the dry leaves, as plain as I ever heard myself. Was asking who it was and talking; at last Old Daddy Stamper told me if I did not come down he would leave me. I had not thought of being afraid before, but as soon as he spoke I was down in a second. We ran along a little path about a hundred yards then we stopped and listened. We could hear the Indians round in the cane trying to get ahead of us.

So many tricks were played by the men in the Station, going out and hiding around to scare others, we said nothing about the matter that night. That day had been washday in the Station and the women had left it all night out. Old Mr. Kennedy had lost his wife and the women in the Station had turned in and made him thirty yards of hemp-linen, and washed it up and it was out. Women's wash day in the fort; hung it all out, and the Indians got it all. My old Stepmother had washed a red cloak of hers, too, and hung it out, which she lost. We could have tracked them if they had gotten horses and would have followed, but they got none and we couldn't trail them. We got a little Englishman hired after that to climb coon trees for us, he would go out, but wouldn't climb, so we turned him off.

The southwest corner of Hood's survey at Hood's Station was called the white oak corner. A white oak was in that corner. Ezekiel Sudduth was killed in 1787 not far from there.

About Blue Jacket, his escape and capture. Blue Jacket was the commander of the Indian army at Wayne's victory in 1794. How he was captured: John McIntyre was our captain. We swam and rafted the Licking together. We got all our provisions wet. Seen but two Indians. It had been a rainy time. These two Indians were standing by a stump they had set on fire, in a level bottom, on a branch of Salt Lick, not fifty yards from the branch. This was on Salt Lick Creek above Limestone. One of the Indians took down Salt Lick creek and made his escape. All the horses went down to, but we followed and got them. The other one, the one we caught, took across the branch and up a point of a ridge. David Hughes was in front, James Ledgerwood was next, Major Hood third and myself fourth. Hughes rode a racing mare, got by Anderson's grey in Virginia, and came up beside the Indian and clapped his hand on his shoulder. The Indian broke from him and ran thirty or forty yards and Major Hood followed, slipped off his horse, up with his gun, and the Indian slipped up behind a tree. They went then and took him. Were but four of us after this. Jimmy Baythe came up to the Indian while at the fire by the stump, where we had now went down to and struck him a lick with his fist, raising a great lump right in his forehead. As he had been a prisoner and had been roughly treated he was perhaps paying off old scores. Our provision had all got spoiled swimming Licking and

we could get none nigher, we made him, Blue Jacket pilot us to Limestone. Supposed he knew the way better, or as well as we did. It would have been considerably nearer to Strode's Station through Fleming if we had, had provisions. Robert McMullen was along. As soon as he heard of Indians he left his horse by a thorn bush, forked low down where he jerked off his boots and then run. I was behind him and saw him, but kept on my horse and passed him while he was getting off his boots. I expect he ran, didn't see him as he was behind me. Jerked one boot off mighty quick, jerked it off in the fork of that thorn tree.

They all agreed he, Blue Jacket should be killed, but no one was willing to do it, but a little Irishman. Say's he "By Jasus, I'll kill him". We were all standing round the stump and were to part and let him shoot him in the back. I went off, I wanted him killed, but I didn't want to see it done. The Irishman's gun snapped. Twas said that if had went off it would have killed a white man. They then gathered up and agreed to keep him prisoner. Suppose the Irishman's heart failed him to kill a man in cold blood. They gave the Indian some whiskey, he said it was a "velly good turn". We were a night with him this side of Mayslick. Then the next at Sconce's, two miles this side of Flat Lick Creek.

Robert Sconce was just a new settler. Had settled there that fall, right in the woods and built a new log cabin, only one room. Sconce had a clearing. There wasn't room for all in the house, and those who staid in were to watch; stand sentry by turns. It came to old Stephen Biles turn just before day. Suppose the old man was fatigued and fell to sleep. Indian found this out and got up and went out. Twas supposed he got a knife from the dresser and cut his arms loose. Mrs. Sconce saw him go out and gave the alarm. It was the darkest hour, just before day. The men sprang to their horse as fast as they could. Sconce's dogs were put on the track, they would track him, but either he crossed a bear's trail or a bear crossed his trail and that turned the dogs out, and we lost him.

Jimmy Baythe tied him, I saw him; did it pretty roughly too. He did it with a "Sappers String" – what we used to have to tie or strap up our packs with, blankets, or budgets, or anything of that kind. String about three fingers wide and then tapering off to go behind. Made of nettles I suppose, stuff like hemp, platted, wide to go across their shoulders and then a string from there out. Baythe put the string around his neck, then tied a knot, so that he couldn't get it over his head, and then jerked his arms back as far as he could and tied them above his elbow. I saw him tie him. Had gotten the string I think from the Indians.

After his escape we followed him about two miles. I was so mad that I would not go one step after him. They said he threw one of his leggings up on a bush as he went along. They were of this Negro cotton (wool tho') they came up above his knees. I wondered why he did that. They brought it back I think.

Old Major Hood and John Constant were as good as wolves to track Indians. Major Hood was a low Dutchman. Often picked the wool off of bushes where there was but a single hair pulled off their blankets (the Indians) which showed they had been along there. We never followed and Indian till Major came, that I recollect of, we were all raw

hands, knew nothing about it. Lay on the river all winter, couldn't come down it for the ice. He had to cut down some Beech trees for his cattle to browse.

I was in none but the two Ohio campaigns and the trip to Scioto. Married in the spring of 1781. Wife had a baby in the spring of 1782 when I went out.

Clarks Campaign 1782, Captain William McCracken had the only horse company there. New Chillicothe was on the Big Miami. We went right by the O. C. as we went there, but nobody was there. Had a pilot that took us that way, but we didn't come back that way, but down the Big Miami to the mouth of Mad River, and crossed there now where Dayton is. We forded and the water ran so rapid we could hardly keep our feet.

Michael Cassidy a little Irishman, was in my mess; got a horse somehow and was along when the three were killed; came back with his fingers all bloody; was showing me he had cut off their fingers and noses and earbobs to get their trinkets. Indians always scalped when they got the chance. He had a whole handful of trinkets that he had got. It is the nits, the Indian lice, put on a body's hair that live again. They (soldiers) suppose the lice have come out of the garments that they have boiled and washed so much, and therefore are hard to kill, but it is the nits on the hair of scalps breeding.

The white woman that we took had been a long time among the Indians; didn't know her name or her peoples; looked as much like an Indian for color and for dress as an Indian herself. When I saw Major Wales he had this squaw riding behind into camp; had been out and caught her; not caught in the towns. She was the most splendid looking squaw I ever saw. I suppose she had a 1000 ornaments on her; was all covered over with them. The troops had taken the Frenchman with them to the Ohio River; there Clark sent him back with word that they would give an Indian prisoner for two whites in exchange. That old Squaw said she had been a prisoner to the whites several times. She had been fired on by the white sentinels two or three times as she came in, but she kept right on. She came in right back of our tent where we lay. She was left at the towns. 'Twas said some of the men turned back and thanked her.

When we got to the town, I went into a cabin and saw some dumplins they had been boiling, taken off and in a tray, warm, yet smoking. I thought that now I would have my belly full, but couldn't eat them. They were made of corn and beans with enough of meal in them to make them stick together, and with out any salt. A man was wounded in that firing over the river. The river was mighty low and there was a (?) way on the sand bar in the river. Don't know of any captured but the seven horses in the council house in Clark's Campaign in 1780, and not a horse in 1782. I think I got a steel, all I got. Two men got a parcel of money up at that French store and as all were sworn to give up all they got, these two men sewed that money up in a pack saddle and threw it in, and when the saddle was sold, they bought it.

Clarks Campaign 1780, There were orders for every man to go. When we got there, mouth of Licking we got just six quarts of corn. Might parch, pound, bake, do as we pleased with it, but that was what we were to get. Some old men that couldn't eat it

parched cut down saplings to get a square stump to make a hominy block of. They then spread their blankets over the stumps and pounded their corn on it. We could have gotten buffalo meat and jerked it had we thought we would have needed it or Clark would not have supplied us. We were like a parcel of young pigs just learning to crack corn; went crack! crack! all through the tents. When we got to the towns, there was a brother of John Rice's that ate fifteen roasting ears in the field before he cooked any, or came out as I was told. I did not see it. Corn not as big as our corn. We would have suffered had it not been in roasting ear time. Also got a few Irish potatoes there.

At now Cincinnati no cabins at all; just saplings cut down. A little place stockaded in, saplings ten feet long set on end. The boats were there; had to leave a guard over them and some sick, till we returned. Went up to Old Chillicothe on the Little Miami. Never saw such a nettle patch in my life as we saw in a bottom on the way. Afterwards came to another bottom where the Indians had had a sugar camp; beautiful grove of sugar trees; appearances as if the Indians had been making sugar there. Not just then though. The Indians had left the town. The Tories at B. Station furnished a man with a horse and sent him on to the Indian town to let them know we were coming. We passed his horse, or found it at the mouth of Licking. When we came to Old Chillicothe the Indians had burnt it down, all but some two or three cabins that were full of fur and deerskins. All the rest they had burned up, except their council house, which had seven head of horse in it. Plenty of corn, roasting ears. We let it be there till we came back. Every man then that had a sword or big knife, had to work. All were engaged, some standing sentry; others at work round the big cornfield. Had to cross a little prairie before we came to the second town (Pickaway) little better than one-fourth mile from the town. I was pioneer to cut road for the cannon that day.

When they got in sight of Pickaway, the troops divided. Clark ordered Logan to surround the town, in order that if any were there they might not escape. There was another town up in the forks of the Mad River. This town was below the forks, Logan included the upper town in his circuit and so he never got to us till it was all over. While we were going through the prairie the Indians fired on us from the cabins. Could see them come out of their cabins as unconcerned as I would go out of my door, and shoot. They held their guns too high, could hear them biz! biz! over us. Clark had two cannons. We just had them filled with grape shot and fired at them. We saw, nor heard no more of them there. They then met us at the woods. The battle lasted about two hours. The Indians then gave way. We never found one of their dead. We killed a white man dressed fine in Indian dress (Joseph Rogers). He was a cousin to General Clark. Had been wounded and was making his way to our camp and was shot. Had gone to live with the Indians, when I don't know. (Captured near the Lower Blue Licks, December 28th 1776). We lost twelve men and had some wounded. Buried the dead in the cabins and burned the cabins over them. Heard afterwards that the Indians dug them all up. All were as one town called the Pickaway Town. I reckon there were three companies of us that went out about a mile from the Pickaway Town the first night and lay without fire all night. If the Indians came on the camp we were to attack them from their rear; but the Indians never came back after we drove them from that thicket. We couldn't pack roasting ears and we had no provision to pack, and so we couldn't go no farther and had

to return. Returned the way we come, reckon we had a 1000 men. Alexander McMullen, I think of Lexington or Bryant's Station went into the cornfield to get some roasting ears and an old Indian attacked him, and McMullen killed him. Neither I believe had arms.

The regulars put up that little stockade fabric at Cincinnati. Militia I was of. The men peeled the Elms, Slippery Elms that the hillside there was filled with, and chewed the bark as bad as Elk used to. We crossed on Clark's boats. No plunder in 1780, but the horses; we couldn't carry their furs and skins, and so burned them up. We went there in a mighty big hurry; traveled nearly all night the last night, without any fire, and next morning got to Old Chillicothe town by ten o'clock. They never built up old Chillicothe or Pickaway towns again.

James Wade (Revised)

12cc11-41

I was born 1770, December 10th, one James Alexander, lived and was living when my father left that country, right at the place where Monroe County Courthouse now is, and that was ½ mile from us. At the time he lived there it was designated as living on Indian Creek, in the neighborhood of the Sinks, in Greenbrier. The land was rich, but full of sinkholes. I was said to have been the first white child born in Greenbrier. I think my father had been out there but a short time before I was born. I think it was in 1770 that he went there. The people that first moved out to Greenbrier and spread over the western declivity of the Allegheny took no precaution to form stations, but settled all previously through others, till the Indians became so bad, which was in the course of 2 years, that most of them went back, 30 miles or upwards over the mountains. At that time my father moved 60 miles, down in the lower part of Botetourt, on Glade Creek, within 2 miles of the Bedford line. It was about 8 miles to the Big Lick, and near the foot of the Blue Ridge, could see the Peaks of Otter. After spending a little over 8 years there, he returned to the spot where I was born in Greenbrier in the spring of 1780. He staid there 4 years, the Indians then being all quiet and in the fall of 1784 came to McGee's Station in Kentucky, 6 miles below Winchester.

In Greenbrier, all the people fled over the mountains in 1772 (actually it was 1763) that I know of, but from one cabin, where 3 or 4 men, one of them my uncle, Archy Clendenin (a brother to my mother) and a Dutch girl, whose father was one of the number had gathered together and were living, this was about 15 miles from us at a place they called "The Levels", which was up towards Greenbrier Courthouse, now Lewisburg. The Dutchman had sent away his wife and the remainder of his family, except this daughter, retaining her to cook. Mrs. Clendenin had gone to the Warm Springs neighborhood. The other women and children were all sent off and the men along with that girl remained to tend the corn. During this absence, Mrs. Clendenin dreamed of them and a dream so real that she could not repress her fears, lest something should have happened at the camp. She got on a horse and made her way, along with a small child that she carried in her arms to her husband. When she got to the cabin, curiosity naturally drew the men in around her. While they were all they gathered in, in also came 10 or 12 Indians. They at

first made signs that they wanted something to eat. Some of the men set in to build a fire to prepare them some food. The Indians also joined in to bring in some wood and continued till they had brought in so much that Clendenin saw that their object was to set the house on fire and resented it. The Indians immediately fled to their arms and used their tomahawks. Clendenin was a great Indian fighter and had been in several encounters and they knew him well. But, this time he seemed disposed to run and leave his wife. He was shot through the body seven times just as he jumped out of the door and he fell in the yard. The other men were also killed and the two women and the child were taken prisoners. Mrs. Clendenin and the Dutch girl carried the child by turns, and thus spelling and relieving each other from fatigue, were enabled to proceed and thus save its life. On the 2nd or 3rd day of travel, the women being accustomed to falling behind, as they would have occasion to stop. Mrs. Clendenin, unobserved, stopped and crept under one of the grapevines, which in the western part of Virginia, crept around low on the ground, till they form a pretty good covert for concealment. It was not long however before she was missing and some of the Indians followed along the back trail searching for her, they were gone for 2 hours before they returned, passing by without ever suspecting her hiding place. Mrs. Clendenin found her way back to the camp and spent one night lying beside the body of her dead husband. The next day after this she got to the settlements, a company was raised and they came and buried the dead. The Dutch girl continued to carry the child and was allowed to raise it. At the end of the Revolutionary War they were both exchanged. When Mrs. Clendenin's little girl was brought in she said she would know her by a mark on her foot. She had been bled in infancy in the foot, the place got very sore and when it healed, it left a scar. She had come by this time to be a chunk of a little girl. Her mother by this time had gotten married to one Matthew Arbuckle and she was taken home to live with her. We left them there at the Levels when we came to Kentucky. Clendenin was a great soldier, as was also his father. He was scarified (sic) by the Indians, till as they used to say of him, till he looked like an old raccoon dog. John Clendenin, another son and a brother to Archy, moved in the very early times down on to the Holston.

At the time of the Battle of Point Pleasant in 1774, 10th of October, Samuel Baker, one of our neighbors in Botetourt was there. I was within 2 months of being 4 years old, but recollect all the minute particulars distinctly, even to the shaving block, by where we saw him on his return. He told us of how he had laid down behind a log that was an inch or two off the ground, and there stretched along the side, had fired several effective shots, when a ball took off the tip of his moccasin, not touching his big toe. His escape was narrow, and finding himself discovered, left the place".

Col. Fleming that lived at the Big Lick was at the Battle of the Point and was shot through the body so that a silk handkerchief could be drawn through him. He was afterwards of essential service coming out with our company on the Wilderness Road. We had 375 souls and 60 guns. The company before and behind us were broken up. McClure's Company before us, on Skagg's Creek and within a days travel of the Crab Orchard. I saw where they were buried within 2 or 3 days after it was done. A large hole had been dug in which all the bodies were placed and then the loose excavated earth was heaped upon them so as to be raised about two feet above the ground. This company was

small and would have gotten in, in another day. My brother picked up a chunk of lead in the road there as we came along which the Indians hadn't gotten, but would have been glad to have. It weighed 4 or 5 pounds, had a staple put down into it as if for the pea of a steelyard, which it doubtless was. A single horse company behind us were defeated at the fires we had left the night before. The company consisted of 18 men, 2 women and a child. One of them was Mrs. Flinn. They had only single horses so that their progress could not impeded, nor their flight if necessary retarded. While they lay in their camp the Indians fired upon them and then rushed upon them with their tomahawks. Nine men were killed and one woman. A man by the name of Hall got started as soon as they were fired upon and came into our camp by midnight. In the morning 6 more came in and brought with them a wounded man. The man that delivered him related that he had gotten himself safely out from the fires and could have gone, but he discovered the wounded man and was determined to try and save him. He was afraid then to try and catch a horse, lest he should run against an Indian, but he waited rather patiently until they were all settled and he then went to where they had tied them all up to some little saplings and stole one. He related that they were all sitting round the camp fire and were staying there till daybreak and they should have enough light to gather up their spoils and to fix up their packages. He said that when he got himself well seated on his horse he raised and snapped his gun towards the fires, determining at all hazards to kill an Indian, but the powder was so wet he couldn't get it off. That afternoon, or the whole day had been very wet and rainy times, we had only gotten about 10 miles when we determined to camp. That night for the first time since we had been on the road we had put no sentries out, apprehending from the inclement weather, no possible danger, although we knew the Indians were all around us and had repeatedly heard their firing in the woods. When Mr. Hall came in at midnight our sentry was interrupted, the sentries were restored and our guns were put in order. Many had to draw their guns because they were so out of order and several came to our camp to get the bullet screws for that purpose.

Bullet Drawers was a piece stuck on like they did to make a wiping stick, only with the screw closer and much stronger. Sometimes broke them or if the powder was wet, it was very tedious getting the bullet out. We had several drawers in our camp, don't know whose they were.

Esq. George Crooks tells of one Abraham Hornback that covered his bullets very neatly with buckskin in starting to go out in the late war & that he killed an Indian with one of them. He only went out for 5 or 6 weeks to be in one battle.

In the morning a company returned to the defeated camp to bury the dead and we remained on our ground that day. One man and one woman and child (Mrs. Flinn) of the company could not be found after the most diligent search and it was concluded the Indians had taken them prisoner. The party returned and the next day the whole party went on to the Crab Orchard, where Col. Fleming, acting as both physician and surgeon dressed the wound of the man that had been brought in. He had been stabbed right in the side with a spear, as it was supposed, for he said that the Indian that jobbed him was several feet from him when he did it. When we were at the Crab Orchard, a third company came along and picked up the other two and brought them in. You never

witnessed greater expressions of joy, or a happier man than Flinn when he saw his wife, whom he thought to be safe from his reach with the Indians. At the first firing she had somehow made her escape by running off a short distance and squatting down with her child. The man who had been brought in on a litter was wounded, shot in the thigh, it being broken so that he could not walk. As he crept off he accidentally came across Mrs. Flinn and her child and they remained together in company, she feeding her child, which she had weaned and dressing his wounds with the buds of the dogwood. They had gotten about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the camp, farther along and in sight of the road so that they could attract the notice of the first passing company. Dr. Fleming remained at the Crab Orchard generously attentive to his patients till their wounds were healed.

This was the first year the Indians had been much on the Wilderness Road and it was this year incessantly beset. One Walter Carooth was in a defeated camp beyond the Raccoon Springs in about 1786 or 1787 where 40 odd were killed. He managed at the furnace in 1791 and afterwards lived on Goose Creek, Tenn. and has himself, given me the circumstances. The Indians fell on their tents in a different manner from what I have ever heard before and just endeavored to crush them in, as if they wished to confine so that they might especially be able to tomahawk and butcher all the company, which was a very large one. Two Indians had Carooth's wife, whom eh rescued, having no other means than to use his fists. The scuffle was in the dark and it is to be supposed they had no tomahawks. One of the Indians before he got her away, sliced off a scalp, about twice as big as a dollar. It healed over and I saw it when she was here.

We left Michael Woods in Greenbrier and he came out shortly afterwards (in a year or two) and left his family in a cabin about 200 yards from the fort, at the Crab Orchard, temporarily while he should go farther in and look for a place. Whilst he was gone the Indian adventure occurred with his daughter Hannah and the Negro David as commonly pretty correctly related, except McClung puts it at Bear Grass, instead of the Crab Orchard. David was a smart and live man, accustomed to the greatest indulgence from his master. After this ? adventure, David's too great familiarity in the family, brought on him the probably the first whipping he ever had. Being a good woodsman, he just took his gun and went back to Greenbrier, where Woods soon after heard that he was and sold him and that kept him there.

On the 10th day of February 1789, (1) Tom Montgomery (2) Si Hart (3) George Nailor (4) Robert Laugherty (5) Peter & (6) William Hanks, and afterwards (7) James Douglas and (8) John Holmes, together at first, perhaps all together came to Morgan's Station and planted corn. The turkeys took up nearly all of the corn they planted, so that out of the 40 acres there could not have been more than a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an acre saved. William Hanks planted it over again, laid it by but never came back. They had to send into Shroud's again to get seed corn and bring out. They made it so late, that an early frost coming it was destroyed. Had the season been long we would have gotten a right smart crop. Had enough, however of green corn together with the cane to support our two horses. The talk of most all of these persons was they were going to raise corn and in the fall bring their families.

Ralph Morgan, the proprietor of the land, afterwards Morgan's Station proposed to those who would then settle on his land at a dollar an acre. Nos. 1 and 6 above, the first persons that came stopped and unpacked their horses it was said on the 10th day of February 1789 and were afterwards joined by No. 7 and No. 8 together. They planted their corn and appointed the first day of June to rendezvous at Stroud's that they might collect and return in a body. The nearest neighbor at this time was Hood's Station, 25 miles distant, apprehending should they return in staggering parties they all be cut off, or defeated by waylaying Indians.

At this time I was brought there by Ralph Morgan to act as spy and hunter and to strengthen the place. When I got there, which was on the second day of June, three cabins had been erected in the shape of a three footed stool as it were, with the doors all facing each other and about 40 acres of land planted in corn. One small field of which, on the opposite side of the station from Hood's had been fenced in. This was that belonging to Tom Montgomery. John Kilbreath was hired in the same way that I was by Morgan and was to stay two months. This was some 2 or 3 weeks after I had come. I had been hired for two months and wouldn't go in at all till it had expired. Then Kilbreath and I went in together, his two months were not out but he wouldn't stay there alone. Kilbreath was a very industrious Irishman. Had to persuade him to stay that long. I wouldn't have stayed, but I made it a rule to always fulfill my contract and I didn't know but what he would hold me to it. Yet, he hadn't his, for he was to have hired more men and had them there all the while. My wages were \$10 a month.

Some of the company never rendezvoused and never at all cultivated the corn they had planted. The crop too, had been put in so late that the frost took it before it could ripen and in the fall there were not any more persons left at the station but John and James Wade. Mr. Morgan now gave possession of the place to these to persons and what other persons they might choose and on terms at their discretion.

John Luster came out when my brother came out once, he was out only for company and to get a home, he was a lazy trifling fellow. He never made a dead-fall that winter or fired a gun but once and that was through a port-hole in the cabin. Some other persons were out that fall hunting about but they never stayed at the station, or came to stay, only as they passed.

John Luster was to come out in fall, the corn though late, was a sufficiency to keep our horses that winter. Most of the time after I was employed, with Luster in trapping with dead falls for foxes. Their skins then only brought us .25 cts. a piece. He had come off Little River, a branch of New River in western Virginia, to which place he returned in March. I afterwards understood he had married and was living there. We had remained at the station, but my brother spent the winter on Licking, trapping with one John Beasley, who lived at the Lower Blue Licks. Beasley was the best trapper in the country.

Harper's Station 1789 – When Peter Harper found that Morgan's was settled and that it was a frontier beyond him, he very soon moved onto his pre-emption and built his cabin &c. Harper raised some corn, but didn't put in very much. Had staid and kept the

turkeys away. He caught 4 or 5 bear cubs and put them in a low pen that was covered over with logs and was feeding them on his corn and fattening them. They came for the corn as natural as a parcel of pet hogs would. His friends came up and took care of things.

Spring 1790, previous to this, but some time after, a few weeks, after the settlement of Morgan's, one Peter Harper, from off Howard's Creek, came and settled within 4 miles of us, raised corn and built a cabin. Harper's mother lived down on Howard's Creek, and he being single had made his home there. Sometime in October, or about the 1st of November Peter Harper had gone out on Salt Lick, about 3 miles beyond Mud Lick and killed a deer and carried it home. He was intending to go down to his mothers on Howard's Creek, and had promised to take some pine knots down to her, or for some of the neighbors, they wanted to melt the rosin out of them (turpentine) to make wax. Accordingly the next day after killing the deer, he returned again, passing by our station and carrying his leather apron to carry the knots. He had left it by accident when he was down the day before and had gone to get it and was bringing home some of the pine knots. There was a little spit of snow that day. Harper had gotten to his place of destination, and was ready to start, or perhaps was actually on his return, at the time we supposed the Indians killed him. The horse came in with the leather apron and pine knots across its back, and the pummel of the saddle was all bloody. George Harper came and told us of it. My brother and myself saw the apron, it was tied on behind with some hickory withes, some pine knots were also tied 2x2 with hickory withes and were hung across the horses rump and fastened to the saddle behind. Harper was never seen or heard of. It was on this account we believed he had been shot off, but however it may have been, he was never seen or heard of anymore. A skull, some 2 or 3 years afterwards was found in the bottom, just beyond the Mud Lick, which I always believed to be his. No other man had ever been killed around there, but what had been gotten. It could be seen where the Indians had cut it. There was not an inch all around that hadn't the plain mark. They had born the knife so very hard on it.

Harper had no heirs of his body, George, his brother's son (Scarlet Harper, who never was in Ky.) who had been living with him at the cabin, upon the death of his uncle returned again down by Boonesboro and the station was evacuated till the fall of 1792. Three or four families of Harper's legal heirs moved out to the place and held an approved claim to Peter's pre-emption of 400 acres.

About a week or two before this affair of Harpers, (This might have been a month before the killing of Harper. It was a good time to dig ginseng and that was when frost was in the ground so that it would be very late) my brother had gone out to hunt a good place to dig ginseng. He said the first thing he knew he came on a party of Indians, and so near that as he glanced his eyes he saw the spits sticking all around the fire. The Indians jumped to their guns. He said they were firing on him, all the way turning his horse around. He had 7 bullets in his hunting shirt, without touching his skin, one in the pummel of his saddle, one in the butt of his gun, just below the box, and one in the sheath of his hunting knife, cutting off the point of his knife. He received the plain traces of 10 balls. He ran and 2 followed, for ¼ of a mile, he gained none on them, that he could see, but at length, despairing of overtaking him, both the Indians fired. He felt his mare give a

spring forward and start with a short impulse. He supposed the balls probably fell short of him, one of them went into the mares rump and lodged there. When within about 2 miles of the station, he saw 2 other Indians treed just beside the path, and just wheeled his horse down to the left and made around them. Had no doubt they belonged to the same party, and were coming out to the station to spy, accordingly to the invariable Indian custom, before making an attack, as we suppose they were intending upon brother and myself.

The 1st settlement made at the furnace was in November 1789 by Jacob Myers. Myers was from Lincoln and owned a great deal of land, 1900 acres in this one tract. Major Hood was employed to open a passable wagon road from Hood's Station to the ore bank and build three cabins by the first of November. George Nailor and family were then moved over and hands were hired to work the bank. But, not having capital, equal the necessity of the enterprise or of so ready a character in a few months he sold out, $\frac{1}{4}$ to John Cockey Owens, another $\frac{1}{4}$ to Willis Green and Christopher Greenup, and $\frac{1}{4}$ to Walter Beale. After four years in these hands the furnace was in blast, men couldn't be hired to stay.

1790 at Morgan's Station – Four men came out this season, but they regarded the danger as so great, said it looked too much like bantering the Indians and they retuned. We put in and tended about 30 acres of corn till the last of June with no interruption.

The furnace was owned by wealthy men and known to be of importance to the country. They applied this year (1790) for a guard to the Board of War and were successful. About 20 or sometimes 25 men were drafted out of the different militia companies below and were required to spend two months in general in the service of the furnace, this continued from 1790 to 1796 inclusive. My brother had been engaged as a spy for the furnace some three or four days with one Harry Martin. I was thus left all alone to guard the station and to take care of the corn. On the 29th day of June, I plowed so hard without being conscious of it and before I was aware I had broken down my mare. Early on the morning of the 30th of June, I started down to John Plakis, my brother-in-law, who lived in Clark to get another horse to plow with. At this time a station had been settled (Baker's Station) where Judge French now lives in the spring of 1790.

On the evening of the 29th of June, four Indians had been to this station and killed one Dickinson and wounded Isaac Baker (or had killed Isaac Baker and wounded Dickinson), Baker was a young man living there with his brother. It was late in the evening and they were starting out so late, only because they were going to watch a lick to try and to kill a deer. Baker got in, said he counted four Indians. Dickinson was scalped but not killed; could be heard groaning from the outside, but he was never brought in till morning, by which time he was dead. He had been severely wounded, however, and could not have lived had they brought him in, and in attempting to bring him in they would have been exposed. There were several visitors that night at Baker's looking at the country. Billy Keaton, one of them crept under the bed, it was told to me that he staid there all night, no doubt he did for a while at least. Next season when Baker returned, Keaton returned with him and staid.

That night the Indians came on and camped within about a mile of Mt. Sterling under a good smart bunch of Linn trees, 2 or 3, all growing from one root, a little off to one side of the path. A very nice Indian cap and a gun stick were found where they camped. The cap was made of two pieces of white colored cloth with two red tassels hanging down, one on each side of the head, at the corners that stuck up.

When I got to Harper on the morning of the 30th, the tracks were yet wet where they had waded the creek and had not long passed and I observed that they were moccasins and I supposed that they might be surveyors. When I got further along a little path came out from Baker's Station and the tracks came along it, which convinced me even more they were surveyors. The Indians had left the path a little and gotten under a good stout bunch of Linn Trees for the night so that I had missed their encampment. But, when I got to where the path turned off on the opposite side leading from Stroud's and Hood's and saw horse tracks going to Baker's I knew that they were Indians. These Indians continued down Harper and crossed at the mouth of Spencer; which I suppose they did, not knowing there was a station at Morgan's then. The woods were very thick, and from the road it would be entirely concealed

"On the same day that I had left, my brother and Martin, who were spies for the furnace, were coming along by the salt lick, and saw the tracks of some 10 or 12 Indians, leading right in the direction of Morgan's. They were under oath to give the first news, and directly to their employers of any Indian sign they might discover. They immediately flew to the place and getting ten other men, made their way to Morgan's. When they got there they found the cabin and everything in order, just as I had left it. My brother observed the unusual quantity of fresh ploughed ground, (the fire was in the cabin and all was just as I had left it and as if I had left it in safety) and suspecting just what had really happened the company proposed to start back, believing all was safe. Jerry Poor, who had come on a horse, and the only one, got on his horse at the cabin and started to go round the field, the others took straight down through Montgomery's improvement. The Indians had observed the motions of the party, they likely hadn't been to the cabins or were intending to go. They concealed themselves behind the fence, opposite to where the party was making to cross, and just as they left the corn fired. My brother was shot through the center of the body, and through the ligaments at the hips, so that he fell. When he rose again, he said he saw an Indian loading his gun in full view so that he could have shot him, with the greatest ease, but that he was too weak and turned to run. By this time the Indian had loaded and fired again. The bullet passed through 9 folds of the blanket he had rolled up and strapped on his shoulders, and then stopped, made flat as a 9d. The force of the blow knocked him down again, but did not get through the blanket to the skin. Thomas Rogers was struck in the face, by a piece of bark that had been scraped off a black oak tree that he was just about to get behind. His face bled freely and his companions, till he got it washed off, first thought him to be wounded seriously. Reuben Cofer had a powerful gash cut in his arm a little above his wrist joint. Some of them laughed and said they must have shot him with an iron wedge. The ball had not made 2 holes, but had gone in on the surface deep enough to separate the leaders. Jerry Poor, had he been a little sooner or gotten a little farther, would have came upon the

Indians and received perhaps their whole fire. He upon hearing and seeing the guns, had wheeled his horse and returned. As he rode up, they told him John Wade was mortally wounded, and that he, riding, was to go express to the settlement. He just put out as hard as he could, expecting the Indians would be after him and got to Hood's in the night. No force could be had there, till they were more strengthened. But, the news was spread from there to Stroud's and through the rest of the neighborhood. Ben Combs sent his Negro boy, Peter down to John Plakis at the settlement in Clark. I had gotten there the night before, caught my horse, put him up in pasture, ready to return, early in the morning to ploughing, when Peter got there and told the news, I said, it couldn't be, I had left there that morning. But, Peter could tell so straight an account of it I knew there must be something of it. It was in the night, and I hadn't yet got up, but I now sprang up and got on my horse and was at Morgan's Station by 9 o'clock. By 10 o'clock there were from 50 to 100 men at the place. John Wade was then removed to Plakis' the brother-in-law, in Clark till he was cured. He never could run after that faster than a boy. John Plakis was very successful in treating wounds and cuts, but knew nothing more than what he had learned from experience by living in the country before any physician could be had". He had been sent for as a surgeon, but his horses were in the woods at the time and it would take a good while to get them up so I didn't wait.

Old Col. Sudduth saluted me the last time I saw him in Owingsville. He asked me if I remembered how he cut up my corn for me. About a dozen men had come out on horseback and when the got to the station they were afraid of Indians and Sudduth directed them to ride scattering, and in full gallop. The corn was about $\frac{1}{2}$ its height, but there was no fencing except where Montgomery had put some up and that was on the opposite side of the station, they ran their horses through it as hard as they could till they got in.

"The station after this was again evacuated till fall. Jerry Poor and myself went down and acted as spies at the furnace. Harry Martin after the recent interruptions refused to go anymore. Paid 5/s. In the fall, my brother having recovered, we went out together to get in our corn. The buffaloes and the bears had been in it, the former take great delight in rolling, had not eaten the corn, but would come in on the ploughed ground to roll, and mash 8 or 10 hills at a time. The bears had begun to eat of it considerably. The 30 acres however yielded a pretty good produce. What we could spare was sent to the furnace, except what we supposed might be needed for families that were expected in the spring".

"My brother and myself spent most of that winter trapping beaver, upon Licking, still having our home at the Station. We were considered the best trappers ever upon Licking, except, this John Beasley, before spoken of, of whom my brother learned, always could catch two beavers to any others one. The tail of the beaver contained an excellent marrow and used to be eaten. The beaver was rarely to be seen in the daytime, but of a warm evening, after sundown or a little before. They would come out upon the surface of the water and could be heard to strike their tails upon the water for 2 or 300 yards, very often just one alone, as if there were no more. We had 4 beaver traps, or steel traps, about 8 inches across in the jaws, when extended and costing from 6\$ to 8\$ a piece. Our bait was from the belly of the animal itself. Under the belly of all beavers is a cavity

about 2 ½ inches long, containing in 2 separate apartments, what are called the oil and behind it the bark stone."

The barkstone is a little larger of the two, and is so called because of the little strips of bark that are done on the outside. The fluid from these two stones, smelling a good deal like assafetida are put together in some tight vessel. I kept some in a horn, the small end unopened and the larger end fitted with a bottom, having a piece of leather sewed around it, so as to make it tight, and a string to draw it out by, the whole so small that I could get it in my shot pouch. The fluids separately smell very different, together they composed about ½ gill. The produce of one beaver would provide bait enough for at least two years, but I would generally renew it with the first one that I caught in the spring. Some put asafetida with their bait, but I thought this injured it. A little whiskey perhaps, did some good. The bait was a little twig about as long as your finger with little slits made in the end of it and then dipped in the horn. This would be stuck in the side of the bank near the water over where the trap was concealed. Stakes were driven all around so that the beaver could only approach from that direction. The trap was fastened to a stake by a strong chain (left in this channel) or the beaver springing from the bank would take trap and all with him and it would be lost. When the whole is done the trapper dips his hands into the water and getting farther along the stream washes away his scent, till he gets entirely out of reach of the trap. Some set their bait unskillfully so that the beaver can get at it from the bank and avoid the trap. Sometimes they come along where the beaver has been caught and manifest the same mistake to the bait, seizing and tearing it to pieces, as if none had been caught. They are said to be attracted to it as far as ½ , ¾ or even a mile by its scent.

While John McGuire and I were sitting upon the bank of Triplett about a mile above the mouth of Licking one night we heard one of those fellows come down – making his tail sound on the water. I told McGuire that I would have him when he got down opposite my trap, he was silent and I went down, I couldn't wait till morning and there he was.

Enoch Smith settled a small station within a half mile of Mt. Sterling in the spring of 1790. But, on the happening of those things at Morgan's & Baker's Stations then all the outer settlements were broken up until the next spring. That fall Enoch Smith moved into Hood's Station, staid till fall and then went back. There were three families, his own, James Sewell, and Joe Young's. Never were stockaded. Smith hired two young men, John Crawford and Col. Lane to come and strengthen the place at \$100 a piece (100 acres of land which was equivalent to \$100.) Crawford is yet living on his but Lane took a horse at the expiration of the time for his. A trade I have often heard him say he regretted.

Enoch Knox and Robin Moore each built a little cabin, I think in the fall of 1790 one on each side of the lower street in Mt. Sterling, just west of where is now the Baptist Church. Between there and Billy Thompson's. Neither staid there a great while, before they both sold out, and went on to Clark's Grant in Illinois. This was a Grant Clark obtained in one of his campaigns in that country, of old Batties, and was otherwise known as the American Bottom. (I was at both their houses in the fall of 1800.) No other part of

the Illinois Country was settled at that time. The set tenants on the grant, which were considerable, were most upon the top of the bluffs in the edge of the bottom.

About the last of February 1791, John Plakis and Abraham Becroft's families moved out to the station. Until about this time it appeared that we had been there without being discovered. In about a week the Indians came and found us. See, in proof of this, what was related about the four Indians who passed by after leaving Baker's Station. The Indians I think had, had a camp in 1790, the spring before this & this spring about two miles from us, over on Slate, without knowing anything of us. This was obvious, there were the old marks on the trees they had peeled the year before and they had been there that spring and peeled fresh bark to repair their camp. We had heard their guns but never knew of their camps till the spring after they were gone.

On the 2nd day of March 1791 my brother was killed, a short distance, 2 or 300 yards this side of the beaver pond. Plakis did not want him to work lest he should set his thigh again in motion. Accordingly he was going this time to set his traps at the beaver pond, intending to stay only the one night, and then come back again. John Wade was killed at the Beaver Pond, right on the way that we always went to trap. The path went between the butts of two large White Oaks that had fallen in opposite directions. Two Indians from what we could judge had hid behind these trees and sprang up as he passed by and caught at the reins of his bridle. He had a desperate contest with them as it appeared for his tomahawk was found locked into the ground up to the pole about ten steps ahead where he had flung it so hard. He turned and got back 100 to 150 yards, the men thought from the tracks of the mare the Indians had caught the bridle and that she had been in a struggle. They shot his mare and she fell, when she fell he got on his feet and ran a little piece when a ball struck him in the back of the head.

The traps were taken and when I went to see, I could find my brother's trace, no farther than to the point mentioned, and they supposed that he was killed as he was going, and the traps had never been set. The 2nd day of March was perhaps Friday. The Indians now took the back trail and followed on till they came to the station, which as I believe had not before been discovered. From this on they dogged us for 2 weeks. It was in the evening we were taking off the top loft of the strongest of the 3 cabins to turn it into a blockhouse. Never had men worked harder than we did that evening, expecting an attack. They did not however seem willing to attack us. Two walked across an open field before us, thinking perhaps to coy us out. One morning, the 2nd or 3rd after we had first seen them in plain view. (*unable to make out the next few lines*) and getting out the horses, the dogs came running back upon the track, and the horses galloped on till they took a path leading to the station. We passed along where 8 or 9 Indians had trodden down the fresh frost as they crossed the path above us. After the Indians as we believed had left, two of our horses had came in, suppose as they were sort of ornery the Indians had let them go. There were just 8 Indians, counted their tracks several times in muddy places.

The Sunday after John Wade was killed, 2 men from Bourbon, John Pettit and Jacob Serincey, went out to the same beaver pond, which was about 7 miles from the furnace and

there saw my brother, but could not get up close enough to him on account of 4 great big dogs, that wouldn't let them come nigh. They returned and it was suspected at once, whose dogs they were. Others were taken along by a fresh party that went out from there and set on these and by this measure he was gotten. Twas said he was so stiff they couldn't very easily have carried him to the furnace. Handspikes were trimmed out with tomahawks, and a rude grave being dug, Wade was wrapped up in a blanket and silently interred. I had gotten the news on Monday and went down.

While there, Mr. Runnels who was brother-in-law to Col. Irvine, that was in Madison and who had taken great pains at the burial of my brother, applied to me to know if I had any beaver furs as he wanted to have a very fine hat made. On my telling him that I did, he said he would be up the next Sunday, when the soldiers would not be busy and get them. During this week, Jonathan Allington's and Peter Cutright's familes came to Morgan's Station.

When the Sabbath arrived, the soldiers were not willing to go with Runnels, and the officers, which had not disposition or authority to command them and take them away from the furnace. He took a musket and started alone. Late Sunday evening when within about a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile of the station he was shot, the ball entering under the left shoulder blade and going out at the right breast. We had by this time gotten the cabins and the picketing finished and most of the men were out at the end of the station, outside, hopping and jumping. The shot was heard at the station. On hearing the gun, I ran out of the cabin where I was and my dog ran towards the fire and when he seemed to have gotten out there, raised a most powerful bark. We knew it was Indians. I had been looking for Runnels all day and wondered what kept him so late. We had no apprehension this was him the Indians had shot. Next day we were out hunting for and got this white mare and were driving her into the station. BeCraft had said that it was probably the old gray mare the Indians had shot. We came right by where Runnels lay. David Allington and Reuben Cofer who were along were much affrighted and made immediately for the station. I ran up near enough to see that it was Runnels, but they made such a rattling as they went through the cane, that I followed on. When we got there the men were all out under arms. Sol Skaggs, a relative of Plakis had seen an Indian behind a tree and now all were afraid to go out. The Indians had evidently been in haste when the dog came. One boot and stocking had been pulled off and the other boot was half drawn. Runnell had on a pair of tight buckskin pants which I don't know how they could have gotten them over his boots, they must have cut them off. He had been shot with only one gun, and this I knew to be my brothers. He ran all his bullets in a pair of moulds that had a knife in them to cut them off at the neck as they were run. I had these moulds at the time at the station. I found the bullet laying by him that Runnels had been shot with and compared it with these run in the mould and they corresponded exactly in weight and appearance. The gun had been in the hands of some experienced Indian, who relied upon it as better than any of theirs and shot, not as Runnels passed along the path, which was nearest to him but waited till he had a side view of him, till he came to a turn in the path, though further off, where his back would be towards him and then fired.

The Indians had become so troublesome that Plakis, who couldn't stand it, had removed his family. In the course of 2 or 3 days after Wade's death some 9 or 10 men came up from Clark and moved Plakis down. BeCraft would have gone too, but had no means or friends to enable him to go, and perhaps the others. However, four others, Robert Craig, James and William Aster and Harry Martin had moved theirs in his place, making in all seven.

In August 1791 Robert Craig and William Arten started out to hunt. When they had gotten something like a mile and a half from the station a company of 8 or 10 Indians suddenly rose up and poured upon them a heavy but painless fire. This was the only interruption experienced until the attack on Morgan's Station in 1793.

In 1792 the country all around began to be pretty thickly settled and the Indians had been quite for so long everybody had grown careless. All the picketing at Morgan's Station had been burned for firewood. Thos. Hansford, a Baptist preacher, in the fall of 1792 settled a station on this side of Slate on Peeled Oak where Wm. McIlvaine now lives.

The day before the attack on Morgan's Station, Hansford had preached there. The first preaching ever within 25 miles of there. If the Indians had come the day before they did, they could have gotten 100 people. My father had moved from over in Madison, now Garrard to within about a mile of the station, and his men wanted corn till he could raise. In the morning Hansford had been to my fathers when I was not at home and told my mother he wanted some corn and for me to come up immediately, as soon as I came home. Have no doubt he had sent the men by, before he came down by my fathers, and not knowing when I would be in, they didn't wait for me. The crib of corn was up at the station (the crib was about 20 steps from the fort) and I had a little stable fixed up just at the end of the station, adjoining it. As soon as I came in my mother told me and I rode right on up to the station. Before this they had gone on, gotten their corn, shelled and measured and had started home with it, I turned my horse into the little stable, took out the bit, gave him a few ears of corn and went into the house, where I was but acquainted (Harry Martins) and Mrs. Martin handed me a chair, saying I've got some money for you, and I was just about to sit down when the alarm was raised and we both ran out. (I never said anything to Martin or Hansford about that money.) Martin delayed to jerk down his gun and I got out first. The BeCrafts and Andy Duncan had been out at work in the cornfields and were flying before the Indians, all except Abraham BeCraft, the father, who being pretty close to the woods jumped over the fence and made his escape unperceived. The moment we went out we saw the Indians, but Martin, thinking there were but 2 or 3 ran with all his might in that direction with his gun in hand to relieve the pursued. I called for all of them to go into the blockhouses and sought about for a gun, not knowing or having had time to know anything of the actual condition of the station. I ran into the blockhouse expecting other men and guns and went in myself, first. Joe Young and all the women and children following. There were 2 blockhouses I had expected them to go into, but all went in with Joe Young into the one. When I ran in I wasn't no more thinking to fly than at this moment thinking of getting on my horse and going to London. When we got in I found there was but one gun and that, Joe Young

had. All the others the men, who were gone away having taking with them into the fields. I now looked out through a porthole and saw an Indian in advance carrying a beautiful finished rifle in one hand the polished brass on the butt glittering as it caught the rays of the sun and in the other a shining tomahawk brandished over his head. Suddenly he fell on one knee and aimed a fire at Martin who was running straight ahead and within fair reach of him. I wouldn't have wished for a prettier shot than a man so running. Some 10 or 15 steps behind followed 30 or 40 Indians all spread out in a line and making towards the station. Martin startled on seeing how many there were, had turned back and was running with the Becharts and Duncan, before the Indians.

The Bechart family were now living in a cabin about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile in the field, where his family were all taken and also Clarissa Allington and also that Baker girl who was never accounted for. She had gone to Bechart's that morning on an errand. Four Indians were left behind to take care of these prisoners

As soon as Young heard the yells he jerked open the door and ran out, his wife caught him and clung to him but he loosened her hold and broke away from her grasp. I saw Young, I thought he was wounded or shot, but he had only stumbled as he went along and he stopped to pick up his hat, continued and got out, bearing off to the right. He and Andy Duncan, who had kept right on through when he got in, made their escape to Anderson's Station on above Mt. Sterling. There they reported there were 150-200 Indians. I would have staid in that blockhouse with this one gun. The burning of the others, I do not think would have set this one on fire, unless the wind happened to be unfavorable. They were some feet off. Even then Young said afterwards that he had little ammunition and the frightful account of the number of Indians would have prevented speedy relief. They would have been afraid to come. Abraham Bechart went to my father and told him that he had seen me jump into the big wheat field, that as I jumped, the Indians fired a volley upon me and shot me and that two Indians jumped over upon me. This he said he saw. When I ran, I took round and went down by Troutman's Station, crossing Slate, below the mouth of Spencer and then Little Slate and thru Jeffrerson Bott's place, kept too far out to strike Peter Forte's. When I got to Troutman's they were out with their guns, Russell, a Negro man of his had been out hunting and had seen me cross the wagon track that had been opened the first year that corn was hauled from the station to the furnace. I had dropped my hat just after leaving the station (never got it) he took me for an Indian and gave the alarm. I questioned him as to the place and soon found out that it was me that he had seen. I wanted to give them the word lest the Indians should come upon them unaware. They gave me a horse and also dispatched the news to Hansford's. From there I gave the first information at Montgomery where were some good soldiers. Then came around to my brother-in-law Plakis, on my way to my fathers. When I got there I found the whole company round about there had gone to Mt. Sterling. I didn't get my gun till the next morning. Two or three men had told me they met my mother and asked her for it, she said I was killed and what was the use in taking the gun. My mother had taken my rifle and was on her way with it to Mt. Sterling, understanding that I had been killed, and would let no one have it. The men were gathering at my brother-in-laws, about $1 \frac{1}{2}$ mile from the station. I told them that if I had one good gun, I would be willing to go to the station with 10 or 15 men, that I knew there

were about 30 Indians, making it as soon as possible. We went on to the station, getting there a little after dark and all was burned down and the Indians were gone. We went about very carefully, and didn't at all go up to the fires.

Women in those times, wore nothing but a petticoat over their shifts, and a handkerchief round their neck. Martin came along in the junction of general flight, picked up (took out his butcher knife and cut loose his wives petticoat) his eldest child, and pointing to the youngest, told his wife to take it up and follow him. Wheeling a little to the left as they went out on the lower side they soon got out of sight. A little girl of Becharts (Ruth BeCraft) that was running just a little before Harry Martin was shot by a ball that Martin said was intended for him, just as he turned to the left. She wheeled round to the left and then dropped down, I saw her fall. When we afterwards went to her we found her shot in the right hip and suppose the force of the bullet drove her round. Old Mrs. Allington went along with Martin as far as she could go, until fatigue overtook her, laid down till night was over and then made her way to Plakis'. Mrs. Allingtons' husband's name I never knew, he never was in this country.

Martin got into the 1st place which was Montgomery's Station. He crossed over Slate about the mouth of Little Slate said perhaps he staid that night over on Peeled Oak. If he had been pursued they would have gotten his wife and children with him. When he got to Montgomery's Station the next morning he had to leave his wife in the woods out some distance, till he should go in and get clothes for her. Martin and his family moved to Ohio very early.

Finding the blockhouse deserted, I ran to the stable to catch my horse, I had my hand twice on his mane, but he was so frightened I thought if I remained there much longer to catch him the Indians would certainly have me and just ran out without waiting to close the door. When I got home he was there before me. I had expected certainly to lose my horse. I ran right across the fort to the lower side, with Baker but a step or two before me, I am confident that I was the last person to run out. The Indians whom I had thought had all gone on one side seemed to divide on the north side about equally so as nearly to meet us as we ran out. Indeed, I wondered at the Indians that they hadn't killed some of themselves in pouring their volley upon us, they seemed to fire so carelessly. Some of them were within 10 steps of me, and the women and children were flying in every direction. Baker was a big fat Dutchman, it was impossible that he should have escaped, and I thought that if I could get before him, it might possibly save me some, just then he came tumbling down with a very hard fall right before me. Not 10 steps beyond him the firing seemed to be sharper than ever. I afterwards counted 9 bullets that had been shot into a white oak stump from within _____ between 8 or 9 feet from the ground, which I was just then desiring to throw between them and me. Two Indians then pursued me about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to the creek, but finding they were distanced, returned to the spoils. Nothing accordingly could exceed the random of their shots, even Baker was only grazed low down in the shank, the ball glancing up the leg in its course, tearing up the skin till it shattered his knee. Must have lifted it very high".

The stable made a part of the fort wall of round poles. It was no longer of any _____ as I didn't live there and it was the only thing that I lost, except my hat and my escape and freedom from injury was remarkable. The women had their calves in a little pen, one end of which was made of dry _____; handy for the young calves. These calves were all killed, not with the guns which would have wasted ammunition, but with arrows that were left sticking in them. Every goose about the place was shot in the same way. The station was burnt, yet I escaped and my corn crib was left unharmed, it was built there for three years, it was dry and full of dry corn. Everything else was burned, and from the calves they couldn't have helped seeing the corn crib.

My stable formed a part of the wall; the door was inside. Next to it was the best blockhouse in the station, but between was a large fort gate that was big enough to let a wagon in and this gate was gone. But, not an Indian I believe came in there. Indeed they could have come in between any two of the cabins in the fort and they might have all gotten in the fort without anyone seeing them, but they were afraid to risk life.

"The next morning, 2nd April, by 8 or 9 o'clock they were assembled, some were from Bourbon, to the number of at least 150, and pursued under Enoch Smith, then a militia captain. When we had gotten about five miles, just above the head of Little Slate we found Mrs. Becroft and her suckling child, which was 6 or 8 months old lying, tomahawked. It was a very plain case. The Indians had come to that place the night before and lay. In the morning they left their knapsacks & this night returned and staid again, the moon rose, they took them all and went on. They had stripped Mrs. Becroft to her shift to make her walk light. They had walked her too hard the night before and this morning she couldn't walk fast enough for them and they just tomahawked her and her child before they had taken them $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the place where they had lain. They had marched her that far in her shift as was visible from the scratches and marks of it, of a burnt woods they had passed through and there she had given out.

About 7 miles on Beaver, the Indians had turned a little ways farther down, when they got onto it, there they massacred a son of Robert Craig's, about 4 or 5 years old. The 9 next were about 5 miles further, 2 of these that were left for dead, the 1st survived, Mrs. Robert Craig for 7 days. The other Betsy Becroft, daughter of the woman first killed recovered entirely and was married down in Bourbon to George Owings and removed to the Green River country. Of the other 7 that were killed, one was Mrs. Craig's infant child, a boy, one was a boy of Joe Young's, the 3rd and 4th were 2 children of Baker's and 5, 6, and 7 were the three remaining children of Abraham Becroft, between the girl killed at the station and the infant killed with his wife. Twenty-five miles from this the Indians appeared to be gaining on us, and going so fast that Enoch Smith said it was not worth while to go any farther. The horses were well loaded and made a deep track in the ground; but if a bed turned or a pack in the saddle they didn't stop to straighten it up, but just cut the cord and let it go. In that 25 miles we found 2 packs cut loose that they hadn't waited to pick up. They had carried off all the moveable plunder such as clothing, bed ticks etc. It so happened they got every creature that belonged to the place, except mine which was only accidentally there. Martin's was hitched up, Becroft's 2 were in the field in gear. We understood afterwards from those who returned that before the last murders

5 Indians had went off to one side at different times, each with female prisoners, with an arrangement to meet again on Little Sandy in 2 or 3 days, by this ingenious measure they both evaded pursuit and the necessity of a flight more rapid than the prisoners were capable of making. These were Clarinda Allington; Baker's wife, a sister of A. Robinson; Baker's daughter; Joe Young's wife and Rachel Beccraft. The women were kept on Little Sandy 32 days before they were carried over to Ohio, the Indians wanting to catch horses that were running in the mountains. Sometimes the Indians left them all alone; when the others would have to watch Clarinda Allington, she wanted to go and leave them, said the Kanawha River led on down to the Ohio and that keeping along that she would get to Limestone, but they were afraid of being killed by the Indians if they let her go.

Besides this there was but one prisoner, a little white boy about 14 years of age, Ben a son of Abraham Beccraft that was left with the Indians. They carried him on with themselves on a horse and took him almost directly on to Detroit, scarcely stopping at their towns. There they sold him to a Scotchman who put him in a store, gave him a pretty good slight at writing and made such an improvement on him as you ever saw put upon anyone. He had been gone only about 20 months. At Wayne's Treaty they had to go and get him and give him up, he came back with no Indian paint and was nicely dressed. But, he soon got to be a Beccraft again. They could get no Indian at the treaty that could give an account of Baker's daughter. All the others then were given up except for Clarinda Allington, and they said that her husband would have to give her up, she was in the Cherokee Nation. She staid with the Indians for 6 or 7 years, till she had three children, John, William and a girl. When she got permission to come and see her brothers the Cherokee chief sent a little Negro boy about 16 or 17 years old to take care of the children. She ever after refused to return, but she left her children with her brother Jacob and gave him the little Negro boy to pay him for raising them and again married soon after she came out a great deal worse husband than the Indian had made. She said the chief was not all Indian. He couldn't get his own people to come and so he had gone to the towns and raised a company of northern Indians.

Sometime after this an Indian came to Mt. Sterling and was about there drinking and reveling and said the Cherokee chief had died; Clarinda was his only wife and that the son John, who was the oldest son was heir to his office of chief and to all that he had and he wanted to take him home with him. But, the Allingtons' wouldn't consent to it this was while John was at William McCormack's where he had been bound to learn the tanning business. His sister had married a very good looking young man, a tanner, when he served his time out, he joined with his brother-in-law, they moved and set themselves up in the tanning business on the Big Sandy.

William was bound to Col. Tom Owens to learn the blacksmith business and he worked here at the furnace, but he ran away before his time was out and afterwards went to his brother's on the Big Sandy. He complained that he wasn't learning anything at his trade and was only made to do drudgery or other work. He staid about in the neighborhood awhile first.

About 2 weeks after I commenced spying I got leave to go and see my brother, when we got to the ___, as we were going up through the field we heard a great laughing in the cabin of Indians and saw them standing on the outside, close together. I could have shot them both at once and raised my gun but, James Robinson and Sol Skaggs who was a relation of my brother-in-law Plakis, who were along begged me not to. They were afraid there were too many, but I am certain that we could have made our escape. Skaggs had a musket and Robinson only had an axe. Robinson was or had been at work at the furnace for 2 or 3 months.

Enoch Smith with about 20 men went out on a scout on horseback, all except myself I objected to this, but they sent me ahead on foot to spy and if I was to come on Indians then I was to turn and to give them notice. When we got up on Beaver, as I was going along I heard a loud laughing and sporting just beyond a little thicket of willows that was before me. I could have slipped up and killed an Indian before they discovered me and the company would have all rushed upon them on their horses in time to have secured me. But, I returned according to directions and gave the word. Smith told some of the boys to get down and to hold the horses. I'll stay with the boys, I'll stay with the boys said Billy Keaton, a man as ready and as good to fight fist and skull as anyone. When we got there the Indians had taken the alarm and gone. They had been gigging fish with sharp sticks, 6 or 8 feet long. There was a little pile of them there laying, stuck through the body, of which we got a fine mess. Joe Riggs, below Mt. Sterling, was along, Smith pointed to him for one to stay with the horses.

I saw Billy Keaton once have as hard a fight as I ever saw between two men with Jacob Allington. When Clark was made a county (struck off) the 1st court met at Stroud's Station and at the meeting of the court, Jacob Allington, who was a pretty fair writer and had some education ran against David Bullock for Clerk. Bullock was elected; the Allington's were always believed to have some Negro blood in them, in some it showed pretty plain. After the election Billy Keaton cursed him for a Negro that would run against Bullock and at it they went, Billy Keaton getting the better at last.

Robert Craig and William Aster were going to Little Slate Lick to kill a deer. Craig rode Andy Duncan's bay mare called Blue Dick. There was an open glade about three hundred yards in length on now R. B. Crook's place about 1 ½ miles from the station called the Race Path. They were riding along right slow and side by side. They had gotten pretty well along when the Indians rose and fired. They at first kept on and then tacked about. The Indians were now in the road 40 yards before them, but with empty guns, they only caught at their bridles as they passed by. Craig's gun was a first rate shot, but only looking, and therefore called the "Nigger's Leg". His horse was wicked and jumped when they fired so his gun fell off his shoulder and the Indians got it.

Phillip Hammond and Joe Pryor were the two spies that gave the word to Donnally's Station in Greenbrier. They stole out after night and got about their camp and found out the Indians number. The Indians pushed so hard and when they got there they burst open the gate. Someone fired a gun through the opening and the Indians then gave back and the gates were again closed. Monk, who was a Negro man that belonged to one Yocum, a

brother I think of one John Yocum, was taken by the Indians while there. Monk took with the Indians and became naturalized and was killed among them at Boonesborough. I have heard a number of the men say, who were there at the time of the attack, say that he was killed as he was climbing a tree to look into the fort. The men in the fort would call out what had become of Monk. The Indians replied that he had gone hog-hunting, knowing that those in the fort knew they were killing all their hogs. They frightened the cattle so they drove them all off, some were found running wild in the woods 20 years later. There is a place out on the Licking called Cow Creek from all the wild cows that once were to be found on it. I never knew of them intermixing races with the buffalo, though they sometimes run with them

Sometime about the last of November or the 1st of December 1789, early in the season when beaver fur began to be good, and John Beasley knew when that was, Frank Wyatt, and Mr. Allen and his son from Stroud's Station went out onto Mud Lick hunting Buffalo. At the Mud Lick they separated, Frank Wyatt to go round by the Pound Lick and they to continue on and all to meet again 4 miles from there, where Mud Lick empties into Salt Lick. Wyatt in his course met with a fat buffalo, killed it, took what parts that he wanted and returned to Stroud's. Allen and his son got to the mouth of Mud Lick sooner than they expected Wyatt. It being cold and spitting snow, they started up a fire to wait for him. Four Indians crept upon them while they were setting round the fire, shot the older Allen, and made an easy race after his son. They were the poorest, half starved and half naked Indians he had ever seen. They stripped his father and divided his clothing among themselves. Allen's hands were now tied behind him and he was placed upon a horse, an Indian mounted the other horse and rode beside him, holding his bridle. Two of the Indians walked in front, as they had brought no horses of their own and the other followed along behind. In this manner they proceeded, seemingly with a perfect knowledge of the country, right to where _____ mill is now. When they had gotten nearly there Allen looked up and saw a man with his back towards them, bending over and blowing a fire with his hat. He was tied and could give no alarm. The Indians saw him the next moment, and the two before, slipping up to within 60 or 70 yards rested their guns and fired, both without effect.

Watkins (the man they had shot) was a respectable and most probably a wealthy young man from Maryland that had fallen in with John Beasley at the Lower Blue Licks and likely wished to diversify his, if not signalize his visit to the west with a trapping adventure. Beasley had never been up the Licking so far, but he understood there were some beaver ponds in the neighborhood and had left Watkins with directions to stay in the canoe till he returned. The evening had blew up cold and he had gone upon the bank to kindle a little fire as we saw. When he was shot at, Watkins sprang up and without stopping to get his gun, ran with all speed, down the river pursued by the two that had fired till he was intercepted and caught by the 3rd Indian that was behind us. They now brought him again to the fire and holding him by each arm, where jowering a moment and getting nothing from him (asking him questions). The 3rd that was disengaged sunk his tomahawk into his head. Here a similar distribution of his fine broadcloth clothes of which they stripped him, as in the same case as Allen took place. They now went down to the canoe and got out the keg of clothes that Watkins and Beasley had brought with

them, separated the coarser garments of the latter as carefully as any white man would have done & returned Beasley's undisturbed to their place. Two of the 4 traps were also replaced and an equal portion of the furs that is Beasley's half. An Indian standing and throwing one down to each of the party in turn, till he gotten all. It was towards night, Beasley returned and called for Watkins to bring him over. Observing more carefully the circumstances, he heard his moan; and passing farther along, heard the sound also of the Indians tomahawks chopping at a distance. Persuaded now of what had really happened he directed his flight to a ford some distance down the river and there crossing, arrived at the furnace sometime in the night. Early next morning a party arrived and found Watkins who had lived until sometime in the night (Allen said afterwards that when they left him he was on his hands and knees trying to crawl). Beasley found everything of his own as we have described. Some supposed they must have been the same Indians by whom Peter Harper had been killed a little before. But, Allen said they had no scalp with them when he was taken. When the Indians got to the Ohio, for which they had now made, they saw a boat coming down the river. They drew down a little sapling and slipped Allen's hands tied closely together over the top of it and then let it extend them straight up back over his head, his feet on the ground. They hitched their horses back out of view, took their guns and hid themselves by the river. The boat that was seen coming down, put in and came to shore right where the Indians lay, to take in wood. Soon as they struck the shore they sprang in and tomahawked all the men, 4 or 5 of them, the Indians didn't use their guns and took possession of the boat. While this was going on, Allen had found means and by forcing his weight on the sapling worked his hands back off it. He now could get his hands before him and soon untied them with his teeth and made his escape. The Indians now brought out a woman, a daughter and her brother and left them there in the care of a single Indian, while the rest should take over the boat. The young man said the moment the Indians came up he could discover something was amiss, from their running along on the shore. His hands had been tied behind him and while the Indians was looking down at the boat, he slipped round to where his sister and mother were and whispered to his sister to take out her scissors and cut loose his hands. His sister and his mother's hands had not been tied. The Indian was so engaged he never noticed until the young man started and ran. He raised a hallow to the boat but did not run far in pursuit apprehending the others might also get away. This was a nice booty, the plunder of several families, 4 horses, and a quantity of merchandise for a store. The young man and Allen soon got in company and made their way down to the Three Islands, the nearest station on the Ohio. From there they made their way on to Stroud's. Allen afterwards lived up on Lullebegrud, a very ugly man. The young man, who was only 15 or 16 years old, went down to Lexington from Stroud's where he had some friends and I never heard any more of him.

I dug ginseng in Greenbrier, Trimble of Hazel Green paid a debt of \$3000 with it in Maysville. Two wagons and 6 horses that belonged to a Morgan were here last night loaded with ginseng from off the Kentucky in Breathitt Co. Three teams will come next time and two more, making seven have all passed since. 25 cents a pound they get for it. In Greenbrier we got .50 cents a pound, could gather 2 lb. a day. It took 2 lb. of green to make a pound of dry. It was scarce in Greenbrier.

Tom Mongomery was from the upper part of Botetourt had a station consisting of three families, moved out into Indiana on the Wabash before the late war. He had four sons, Joe, Isaac, Tom and a younger one, all good fighters. At Tippecanoe Jacob Warwick, Capt. had been killed at night. The next day Isaac killed an Indian riding across 200 yards distance on a gray horse. He thought he was out of reach. He had the only piece of corn that was fenced in the first year at Morgan's Station. Warwick was my son-in-law.

The first time that I was ever out on Beaver was in June 1789. I saw J. Girty in letters to good for an Indian on a Beech tree, 6 miles below the Rock House, at the furnace, where the office now is.

A party of Indians had been at Strode's and stolen horses, among others that they got was an old roan of John Strodes. They brought them down to the Race Path near Morgan's and then run them. When they had gotten through they peeled off a white oak tree, figured out the race and put, "old Roan, spotted and foremost." Old Roan was a horse very much deceived in appearance. These Indians were pursued and overtaken on Salt Lick, an Indian taken, one killed and all the horses regained. William McMullen killed one. They tied the prisoner to a tree and no one was willing to kill him, but one Jim Wilson, who swore, "By Jesus he would shoot him."

David Tanner owned the Lower Blue Licks, settled the summer of 1784. My father got to Kentucky in October and in November spent 3 weeks at the Licks making salt. Tanner had set up 4 kettles, didn't pretend to make salt himself, but rented his kettles for $\frac{1}{2}$ that was made. The spring and the kettles were enclosed in a log house, closely chinked and daubed and carried up about 9 or 10 feet high, and 20 feet square, but left with an open top and having a very strong door. The house had been put over the head of the spring to protect the salt makers or boilers from the Indians. Tanner lived about 100 yards south of the kettles and spring, just upon the hill, so that from his house you could look down and see in where they were boiling. He was very strongly picketed in and always had a guard of 12 to 15 men constantly there. John Beasley before spoken of was with Tanner from his first coming to the Blue Licks. It was a positive there that no man should kill a buffalo but him. He could tell the fattest and the best. Besides too many killed would have made a stench. I have seen I think 500 in that bottom at one time. Mrs. Tanner had been making soap just before we came and had set her ash hopper just outside of the fort or cabin where they were boiling to get the ashes. While I was there I wanted it to be said that I had caught a buffalo and crept under this hopper and caught one by the hind foot as it came to drink. Buffaloes drank all along the branch. The spring was 150 yards running to get into the river. Hunters had so long gone down in this direction to the Licks after buffalo that from the upper stations there were paths leading to the licks that were very plain to travel.

The Indians that went over to Estill's in 1782, as they came back they came by Mt. Sterling. They made as much trail as possible, we supposed desiring pursuit. About one mile above Mt. Sterling they camped and tapped some sugar trees. They were overtaken the next day by Estill's party about two miles below Mt. Sterling. This year was

remarkable for Indian difficulties. Their inroads into Kentucky were very numerous and very successful, flushed with victory at every point.

About 35 men from Strode's pursued to the Upper Blue Licks where they were defeated in 1782. Bill Buchanan from Holder's Station and John Clemins from McGee's Station were all that was killed or even hurt. Clemins was left on the ground but Buchanan was brought off by Manuel Kelly. Kelly said he tried to get to Buchanan several times but an Indian was endeavoring to get a shot at him so that he couldn't move. He said that he kept Buchanan between him and the Indian's fire (who was gone already and was not an object to shoot at) and twisted around till he was able to fling him on his horse and jumped on behind and was off, without the Indian having time to fix his gun on him. By the time he fired, his horse was out of the way. There were not more Indians than there were white men. They killed Douglas at Strode's.

1st April 1794, Maj. Sam Downey and Col. Lane (then militia Capt.) made an appointment for as many men that as were willing to go out on a scout into the mountain country to meet at the Mud Lick. On the 1st of April 1794 about 50 men had assembled, but most of them were on horseback. They had called at Morgan's Station for me to go along as pilot. When I got there I objected to this on account of their horses as to a mountain country, as leaving to much sign and making too much noise. I also endeavored to persuade Clifton to go back because he had shoes on and the Indians would know the sign at once if they came on it. In this manner we lost all our horsemen and part of those who were on foot, till our number was reduced to 12, besides myself, Clifton included for he was unwilling to turn back.

When we got to Clear Creek, a branch of Salt Creek we caught two mares that had been hobbled with fresh bark that had been peeled that morning, which showed that it had not been done long and that Indians were detaining in the neighborhood until they could catch more. Of the oceans of horses that were brought out to this western country great numbers made their way, and more attempted to make their way back to Virginia. The man who went into Virginia and whose horse gave out, you bought one there, paid the money and rode him out. The first time that he got out he jumped the fence and that was the last that you seen of him was him going over the hill. He got back home, the man was written to and he returned your money you had paid him in full. White men used to go out and catch the horses, or when hunting for their own would find horses that belonged to others and bring them in. There were men mean enough to claim them and taken them and would give them no pay for their trouble. At length a positive law was enacted that all such persons should have \$3 for all such horses they brought in. I have gone out several times and found horses making their way back to Virginia, 2 or 3 that I never found owners for.

When we got over on Beaver, just in the bottom beyond where the Beaver furnace is now we came on a sugar camp where the Indians had been making sugar for about a month, up to very lately. We judged from the signs they had left there the day before. The bark troughs were scattered about over the camp and the sign of horses were very fresh. The two mares that we had caught and this fresh sign were evidence to me that the

Indians were still about and I proposed that we endeavor to find them. This was overruled by the Captains Downey and Lane, who would have it they had all gone off; and that our only hope of finding any now was on Red River; whither we directed our course. At night we came onto a bunch of the Indian Creek Hills; an exceedingly unsuitable place to camp. The precipice of 100 ft. was on the one hand and the steep hills or knolls on the other so that we were effectually hemmed in. We had kept along the cliffs for some time, trying to find a place to get down, till at length the men declined to go any further and they struck up a fire. When we stopped I proposed a sentry, the men had all grown careless and none were in favor of it. Tom Harper whispered, "By God, I believe Wade had gotten a little afraid." One by one they fell down and went to sleep and I concluded that I could do no better and consequences might come.

Nearly at break of day we were attacked. I lay on one side of the fire by myself and right between it and the fire of the Indians. I had been so used to the noise of the guns at the furnace that the sound of theirs seemed like a dream and I was scarcely half awake. I clapped my hands to my eyes as consciousness speedily returned and I sprang up. I ran out, stopped and called twice to the men aloud to stop and fight. This was very imprudent for it exposed me as a mark. When I stopped and called, two men afterwards said they turned back and were going to shoot but apparently saw me sight among the Indians and they were afraid that it was too dark to shoot, lest they should kill some of their own men. When I had got gone about 35 steps I got into a thicket of brush and undergrowth and in trying to make my way out I felt something draw my gun and it slipped out of my care. I felt all around but I couldn't find it. As soon as I worked my way out I clambered up the hill, which all complained of as being very slippery; grasping with the sweep of my hand and bush or brush that I might happen on to help me along. I heard someone groaning a piece off and determined that if possible to afford some relief and made towards him till I was not more than 5 feet off when I heard an Indian sock his tomahawk into him. As soon as I heard this I wheeled to the left so as to get out of his sight and then went on up. When I got on the hill I raised the halloo as if we were pretty strong and for the men to come and form. Ten men came but, we had only 5 guns; had left theirs at the fires. If I had kept my gun the Indians would still have had my shot pouch and ammunition. Bacon left his gun but brought away his blanket for which we laughed at him. All the rest lost their blankets as well as all their hats and mine had but recently cost me \$6 and at this place I had lost my brother's tomahawk, which was better than my own. Oliver Bady, when he got to the top of the hill gave me his gun and would have me take his ammunition &c which he put on me. I now told the men that the Indians had attacked us so late, only with the intention of pursuing us and that our only safety was in scattering and going 2x2 so as to destroy the trail and save at least a part. Each one however, said, "I'll go with Wade". Till it was obvious that we couldn't separate and we took our flight together & I got into the Mud Lick that morning by 9 o'clock. Two men declared that Clifton was shot right between them as they were sitting at the fire. I said that I had gone nearly up to one man that was moaning and when I was within a few feet of him I heard him tomahawked.

When we got to Mud Lick I turned off onto Stepstone where I knew there were some good soldiers and the next morning we went out. I reckon 00d men of us. I described

where I had left my gun and some of the men measured and it was 35 steps just as I had said to where it was found. We came on Clifton where I had heard the Indian tomahawk a man, he had gotten that far back from the fire. This was said to have been the third husband that Mrs. Clifton had lost, killed by the Indians. She married one Anderson next and they moved down into Grassy Lick. There we could see nor find anything of Col. Lane or Joe Simpson. They too had lost their guns but we found later they had gotten in separately, without ever meeting. Joe Simpson said he had gotten part of the way up the hill and he was near enough to me to see me clambering up the hill the way I spoke of and would have got hold of me but was afraid I would stick my knife into him. He said he thought he saw more Indians before than back and loosened his hold and ran back to within 10 steps of the fire and plunged into a thicket of laurel on the opposite till he found his body over the precipice of 100 feet which he had forgotten and would have fallen but for the thicket of laurel by which he caught hold and drew himself back. The Indians soon gathered and were yelling round the fire within 10 steps of him. He crept silently along in the edge of the laurel and made no delay till he should get in.

Anderson's Station was upon the head of now Hinkston about two miles west of Mt. Sterling, it was settled about 1791 by Nicholas Anderson, John Harper who was brother to Peter Harper and Ned Williams, were the other two of the three men that had their farms there. One Somers lived their awhile, but not I believe at the first. Hinkston was then called Little Mountain to as low down as where Grassy Lick came in where it was then called Hinkston.

Peter Fort settled a station a little north of east about 3 miles from Morgan's Station fall of 1791. McFarlan had a family living there when the alarm of the attack on Morgan's Station arrived. Fort and McFarlan dashed in and stockaded their place and stood their ground. They were joined by Ridgeway who was from Troutman's Station on that stations breaking up.

John Troutman settled a station $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from Fort's in the fall of 1792, but soon sold to his brother Peter so it is hardly worth mentioning him. It was stockaded immediately after Morgan's Station was taken. Peter Troutman evacuated the place that same evening immediately on my getting there. He threw all his plunder into the wagon, put in his family, crossed Slate and went up a very steep hill at a gallop and he never stopped till he got to Mt. Sterling. One Ridgeway that was living there with his family let me have the horse that I got. He remained there with another family or two, till they broke up, perhaps a month or in the course of that summer. He then went to Fort's, Troutman never came back. The station however, was settled again in the fall.

Samuel Cutwright, Peter Cutwright's brother had a station on the head of Green Creek about 5 miles north of Strode's, in Bourbon, settled in 1787. There was no station at Hornback's Mill, or through there. The settlements were made along there, thick and pretty close together, but not stations and not before they had extended round on the southeast side of the Stoner and Hinkston waters. The Allingtons came from the South Branch, I think the Cutwrights too.

Yeates and Johnson, two waggoners (sic) were the first two persons killed by the Indians from the furnace. They had to take their horses, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the furnace out onto the Dry Branch and hobble them for the winter that they might get cane and range. In the summer they do nearer. They had been out early one morning to get their horses and were returning when the Indians shot them both at the crossing of the creek, right where the ford now is and scalped them and took their clothing. This must have been, say in 1790. They were the first, or among the first waggoners at the furnace. I had known Johnson before this down at Bullit's Lick.

The next persons killed were two young men from Virginia. They had come out to see the country and had gotten out of money. They went to the furnace to work till they should make enough money to enable them to go back. It was in the spring before any guard had come out. They had agreed, I think to cut 100 cords, which they had nearly done. They had left their clothes that morning when they went to work and in the evening, being but a short distance from them when they went to go home one of the young men went to bring them. The Indians were waylaying the clothes and shot and got the first young man. The other one being farther off was also shot, but he got in and lived until the next day, long enough to tell the circumstances.

Two circumstances delayed the operation of the furnace so that the wood they cut never served the purpose for which it was gotten. Not a Negro was to be hired from anyone, then white men were very scarce to be had. Thus they didn't get the work $\frac{1}{2}$ fast enough for want of hands and the wood wasted and rotten before they got ready to use it. The wood that I chopped rotted before it was used. It was not entirely lost however as it was hauled to the place and used at the cabins. These two young men must have been killed, say early in 1791.

I spied 7 months in 1793 and that summer I know they built the furnace.

The year after Wayne's Treaty the Indians were the most troublesome and did more mischief than in any former years in this section except when Morgan's Station was taken. The Indians said it was the Indians who didn't know of the treaty. I believe it was them who did or else by the Cherokees who were not so regardful of the treaties made with McIntosh at a distance, as they were nearer home. They killed 4 white men and three Negroes, besides the horses they had stolen

I staid from July till nearly, or in October 1789, and then the next four seasons. In 1795 the manner of guarding the furnace was changed. Heard the Indians would be troublesome, notwithstanding peace and Capt. John McIntyre was commissioned by the Board of War to raise 30 men and to employ 2 spies to guard the furnace for 6 months. Jerry Poor and myself were again employed together as spies. When the time came to assemble, Poor was detained for some few days and sent one Bryant as a substitute till he should be able to come. McIntyre accepted as his substitute and we both went out. As we would be going along Bryant would go to sleep walking along. I had had the fever and ague before this and it was very doubtful whether I could stand the exposure. The 2nd chill I had was over near Little Slate, the 3rd or the 4th day. I was sitting by the path in

some Spice bushes, shaking there with the chill when we heard something crack. Bryant took the alarm and fled. I had told him that the other end of the path led to Morgan's Station and I knew he had gone there. The noise, I have no doubt was nothing more than a bear or something crossing somewhere near. When I got over my chill I went on over to old Peter Fort's and staid there till the next morning, then intending to go to my place. Bryant had got into Morgan's and told them that I was killed. They assured Bryant that I was safe and able to take care of myself as he was and they would venture that I was at Peter Forts. Next morning accordingly he came by there and found me and from there we went on to the furnace together. McIntyre wrote Bryant out a dismission (sic) and sent Poor word never to show his head there again. I also received a furlough till I should recover from my sickness sufficient to fit me for active duty, which I did not recover from soon and McIntyre determined to make his soldiers answer as spies. To this determination is to be attributed the losses for this year.

The 1st was Neely McGuire, brother of John McGuire, with whom he was then living at the mouth of Stepstone was the first person killed. He had been to the furnace and had gone on his way back about a mile when the Indians killed him.

The 2nd and 3rd persons were Yeates (no relation to the one before mentioned and neither of them to the Yeates in Montgomery) and George Barnett at the ore bank. Yeates they got, Barnett got to the house, but lived only two or three days.

The 4th was one Ratliffe, a soldier. Wolfe and Ratliffe, 2 of his soldiers had been sent out by McIntyre as spies. As they were going up what is now called Ratliffe Creek, a branch of Beaver, so named after that circumstance, the Indians shot Ratliffe, they got him and run Wolfe almost to death before he could get into the furnace..

The three Negroes were Nathaniel Ewing's, a single man. They killed them in Ewing's cabin. They neither burnt the cabin down nor took away any plunder. They was likely at any rate to be very little there. Nathaniel Ewing was from Maryland, brought out three Negroes, a man, woman and a little child. Bill Ewing, his brother built the cabin for him. He himself scarcely staid there, he was from home at this time. It was believed from the sign that the Negro man had fought them with an axe, the wall was seen all bloody (I was not there) off a piece from where the Negro lay. I was a spy at the time and found where I thought the Indians had had a camp on the ridge there on Bob Ewing's where they had stopped to take care of a wounded Indian. These that I have enumerated were all that were ever killed at the furnace. The guard that had been kept up that year because of the fear of want of fidelity to the treaty, now these fears had been realized, was to be continued another year also. The year 1796 closed the military operations in this part of the country. This year was one of uninterrupted quiet to the furnace.

By this time the settlements along the Ohio River had extended so far along its banks as to close the ordinary route from north to south, so long used by the Indians in coming to this back country; or it would be difficult to say when these marauding expeditions would have ceased to have been made, or how long their depredations would have continued.

Kentucky could never have been settled in the way that it was, had it not been for the cane and the game. They could never have gotten their provisions out through the wilderness in safety, so much as would have been necessary to have made a beginning and their stock and themselves would have starved in the winter. As it was, all they had to do was to keep the Indians from killing them; though they were sometimes very hard pressed to do this. Otherwise, they had cane for winter and abundance of game for both summer and winter.

A Lick was the place to which cattle resorted to for licking the salt water. When the water did not appear and the ground was impregnated, the cattle would eat the clay and it was then called a clay lick. In many places the water appeared in insufficient quantities and the clay and suck licks were then combined as to Mann's, Bullit's and the Mud Lick, where it could be seen that the clay had been eaten for a considerable distance around although small quantities of water could be sucked up in places where it had been most trampled.

The Upper and the Lower Blue Licks were the only two places where the water ran in a fresh spring. At all these places where salt water was to be found it oozed out in very small quantities and collected in muddy pools where it was sucked from the tracks formed by the tramping of the animals that resorted to them, the larger proportion of which were buffalo. From none of these licks did the water run off; and where it collected was where the cattle discovered it and gone in and tramped. The licks where salt was made at them were all dug as Manns', Bullit's and Long's. There was a remarkable Lick discovered on Spencer. It run in a little seep, and as high as 80 bushels of salt had been made from it with one furnace it in a day. John Coons, living below Spencer Meeting House lived right where it was and was concerned in it. They put in a force pump, and drew in the fresh water upon it and destroyed and ruined it.

My first traps being taken at the death of my brother, I afterwards bought others, but when I got me a family I found hunting was no way to make a living and sold my traps. I wanted another cow and hadn't money enough to enable me to purchase it so I made up a shooting match and set up a stick and took two shots and got 2/3 of my steer. One of the men was so pleased with my gun that he would have me set it up too, but wouldn't let me have a shoot. I knew that as long as I had a gun I couldn't farm with success and that when I would start out for anything it was very uncertain when I would get back and so concluded to let it go and put it up for \$20. I now did without a gun for three years, but one fall the squirrels had become so bad they threatened to take all my corn. I knew where there was a gun that would suit me and determined to have it at any price, if the man would part with it. I went and got it and since then have never been without a gun. I never knew anyone to make anything, or to do well at hunting.

The pleasure of hunting generally predominates in those that lead such a life. The love of hunting becomes a ruling and absorbing passion. Hence it is not surprising that the end of one year's labor should only find them tolerably prepared to encounter the fatigue to which they are impelled, as of necessity, or the succeeding. They need little capital and a

few peltry of furs is all they obtain. The stimulus of success never animated them. They have no artificial habits which wealth can gratify. The constraints of want never urge them to enlarge their stores.

My father, Dawson Wade, was an officer or Lt. (McIntosh's Campaign) he went in Paulding's Company during the whole war. Held the Lieutenants place in the company on this campaign he was living then in Botetourt County. The Cherokees heard of the expedition and came to meet with them with offers. A treaty was made which the Indians have ever since observed with respect to the whites in that section; but often violated by their incursions into this part of the country. The delay, however that succeeded in forming the treaty, whether necessary, or as some thought avoidable was so great they consumed all the provision before getting home and were reduced almost to a state of starvation. Some of the men foreseen this and boiled up hides and took them with them. My father said that he passed by men who had given out to weakness and had fallen down that lay with one piece of a hide in their hand the other in their mouth. He himself had saved of his provision and by this means was able to save James Carr, a young man, a hatter, that had made his home with him in Virginia.

Old Manuel Kelly, formerly in McGee's Station, then in Clark, but for a long time afterwards near Mt. Sterling, used to say it was the truth that he sometimes told lies and then repeated them so often that he believed his own lie.

James Barnes married a daughter of Col. Boone; lived on Salt Lick, but moved away to Montgomery County, Missouri.

Swift was a man that had been at Fort Pitt when it was in possession of the French. He had fled from Virginia on account of something. The whole of this is in conformity of Swift's own statement. The French knew that the Indians knew where there was a silver mine and sent two Indians with Swift to the place. The Indians took him down the river to about opposite Maysville, traveled two days over a level country and part of the way very rich; they then entered a mountainous region where they came into a cave where they found the silver ore. They brought down what they could carry and brought it back to the river and then to Fort Pitt. After this Swift returned to western Virginia and there got companies and was gone for three years, when they returned with three horse loads of silver dollars, but one of the horses gave out as they crossed the Moccasin Gap they hid this portion till another time.

(Shane's Notes) After a few years Swift thought that he could return in safety, ventured to go home and got two other men to go with him. One of them was one Monday and was the hunter for the party. They built them a furnace on the bank of the creek, opposite the cave and there lived and worked for three years. At this time they hid three bushels of silver dollars in about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of the place in three suitable gums sunken in the ground and covered over with flat rock. They still had enough to load three packhorses, was as much as they could pack. At the Moccasin Gap one of the horses died, they hid his load of money and then went on home. In the course of a year or two I think both the other men died. At the lapse of some years Swift's money all gave out. He

now went to the gap and obtained the hidden load. Knowing no better use of life he spent this supply also and in no time it too was exhausted. He now gained two fresh companions and they set out for the cave of silver ore. This adventure was full of misfortune. They were out nearly, or quite three months, they had gotten out of all supplies and been compelled to eat their dog. The two men went down and staid at or about Boonesboro, till they should recruit and then went back to Virginia, giving up all Swift's projects. They showed by their appearance, others that saw them said, that they had been pretty near starved to death.

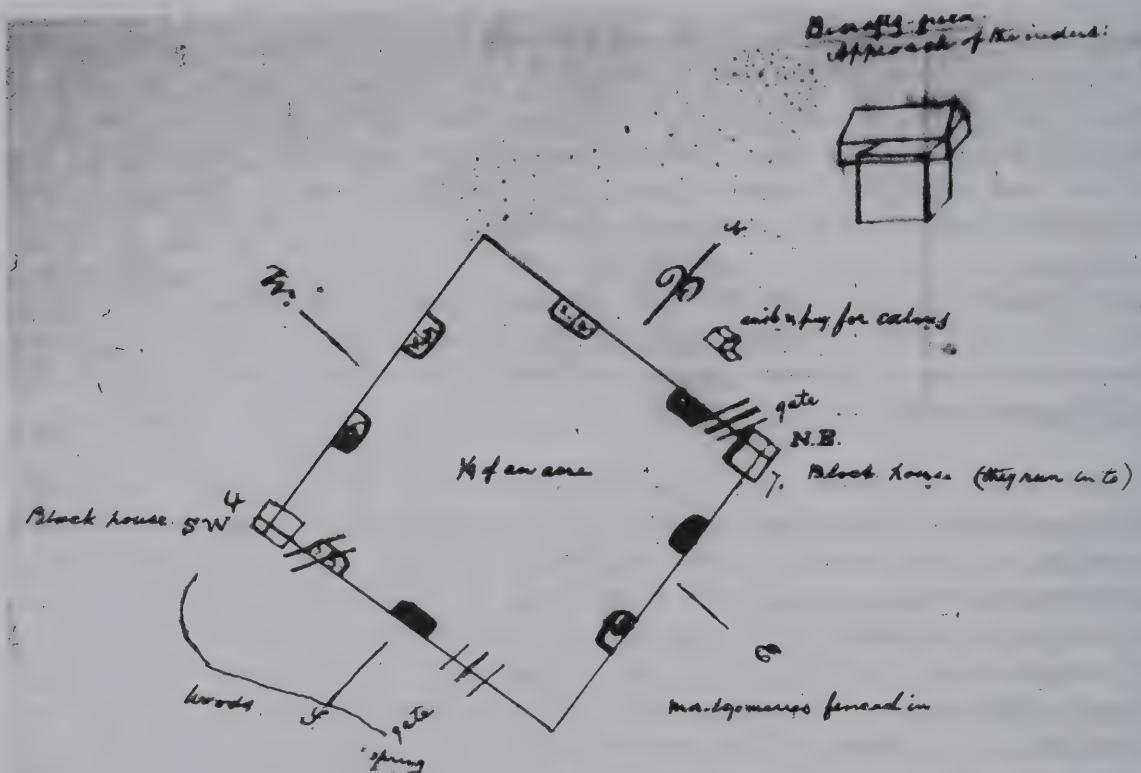
Michael Stoner went down and took the widow Harveston's account, living 9 miles below Danville at a cross roads where a little town is now and if there was any man that I ever knew, in whose word I would place confidence it was Michael Stoner. She had been taken prisoner from off of the Clinch, carried on to the Kentucky as we supposed, and while kept there a part of the Indians went down the river and got two scalps. Some of them pointed to the river and told her there were some people settled down that river. Some of these Indians went to a cave and got knapsacks full of bright shining stuff that they had made into silver bracelets and ear-rings when they got to Detroit. They showed them to her as made from that stuff on the river in Ky.

Swift still went out with parties from Kentucky. One day he had started out with a party of 10 or 15 and was going down a steep bank where the Greenbrier Trace crosses Stoner when his horse fell back up on him and hurt him so bad that he went blind. He was too old a man to walk

After Swift had gotten into Ky. He had sent on to Va. and gotten testimonials certifying the truth of these statements and after this accident he entered into writing with several others, giving them the particular direction to enable them to find these gums of money when they lit on the cave. For these directions, which he had never given before, he received in consideration the promise of the transportation of his family to Ky. and their support during his life. To this paper he was sworn by Major. Hood, Dr. Hs'g f. (Shane's abbreviations) Hitherto the men had only accompanied him. I never knew but two of the Swift children and then not until after Swift's death. Bush was the principal one to get out Swift's family, and that was after Swift had gone blind, he with Young, Bridges and Stover, were the original party, each to share equally. (There is some additional on Swift, but the text is so small and it is very difficult to read, with an enlarged copy it would be legible, should someone desire more on Swift and the silver mine.)

Morgans' Station – April 1st 1793

- 1 - Mrs Allington, the S.W. blockhouse
- 2 - South side next to Mrs. Allington, Bill Aster's
- 3 - Jim Aster's, west side next to Mrs. Allington
- 4 - Bob Craig, N.E. blockhouse, one of the three cabins, three bachelors of us first lived there till we came and then it was agreed we should go among the families and let him have the room. I went first to live with Harry Martin.
- 5 - Martin's first lived in the east end, but when Jim Aster moved out he went into his cabin, a stronger one than No. 3. #5 was 10 feet from #4.
- 6 - Becroft always lived in the house at the N.W. corner till he moved into the field.
- 7 - North part of the station from corner to corner was occupied by my stable and the big gate.



No. 2 - My stable forming part of the wall with the gate which we all ran out, nearly square against it (across the fort).

No. 1 - A cabin I don't recollect to have been occupied.

No. 4 - Jonathan Allington had lived in and Bill Aster in No. 3.

No. 8 - Harry Martin and Bob Craig

No. 6 - ____ imphters & Aby Becroft

Peter Cutright (son-in-law of Old Mrs. Allington) had moved from the lower blockhouse upon to Harper and old Mrs. Allington was living in the same place. Harry Martin had moved into the cabin that Jim Aster lived in. It was one of the best cabins in the fort. Baker lived in where his mother-in-law had lived. Jas Young had moved into was and living there. Got Duncan's gun at Becroft's cabin. He, Joe Young said he had but two bullets, at the time of the attack.

Ohio
13cc198-199

In the opening of the year, when these red-buds were putting out, Nancy Gordon was taken prisoner, Ross Gordon jumped over the top of the log, which I couldn't touch. The Indian went to run around the butt of the log and healed up. He saw his yellow hide as the blanket flew up, just as he jumped. The men saw the place where he fell. It was 20 odd rods from there to the big road. Their mother had sent them out to see if they could see the sheep and they thought they must have some red-buds.

I was taken from father's plantation 18 miles from Pittsburgh, on the Pa. Road, on Turtle Creek in the spring McIntosh established the fort on Beaver, on the 8th of April. I lacked from that till the 9th of August of being 11. About 3 miles from where I was taken one Edward Bryan and his daughter were taken. We met together on the Allegheny. Four men were killed on the other side of the place which I was taken that morning. They put 2 and 2 in graves. There were 4 soldiers going express from Pittsburgh to Hannah's Town, there were 4 parties of Indians. The one, staid at the Allegheny with the canoes. The other 3 committed the depredations. I was gone 5 years. Got back in October 1783, was exchanged at Lake Champlain. They were rejoicing for Jesus the day that I sailed from Lake Niagara. The Onondagas (?) took me. Bryan and his daughter were exchanged 2 years before me. Prisoners and scalps were brought in by the hundreds while I was there. There were 200 of us when we left Montreal, every one taken by the Indians.

Benjamin Ethington
13cc187

Lives on the line of Franklin and Anderson, brother to Mrs. Cook.

The two were out shearing sheep at the time, one was killed, the other got in, in time to help bar the door. The Indians then attempted to fire the house. The one pointed the gun to keep them from coming down, the other put out the fire, first with water, 2nd with milk and 3rd with eggs and they lastly said there would be plenty of men there after a while. The Indians then went down and set on a log where one of them was shot".

Ambrose White was taken prisoner and shot in the arm. Was out 5 years and 6 months. Was then living in North Carolina, had been out there looking at the country. He was in company with 5 or 6 at the time he was taken. His horse sprang between 2 saplings and dragged him off. His arm was undressed until he got to the towns.

Spence
13cc198-199

On the 14th of February 1794 Samuel Spence was killed on the Eagle Ridge, 5 miles on the road this side of Georgetown. That day, and the day before, he had been to a log rolling. When he came home, it was a nice beautiful day. His wife had been collecting sugar water and he said to her he would go out and kindle a fire under the furnace, and boil it down that night. She had thought it was best to leave it till the next day as he was tired, and it was now too late. But, it was a beautiful clear and moonlight night, and the people were just settling out, and they had everything to do. He went out and kindled up his fire, and then came in and got his supper, as he returned within about 10 steps he was shot. There appeared to have been 3 Indians. One had stood off at a distance and held a horse as they could discover the next day. They had been away 3 miles further and in. Had stolen a horse from a young man about 2 miles in. The ground froze about noon next day so that they could not be traced and they got away. Brother lived 14 days after he was shot, till the last day of February. He moved out to his farm in 1791. He had no more idea of Indians then, as I do now, not a bit. There were 4 families living there on that run. My brother had a little bound boy that was living with him at the time, and he had went out with him after supper. When the Indians shot he asked my brother if he was shot, he told him he was and to clear himself. He ran back to the house and told his Aunt (as he called her) that her husband was shot. He was not more than 10 steps from the Indians when they shot him. I have measured it many a time.

Nathaniel McClure
13cc185-186

I came to Kentucky in the fall of 1795. Coming through the wilderness at a place called the Cumberland Cane-brake, they had kept up a sentry, not from personal fear of Indians, but lest their horse should be stolen. They were up and stirring just at the very peep of day, beginning to break. Before sunrise they met a party of Indians, who had no doubt been thieving through the region. They had guns, but we passed without ceremony.

Some families had settled in along the ridge here and there several years before I came. The pea vines grew along in the heads of the hollows, so that you could track a turkey and run on its trail.

James Morris (Revised)
13cc202-205

Eight families of us left New Jersey in May of 1788 and five of them came to Mayslick and settled in a circle round the salt spring. They laid off their farms so as to corner in the salt spring and then settled in their corners. With portholes in their cabins

they could fire from any four on those attacking the fifth. This would account for its irregular position. This of defense and the reason of giving each a part in the spring, made their lines somewhat crooked.

The first year the whole of us had to subsist upon wild meat, except for 100# of bacon which was left to my father, because it was so old they didn't claim a share. The law of the settlement was, that while there was any bread in the settlement it should be divided among the company. We got so that 4 families were out one morning and they sent round and found one family with half a loaf of bread, which was divided among the children. They had given 4/s hitherto. Before dinner a wagon came along from towards Paris loaded with meal for 3/s, which we bought with nearly all the money we had. Those killed at Mayslick; Wood was first, Flora was second, Stites was third, Kelsey was fourth and Lawson the next year. A man by the name of Wood was killed in the spring of 1788, just a little to the north of the road between Washington and Maysville, this was just a few weeks before we came. A few months before the Kelsey affair, one Flora was crossing Johnson's Fork Hill with two or three others, he was the only one I believe with a gun. The Indians fired and killed Thomas and Flora (They were coming on to Washington and were coming up Johnson's Fork Hill and the Indians lay in ambush.) They were all on horseback and made their escape by their horses leaping a log which was in the way, while the Indians had to run around the top, called the lap, and they the horsemen got the start. They had shot the only gun in the company, thinking they could overtake and capture the rest. The Flora family afterwards settled Flora's Station, Chenoweth's and Ross' it was afterwards called, between here and Howe's Mill.

Nehemiah Stites, nephew of the two that settled at the mouth of the Big Miami had gone to Washington to build a cabin, on his return, with one other they were attacked by Indians. The 2 had their guns cocked and ready to fire, but Stites wasn't quick enough, he was shot before he could shoot.

Stites and Wade Jr., Shotwell and Wade Sr., Morris and Grant were out hunting and were within hearing of the Indians guns. When the Indians fired and Wade shot, Morris and Grant (heard their guns and so did the other two) saw a flock of wild turkeys fly up into the trees which they supposed they had been after and Morris held Grant's horse while Grant should go to shoot at them (he didn't fire). It was a practice when they went off to build a cabin they should take Saturday afternoon and hunt half the day home. Stites was shot down and the Indians ran up and tomahawked and scalped him. Wade Jr. escaped & Stites' horse, but lost the coverlid on which he was riding. Buildings were going up while we were yet at Washington.

When we were putting up the first cabins at Mayslick, a party of packers came along and camped about 2 miles north of Mayslick. The Indians came upon them and alarmed them. Two of the men raised up their heads and the Indians fired and killed one of them and wounded the other. Part of the cabins were up; some were not yet done. They built cabins as high as the first floor, and then took apart an old wagon and put it on for a cover, through which they got down inside of and slept at nights, cutting only port holes to shoot through at first, without cutting window or door out. Kelsy was the wounded man. Was a citizen down at Maysville or Washington, and was probably in the employ of

these packers. He was camping together with them. This was in the fall of 1788. The woman of the family had brought up a bucket of water and put out the fire the Indians were seeing to shoot by. She then jumped in the wagon and broke open a chest that was nailed down and handed out some ammunition. When the Indians fired, the men could see to fire by the flash of their guns and they drove the Indians back. The woman's husband ran away and reported they were all killed. Kelsey, who was wounded crept away, got a horse and came in. The Indians would still fire at the wagon where they had seen the fire. The men as soon as they got their ammunition, treed and fired back. They maintained their ground, forced the Indians back and forced them to leave their blankets.

James Lawson's escape interrupted the first wedding that was ever celebrated at Mayslick. The ceremony had just been performed when the horseman from the 2nd wagon brought in the alarm. Richard Tennant married to Ann Shotwell, 1st wife. The wagon that had crossed the Licking and come this way was the 1st that was attacked. The other wagon was going towards the Licking. (This was in 1789, the year following these others.) When they pursued after the waggoner, in the Lawson case, they killed several Indians in rescuing him, after getting in Ohio.

In the case of Downing. Mr. Morris states that he killed two Indians when he made his escape, one that lay with his head rolled up in a blanket, and one that pulled out the tin cup. He killed the one with the cup first, and then the other before he could get his head out. There was a little Indian besides that was not killed.

They came on a Dutchman at a sugar camp down here by Washington, making sugar. They were hunting horses and they tied a string of bells around him and set him on a horse. As they came to a pen and were going round, he cut the string to his bell and escaped into the field, where he got away. They had taken him to be a slave (in the dark) and he made out as if he had been badly treated.

In 1788 at the attendance of public worship, the people were obliged to go out and have their sentinels walk around and keep a guard. This was at Washington, and the worship was on logs under a grove.

John McClure 12cc153-154

Hugh Allen was at the Battle of Point Pleasant. In the action he stood behind a sapling and it was said to have had the marks of 60 to 70 bullets, that struck or grazed it, and at length he was killed from behind it. His widow afterwards married a William Craig. Adam Wall, that stood in the same tracks afterwards, at the same sapling, was wounded there. A piece of poetry was written and sung about this battle, but it hurt widow Allen's feelings and they quit singing it. She had heard it one day when someone was washing down by the river. It was said on that day, that Lewis would not let the men have ammunition, and that he kept back 20 men to guard him or the magazine. His

brother came in and took out a hat full. As we came down the river we stopped at the point in 1793.

We got to Maysville not before the last of June, over the Ohio was Indian country, and over the Kenawha at the point was a wilderness. It was not difficult for the Indians to come in there from either place without being seen. When we landed we were surprised to see them all under arms. Every man seen about the streets had his gun. Just before this, a day or two, or the day before, a party of about 14 men who had been out in the fields at work, above the town, were returning from their dinner to the fields again, and passing along a road by the fence, when a party of an equal number of Indians, that lay concealed under a fence fired on them. One of the men was wounded by a bullet that only went about $\frac{1}{2}$ bullet deep in his arm. He said the Indian that shot at him was so near that he could have spit upon him. They took him down to Gallipolis to a French doctor there to have his wound dressed. Gallipolis was a French and Indian town. Suppose the Indians received the same amount of damage, or perhaps had one killed, as we saw where they had pulled down the fence, as if to get an Indian out. It had been a rainy, drizzling time and about half of the guns on both sides were wet.

John Hanks (Revised)

12cc138-144

I was born 29th November 1757 in Loudon Co. Maryland. When I was about 8 years old we came to the Monongahela, at Red Stone Old Fort. From there to Wheeling is about 60 miles across and 170 around. We were not forted there.

Eight Indians that had been at our house went from there to one Presser's, a Dutchman, where they got rum and getting drunk they took the Dutchman's bed, threw out the feathers and took the ticks, horses and whatever else they wanted and went off. Their squaws and papooses were in company. Swearingen raised some men and went after them getting the articles they sought without injury to either party.

From the Monongahela we moved to within 5 miles of Wheeling, remaining there till the Indians compelled us to move into Wheeling Fort. Before we moved in, one McBride (?) was killed on the waters of Wheeling. Old Ben Decker came round and told us the neighborhood was full of Indians. He made it a great deal worse than it was. We were out and round, up & to Silas Zanes. My father, being at that time over the Ohio, about a mile from us & after Indians. The Indians made peace when Cornwallis was taken and continued it 5 or 6 years.

Abraham Zane was the principal owner of land at Wheeling. Silas Zane and George Green went to Detroit driving cattle and made a great amount, bring back a great pile of money with them. They went a 2nd time and my mother made some cappo-coats for them to take along and sell among the Indians, made them of blue broadcloth, with a cap or hood to draw over the head, otherwise they were like a match coat. I recollect that I sewed some on them myself. The Indians killed them at the crossing of the Big

Muskingum as they came back. Isaac Zane, who was Silas' brother had married and was living among the Indians. He made his threat to have revenge for the death of his brother and had to flee from among the Indians.

From Zanes we went to the fort, while we were there one morning, went out Jacob Coles, John Mills and D. McMahan, looking for McMahan's heifer. McMahan was intending to move out of the fort. I was out at the spring when the firing was heard. About 20 men seized their guns and ran out. Jacob Coles and John Mills were killed and McMahan wounded. The Indians seemed to have made as much sign as possible when they got to the mouth of Wheeling where the trace led. John Sanders said to the company "I wish we were on the other side of the river", someone replied, "they didn't wish to be over on the other side, because they believed there were plenty of Indians over on that side". Letters were found on the trail left by the Indians, inviting the whites to come and join them, that if they would bring a flag, they shouldn't be hurt and they should have fine quarters at Detroit. Dreading some evil consequences from these letters members of the party were mutually sworn not to divulge the secret of their contents, for the next six months. As might be expected this having of a secret and being sworn to it had a great rumpuss (sic) in the fort for the time.

One other time at Wheeling, Thomas Ryan, his son, and one Richardson went out to plant corn on Ryan's place. The Indians were concealed behind the fence, waiting till their hoeing and dropping should bring them to the end at which they lay concealed. As Thomas Ryan was a large man and the others were small or young. They planned to shoot him and catch them. Accordingly the father, Ryan was shot and the son taken while another Indian pursued Richardson across the field. As the Indian was gaining on him and not leaving him time he just fell over the fence with what haste he could to make his escape. As he jumped the fence, his pistol fell out of his belt and the Indian, mistaking his effort to recover it, for a design to attack him, gave a whoo! And turned back.

Silas Zane was killed at the Muskingum, he married Ryan's widow. On another occasion a party from the fort went on a scout, and on returning by an orchard stopped to get some peaches. While there one of the party discovered something unusually bright and on looking discovered that a party of Indians had been drawn in on the same errand with themselves. On seeing them approach they concealed themselves in the grass. He carefully notified his companions and they arranged themselves and disposed of the Indians. This man shot the Indian whose looking glass he had seen reflecting the light as it lay on his breast. He brought the scalp into the fort and shook it in at our door as he passed.

The supplies came in company of 25 at Wheeling to help guard the station. On the approach of the company they met some men just at the station going out to gig fish in Wheeling Creek. One of the company turned and went with them without having ever been in the fort. They had been at the creek but a few minutes when the Indians fired and this man was the only one of the number that was killed. I heard this sometime latter. The

man's shoes were slung over his shoulder and in the manner in which he traveled and the ball had gone through one of the shoes.

Dr. McMahan sent an Irishman and his black man, London, out one morning to get the oxen. When they got there the Indians were in ambush and they took after them. The Irishman was overtaken and tomahawked, but the Negro who was too swift for them rushed into the fort and cried Indians! Indians!. The men in the fort snatched up their guns and ran, some without their hats. The Indians drew the pursuing party to follow them round the mountain, having others prepared to follow them in the rear, till they were closed in on both sides and the whole party, but two were cut off. These were Sam Mason (a Capt.) and one Caldwell, who did not get started as soon as the others and so were not surrounded. Mason and his Sergeant encountered two Indians. Mason called on the Sergeant to shoot. Both shot on both sides. Both the Indians and the Sergeant whose name was Steele were killed and Mason was wounded. He now crept down under the bank of Wheeling Creek where he laid till night and he then got on to Shepherds' Fort, about 6 miles.

Frank Duke, Shepherd's son-in-law, came from Shepherd's Fort and got in among the Indians and was shot, but he got back to the fort gate before he fell from his horse. The gate was opened and he was brought in.

John McCullough, Maj. Sam McCullough and Sam Atchinson, with Peter Hanks came from Hawkins' to Wheeling and didn't perceive the Indians till they got most to the fort. They dismounted and fired. The Indians being at their breakfast, had not yet seen them, but returned the fire and killed Sam Atchison, the rest got in.

The wheat gals almost kept the fort; they were Nause, Betts, Hannah and Levy. Bets and Hannah both had children and one or both of them made one or two trips down to New Orleans and back through the Indian Towns. The Indians asked if they had any whiskey, "Yes," said Betts, plenty, stilled in the melting ladle.

My father's house that had been, was the farthest out of those outside of the fort. The back of the chimney had been burnt through. Hannah Wheat was watching in the Bastion and saw an Indian come round the corner and slip his gun through this hole, into the house, and then afraid to be there long enough to creep in himself, go round the chimney again. Hannah called to an old man named Walker and told him what she had seen. Walker asked her to let him have her place and shoot the Indian when he came round. Hannah Wheat, with an oath said, "she had seen him first and she ----if she didn't mean to have the shoot and took him lengthways as he went to go in, tumbling him down there till after night. My father had moved up to Hawkins but a few weeks before this

Col. Shepherd of Shepherd's Station was sent to the Assembly. He took his son Moses, a large boy some with him, after being there for a while he cried to come home. Col. Shepherd had mills on Little Wheeling.

We staid a week or 10 days at Wm. Hawkin's Station. There was a family of Gists that lived in the neighborhood who were all killed except one little girl. She was tomahawked and scalped. I saw her as they were taking her in. She was put on the back of a bed, it laying over the straddle of a horse. The doctor raised the fractured portion of the skull and put a piece of silver in it. I saw her afterwards when she was well. We then went on to Waller's Station and in about 10 days after we left Hawkin's Station all his family were killed by Indians except one daughter, Kizzy, who was red-headed and was taken to Detroit and was there bought by a merchant, who reportedly later married her. Hawkins was a great hunter, always had Indian paint in his house. The Indians tied him up to a peach tree and scalped him alive, and then killed him, leaving him tied there. A young man in the house when they came got up into the loft. The Indians told him to come down, but he wouldn't. They said they would bring him down if they had to burn down the house. He came down and I believe it was the 2nd night that he got away from them. Waller's was about three miles from Hawkins'. He had a good strong station or fort. From Waller's we went on to Edgerson's, where we were at the time of the Point Battle. From there we went into the settlements again.

In May 1786 we came to Kentucky. Colonel Boon had a little store at Limestone. We went out hunting and Boon lent me his rifle, in place of my own. Saying as I carried it on my shoulder, that if I saw any Buffalo, it would twist around towards them. In 1789 he had a little store at the mouth of the Kenawha.

In 1787 or 88, March or April, a company pursued some Indians down on Cabin Creek who had been up to Strode's stealing horses. Jim McIntyre, John McIntyre and Big Bill Whiteside and myself, were on foot in the advance keeping the track. They stopped back at a little branch to drink and I had gotten about 20 yards on when I saw two Indians round a stump on fire. The rain had sort of ceased and the wind had risen. Blue Jacket and another Indian had been left behind to watch the back track and were standing round the stump which they had kindled to get themselves dry. I beckoned to them to come ahead. Jim McIntyre and me were just going to shoot when they saw the horsemen coming over the hill. Jim fired, the only gun that was shot, the rest having got theirs wet and being unable to get theirs off. The two jumped down the high bank of the creek and we after them. Bob McMullen in coming up saw the common Indian hid under the creek bank. Bob had his boots on so that he couldn't run (wasn't very swift at any time) his gun snapped and he raised a halloo, but the Indian got off. The horsemen crossed the creek just above the steep bank, and came down just in the direction that we were hallooing and the Indians running. Blue Jacket turned back just as he met them and as I was about to shoot him, when Hood, who had rode to the bank and jumped down, knocked my gun up, saying you will kill some of our men; and Blue Jacket ran right into my arms, having then thrown away his weapons. One James Baize who had formerly been a prisoner came up and hit him with the britch (sic) of his gun over the eye, so that it raised a great big lump as big as your fist. They knocked 6 rings out of ears which I picked up and kept. Blue Jacket begged, said he didn't want to kill anybody, only to steal horses. There was a little Irishman in the company named Jim Wilson who was the only man in the company that would kill a prisoner and the company was willing to his being shot. I went up to get Jim McIntyre, said it looked like murder to kill that man. He turned around and said to Jim

Wilson, don't shoot him. I knew that I had touched his feelings. Instead of killing him there he was set on a horse and he piloted us to Maysville. If we gave him anything at mess that night he would always take it and say that Col. Boone had given him such meat or tobacco. Boone's son said he had gone out over the Ohio from Limestone often, the summer before to hunt deer. I staid in another house that night, but went out in the night and Frank Jones, of the Cross Plains, who was half drunk had Blue Jacket on his knee.

The next 2nd or 3rd night we stopped at Sconce's Station upon Hinkston. That night we were all drinking and Stephen Biles was placed sentry. A log chain had been put up on Blue Jacket, but Biles, who too had been drinking got to nodding, and Blue Jacket discovering it slipped the chain and escaped. James Baize and Big Bill Whiteside had both been prisoners among the Indians, taken from Riddle's Station and could talk English [Indian]. Blue Jacket had a scar on his neck, in attempting to break into a house on Nolachucky or Clinch a woman had put a load of shot into it. His mare and his gun were put up at auction for the benefit of the company. Jim Wilson bought them but never paid for them, nor have I heard from him since to this day. I got his arm bands and rings. All of the horses stolen were recovered, but none of the other Indians were seen. The Indians had been at Strode's Station, twice before this and stolen horses and some Indians were killed both times, but I was not along. The Indians were also at Tom Burrows, on Two Mile, waters of the Kentucky and Maj. Hubanks killed one riding along, not guarding the back track.

We landed at Maysville in May 1786. The 1st night after we had landed a company went down to the Mouth of Eagle to watch a lick. While setting at the lick they heard a bell open and immediately shut again. They immediately pushed off their canoe and returned to Limestone where a company volunteered in which I joined and got back to Eagle again by sunrise. We saw but one Indian at the time, he was coming along with his saddle on his back, about to catch a horse. When he saw us he dropped his saddle and cleared out. We got five horses which we sold when we got to Maysville and Abraham Dale, my brother and myself each took a barrel of flour for our pay.

Ezekiel Sudduth was killed near Hood's Station in 1787. We pursued to the Licking which was out of its banks, so we could go no farther.

Charles Vancouver, and 10 of us that he had hired for the purpose, went up to spend a year, with, or for him, at a station to be formed on the Big Sandy, at the forks. The names of the company were 1. Joe Blackburn 2. Thomas Jones 3. James Jones, men of families, 4. Daniel Irvine 5. Bill Wyatt 6. Angus Ross 7. James McMullen 8. Looman Gibbs 9. Myself 10. Jim Jacobs who deserted, never went up at all. Our wages were to be a barrel of corn a piece, 2 bushels of salt for the ten and a deed or title to each for 50 acres of land. We got there in February, pine trees occupied all that bottom where the town of Lawrence now is and in that bottom I hunted and killed wild turkeys. We put the cabins right in the forks of the Sandy in Virginia. Vancouver had never been there before. In March our horses were all stolen. I discovered a rope made of twisted bark as we went out. I had told him the Indians had gotten them and he asked what the young man knew about Indians. We were then in search of the horses and to convince him where I had

found it that the Indians had been there and gotten them, I asked him in picking it up, if he had ever seen a rope made of bark.

Looman Gibbs, Thomas Jones and myself brought Vancouver down to the mouth of Big Sandy to go on to Philadelphia. He gave us a half-Joe a piece when we parted from him. When we got to the mouth of Big Sandy we noticed Vancouver walking all round a big Elm that stood there & we asked him what he was doing. He said he was looking at a corner tree. It had the letters GW for Washington's military company. The land of John Savage and his company started there. Vancouver went to Philadelphia after his horses were stolen. It was his object in going here to lay in a store of goods with which to trade, this he accomplished. They were brought down in a keel boat from Pittsburgh. There were setting around there a great many store articles, perfectly useless, such as a barrel of coffee mills, which he allowed to be a mark to shoot at one day, for a time, then he directed them to be put away and taken care of. During this period the story of Jenny Wiley was acted out. Jenny Wiley was a woman who had been kept prisoner by the Indians for nearly three years. There were only six of them and they had never taken her across the Ohio. She was pregnant when the Indians got her and when her time came the Indians left her in a cave and went out and staid away for 5 days. When they returned they removed the child and she never heard of it anymore. She had been taken off of Clinch and kept all this time on I suppose now Jenny's Creek, for Jenny's Creek took its name from her. One day we were going up on Big Sandy on a hunting spree by water, some 20 or 30 miles. The Indians were out in a very thick brushy place. On hearing our guns they returned to their encampment and endeavored to make the alarm known to the other Indians and yet conceal it from this woman. She judged from their motions that there were white men in the neighborhood along the river and when they left and went away she determined to leave to. Following Jenny's Creek to Big Paint and that down to the Sandy she came to opposite where one Harman had built a cabin that spring, after we had come. Harman was a great old hunter. He had at this time taken his canoe and went down to Vancouver's to drink whiskey. When Jenny called a young man came and set her over on a raft and then went down to Vancouver's by land to get Harman. Angus Ross, one of our men went back in the canoe with them. Vancouver sent her up dresses, as she hadn't _____ of women stuff on her. From this Jenny Wiley was sent up to Greenbrier and so got on her way home. She was at Phillip Hammond's at Jeffersonville and at my _____ some 25 or 30 years ago. She inquired for me, but I was not at home and don't now recollect what I heard of her.

Vancouver's Station was broken up in 1790. We brought down the keel boat to Washington, but with only some 8 barrels of meat _____ Vancouver had had packed down. To take charge of the store goods were Looman Gibbs and Daniel Irvin along with two other men that had come down with Vancouver in the keel boat from Pittsburgh. One day as the first two were going up the river in a canoe the Indians poured a heavy fire on them from the banks, but without effect. They now pushed their cane which was very swift moving along the mouth of a creek whose waters were so swollen with the back waters as to obstruct the pursuit of the Indians on that side and they landed to avoid the fire of the Indians from the other side and so made their escape. The store was then entirely forsaken. All the other things, but the meat we have mentioned, including liquor

and rum, more than these four could have used before they left was then unprotected. Vancouver ran for the Legislature, when he got to Washington and got in easy. He would have himself dressed and his hair powdered at the fort every Sunday morning regularly, as prime as in a court and there was nobody there but us men. His permanent home was in Holland. I spent 11 days with him at the three forks of the Kentucky in May 1800 assisting him in finding his lands. He had married in Holland and brought his wife over with him. He paid \$400 for taxes that had been due and that would accrue in three years to come on 10,000 acres of land on Red River. His business being settled he set out on his return to Holland, but was taken sick between Marietta and Pittsburgh and between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia he died. We regarded his land so poor that none of us would have thought of asking him for it. Latterly I had determined to enter suit in court for my 50 acres, but understood that the Clerk of Court had sold out all the town lots to satisfy claims against Vancouver (I would say the store goods) and that there was nothing to be gotten and of course it was dropped. Angus Ross came from Scotland and is now living on the Big Sandy. James McMullen was no Kentucky. He died on the Dry Ridge coming from Harmer's Campaign. Daniel Irvin was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun as he was carrying home some game on a pole in Ohio. The other man had one end of the pole and was carrying his gun with the britch thrown back over his shoulder when the brushing of the lock against the bushes caused it to discharge and the load entered Irvin. He lived long enough perhaps to go home at least to say, "it was a damned careless trick."

At the mouth of the Big Sandy we pushed to our canoes, saw a little fire off at a distance. The others laid down to sleep near to the canoe. I considered it hazardous, but the others ruled to stop and I took my blanket and went way off to a distance and laid me down by myself. Here I fell into a sound sleep till Vancouver came and waked me. One of the companions snored exceedingly loud and he hadn't been able to sleep. When he saw an Indian (we suppose) pick up a brand and head in the direction in which we were. He had no doubt heard the snoring and as we had landed quietly, and in then night he was coming unsuspectingly to see, I was the last to get into the canoe and push off.

Angus Ross and me were coming up the river one day and saw a stump where a wild goose had just flown off. We went and found ½ dozen eggs, but on breaking them open there were the little veins of blood all around them, none of the rest of us would have eaten them. Angus Ross had during that day eaten the marrow of six buffalo shank bones, (said he had had as much marrow as he wanted once in his life) he put these ½ dozen eggs on top of that marrow and set on the side of that canoe all that night feeding the fishes. He used to say that he hired as a herder one year in the highlands of Scotland for his board and a pair of shoes, at that. Had never had enough meat to eat there.

John Craig (Revised)

12cc144-146

William Craig, my father came from Maryland where I was born in 1769. When I was a child he settled on the Greenbrier on the south side between Second Creek and

where is now Monroe Courthouse, he had a station there. That is a fort with bastions. I recollect when the men left there to go to the Battle of the Point. I recollect another time my father and another man asked they to be allowed to stand sentry for the night. The men danced and were off their guard so much he wanted to break it up. That night while on guard, they fired their guns, my father shot at a big tree. Tom Nichols ran up into the bastions, before my father could get out of the way, and asked him if he hit anything (the other man hid immediately) father replied he did, Nichols asked if he was sure, he answered he was quite sure he hit it. Nichols called up his dog and rushed out of the fort gate. Had there been Indians he couldn't have acted with any more imprudence. Joseph Corry, the fiddler was so frightened he hid under the ground log of the house. This broke up the frolicking. The station was 10 or 15 miles from Lewisburg. I suppose there were people living around that made up the station or fort. Craig's Station and Soap's Knob were both in the heart of the country. Over on the other side of the Knob there was a creek that ran into Greenbrier, which was a place of danger. The Indians stole horses there. At the mouth of Greenbrier lived two brothers named VanBibber. Grimes Fort, on the other side of Greenbrier was attacked and a young man named Caldwell from our neighborhood was killed. This was all that was done. [Note: this was the residence of James Graham that was attacked before dawn on Sept. 11, 1777, D. Payne]

At the time of the attack that was made on Donelly's Station, the nearest station on the north side of the Greenbrier, it was Phillip Hammond and another man (John Pryor) that went from Point Pleasant to give notice that they had seen an army of Indians pass by. The night after they had gotten there the Indians came. When the Indians arrived they made a push upon the gate and they pressed against it so hard they thought they would get in. Phillip Hammond let the gate down and shot one of the Indians and they left. An express had been sent to the settlements and a company came, which was seen from the bast end. When they made their rush to the fort the gate was opened and they were let in without any loss. Phillip Hammond lived here, was my neighbor 20 some odd years ago, when he moved to Alabama and has since died. His oldest son lives about 8 or 9 miles above West Liberty in Morgan.

My father and one Capt. Smith that lived between him and the Botetourt Court House on Craig's Creek, made a tour down the Ohio and up the Cumberland &c. My father had heard that Continental Money was going to be better than gold or silver. He sold everything, his land and even his silver shoe buckles and took it. They had heard that it was so much better than silver or gold at Natchez and they started to dispose of it in speculation. For some cause, my father didn't go all the way and for \$1500 that he had only got our wintering and a saddle. The money was afterwards valuable and many did well with it for it was received in payment for land warrants. After returning from this tour my father lived on the east side of Sinks Knobs. They were not forted there. Before I left Greenbrier they were trying to get the county divided so as to have a court house on the south side of the Greenbrier.

After the Battle of the Point 9 or 10 chiefs came to Point Pleasant where my father was then stationed and Cornstalk was marking down on the floor for the officers, a map of the Ohio country, when a halloo was suddenly heard from the other side of the Ohio River. Cornstalk stopped and wouldn't mark anymore, saying that was his son, Nipsico.

He was sent for and brought over. Word was then also gotten that some man had that day been killed on the other side of the river. That night the Indians were all shut up together in the guard house. On the next day Cornstalk said for them to keep his son and all the other chiefs, and to let him go and he would bring them the man that had killed the white man. They would not, but set to work killing them. Nipsico, jumped on the rafters and began tearing away at the shingles in order to make his escape. Cornstalk it is said, called out to his son to come down, saying, Nipsico the Great Spirit sent you here yesterday to die with me today. Nipsico came down and sat down by his father waiting with him the common fate.

In the fall of 1788, I think, my father and family came to Kentucky and settled within three miles of Stroud's Station. Ben Combs and his son were out in the Indian Old Fields hunting, or had a claim or something and his son's horse was shot from under him. He was then on his way to there. A little company of us who were there hunting had started in. When we got to the fork of the trace leading to there by Hood's Station we stopped and partied a while to know which road we should go, but at length agreed to go to Hood's. Had we kept on the other we would have come right in among the Indians, who had attacked the Combs. That night a company was raised and at break of day and just as we were about to start, guns were heard at Crosswright's, and we just broke right off for there. The family was clearing a piece of ground. A black woman was tomahawked and scalped, and lived for sometime. One of the foremost Indians was seen slipping in the cane as we got there.

At the time Martin's and Riddle's stations were attacked, a party came out to attack Stroud's. Early in the morning, Wm. Spohr went to drive the cattle out of the fort. Spohr's daughter and David Donaldson's daughter that was since my wife, went out with him. The Indians shot Spoke and hoped to have caught the children, and would have done so, but on the firing, the dogs broke out on them so furiously it enabled both girls to get in. They then attacked the station, all the men but 2 or 3 were out somewhere, and the station would have been taken but for one Benjamin Dunaway, who was there from McClair's (?) Station. He got up and talked with the Indians or their white men. Afterwards, Patrick Donaldson went to look over the fort gate and was shot in the forehead. Donaldson had a survey on the creek of his name.

John Fleming a captain in the Revolution married the widow. It was his first marriage. He had a survey where his station was in Fleming. I have heard him say that he loved whiskey better than he ever did his mother's milk. He was a smart, shrew, sensible man but, he destroyed himself as did his two sons. He was born in 1735. His sons were William and Thomas. (*There is additional genealogy information on the Fleming and Donaldson families in the interview that has not been included.*)

I was in Harmer's defeat and in Scott's Campaign on the Wabash in the close of the summer in 1791. The man who was our guide had a wife in the towns and we didn't know it. We were in a little hollow not far off and as we camped for breakfast some men who went off as spies got into the edge of the prairie and saw them. Scott immediately ordered us forward on our horses. When we got there they were fairly surprised; the men had but time to rush to their canoes and get into the broad river, as we poured on them a

fire, perhaps destructive to everyone. We know not that one escaped. Besides this we got 90 prisoners, one of them an old chief. *Our only loss was at the crossing of the White River, where 11 of our men got drowned, two, out of our mess, Berry and Ledgerwood.* They lived on Howard's Creek a little beyond Winchester. It poured down the rain, I don't know for how many days and nights after we turned back, was one reason, I suppose why we weren't pursued. We had drawn rations for six days at the mouth of the Kentucky. Some wasted and eat up theirs and then stole from the others. There were 12 of us in our mess, a double one. In this half were Col. McMullen, General Donaldson, my wife's brother and myself. The Colonel took our bag and lay it under his head and while he slept someone came and stole it out. We now had to live on the other half's mess till we got to the Ohio.

Ben Guthrie (Revised)

11cc253-257

(Parts of this interview are very faint and hard to read)

I came to Kentucky in 1783, and settled with Robert Johnson. Col. Dick's father came in company with 15 horsemen without any families. A family on the way out was _____ and the next day we passed the place where they were attacked. This was the other side of R_____ Creek. We camped on the creek that night after we passed the place of attack. This was about the last of September. Saw none of them, that is, the defeated company. It was the night before and was now getting late in the evening, when we came to the place. Dave Johnson, brother of Robert Johnson was of our company. D_____ Lane, an uncle came out and stopped to at Gilbert's Creek where he lived and had made a crop in 1782, had come in to settle his _____. His family was out one time in 1782. Cave Johnson had been out in 1782 also, was then a single man. Dick Taylor was one of our company.

Was a week or two at Gilbert's Station; heard that Robert Johnson intended to build a station at the Crossing's and wanted some young men to help him. I then went over to Bryant's Station and remained there till we got Big Crossing Station finished, it was picketed in. The Big Crossings were 15 miles from Bryant's Station. The families at the Big Crossings were:

Robert Johnson	Robert Bradley
____ Shortridge	John Suckett
Daniel Herndon (called Hearn)	Thomas Herndon
Henry Herndon (single man)	Widow Herndon (their mother)
____ Gibbs	Jimmy Sturrett
Stephen Lowry	

Harry Hearn and I went on down towards Harrison's Station, there was another station there, called Riddle's. Both had been defeated and these two families; Jimmy Sturrett's and Stephen Lowry's on hearing that we were coming for them came out to meet us and went with us to our Big Crossing Station. These last two families were moved the summer of 1784. The previous families came before Christmas 1783. A hand mill was

used at first, turned with horse power. In 1784 a water mill was built, but there came a fresh and washed it away before any grinding could be done. At McConnell's Station was the first water mill built this side of the Kentucky. Aunt Jane Stephenson, McConnell's _____. George Gibson's family lived over on the North Elkhorn, just below Newtown, opposite to the bend in the creek, just below the crossing below Horn's, Hornback's or _____. Ferry. In 1787, I think, Gibson was killed in his field.

Josiah Pitts was among the first that built a house in Georgetown. Georgetown was commenced before or after Christmas, 1785 &c. Pitts kept entertainment.

Ben McClellan settled in the neighborhood of Big Crossing about 1785. McClellan lived up in Bourbon in a stone house and he was driven from it by the Indians four times, this side of Hinkston's Fork. Millersburg was right on the other side. ____ made one crop at the Big Crossing in 1784 and then moved out, some made two crops. A good many families came in 1785-86 and settled about. In the fall of 1790, Cave Johnson took me to live with him for 6 months up 2 or 3 miles above here. Col. Johnson had sowed some wheat in the fall of 1783 at Bryant's Station.

In June 1784, while we were there to reap the wheat 3 men, Alex McConnell, David Perry and Col. Perry from the Monongahela met us just as we got there. They had engaged Col. Johnson to do some surveying on the Licking waters, Colonel Johnson was with us and had some surveying to do and couldn't go. He sent me to McClure's Station to get Ben Wallen. Wallen sent back word that he would meet us at the Upper Blue Licks, couldn't come by. We started on Wednesday and Thursday night we came into the neighborhood about 4 miles from the Lower Blue Licks.

At this place one David Tanner was there making salt. He had a guard, which was paid for, and a fort and countersigned. We stopped and kindled up a fire and then David Perry went out to kill something. The Colonel went up and David Perry went down a small drain round on a flat piece of ground. The Colonel shot 3 times so quick that we became alarmed. He had shot a buffalo and had put in powder and ball without wadding to finish the killing. When his brother came in alarmed and advised us we should go see if there were Indians & if his brother was not killed to bring him in. If there were Indians we were to hollow, he would put on the packs, cut loose the hobbles and be ready to start. We went and we soon came back with his brother, called and told them there were no Indians, and that they could all go back. They returned and in the short time of their absence, the bullet had been cut out of the buffalo, a piece taken off the shoulder & the tongue taken out. They immediately returned and told us, by that time we had gotten up a smart fire and determined immediately to go on to the fort. When we got there they wouldn't let us in. We didn't know the countersign. The guard that was on the outside went to the fort and asked Tanner. He said to question well and to do what was proper. The Perrys had been there before on their way up and that helped us to get in. The evening before we got there a young woman and a half grown boy had been tomahawked and scalped just before the ford at the Blue Licks. It was not more than 3 or 400 yards from the fort to the ford. They survived, the rest that were with them escaped. The Indians were in such a hurry they didn't stop to kill those they attacked. They then went

on to McGuire's Station were they had relatives. Ben Wallen never came and these men went on to Pa. March 6th, 1784 was the time we started to make the Licking surveys and staid. The snow went away very fast, in a day or two before.

March and April 1784, Austin Easton, Wm. Henry, Humphrey Marshall, Ben Nallen and Simon Kenton as spy, surveyed on the North Fork of the Licking, north side. Came here about midnight on the 2nd night of our encampment. Kenton told us there was a large camp of Indians, they had no doubt discovered us and would most likely attack us before morning. The 4 companies agreed to be together _____ and went back in.

In April 1784 Col. Robert Johnson went out surveying in Fleming County, Daniel Boone was pilot. We crossed at the Blue Licks where we saw 500 buffalo. Boone and Johnson stood by the river and counted 310 that we drove over to see them swim the river. They thought just as many were left or fled on the other side. Boone knew where we were to begin 1000 for ___ Edwards, 1000 for Webber, 1000 for ___ Sharp, 1000 for one Neville, and 500 for one Alcot.

In September or October 1784 we cut out the road from Bryant's Station to the Blue Licks. There were a good many from Bryant's Station and all the men from the Big Crossings. It had been cut out before only to Bryant's Station, after that they followed Buffalo traces which were as plain as ___ after they got out of the cane.

A large body of Indians encamped on the other side of the Ohio. They were continually coming over and doing a great deal of mischief. Robert Johnson took a company out and had 2 killed (Grant brothers). One of the Grants was looking out from behind a tree to get to see an Indian and he was shot. Israel Grant, the other brother went to see if he really was killed and an Indian shot him. Had been at Shipp's Station, 5 miles above Georgetown, called the "Dock yards" (a play on his name).

[the next few sentences not legible, very blurred]

Where Georgetown is was all a cane-brake.

I staid at Cave Johnson's 6 months, then I went to the Dock Yard, here I got married and moved up here in 1787. General Scott, I think, was just building then. His son was killed while fishing, that year or the year after.

In the fall of 1786 a road was cut from Georgetown to Lexington, had been a buffalo trace before that.

In 1786, Clark's Campaign, Levi Todd commanded on this side and Ben Logan on the south side of the Kentucky. In 1786 I had an order filled at General Wilkinson's store in Frankfort, the only store there then. Afterwards in 1788, Stephens, a saddler in Frankfort, for Wilkinson, and Castleman had a tan yard up towards Mortonsville, 6 miles from Versailles on Clear Creek.

One Andrew Miller lived over on the Hanging Fork of Salt River, he went out with some others and was killed by the Indians while he was trapping. This was before I came out. He had a pre-emption right.

Edmund Roe lived at the Big Crossing from 1784 to 1787 or 88, he was Col. Johnson's overseer. Col. Johnson got a parcel of hands and went over there to dig to try and make salt. Roe was to manage there, but he got killed and that broke it up. Some black men were there but they escaped.

In 1788 Dick Searcy's wife was killed up here between this and the Kentucky River. Searcy had gone to Mill and it was middling late when he got home. She had gone to spend the day with Billy Hill's wife, his near neighbor. The Indians waylaid the house and killed her when she came home. He started to go over and see if she was there and he heard something groan and he found her a little way from the path, not yet dead.

Sunday evening, a young man, "Crutchfield" an apprentice to Daniel James who was a cabinet maker and lived a little above Frankfort was killed just this side of Frankfort, I think in 1789 or 1790. Daniel James had gone to Virginia. He had charged them that if the Indians became troublesome not to neglect his wife and children. At the time the Indians came this young man (Crutchfield) had gone out to the top of a hill, in the road, walking along in the road when he was shot. The alarm of this came up here and I went over to Cave Johnson's and he came along 3 or 4 hours before day. We got down to Richardson's, 1½ miles, this side of Frankfort a little after sunrise. The place of rendezvous was at Richardson's. The women and children had all gathered in that night to this Richardson's and to Billy Haydon's who lived in the neighborhood of Frankfort. It was discovered the next morning that Mrs. James hadn't been thought of. It was wanted that someone should go for her. Of the 4 or 5 who were wanted to go, none were willing. At last Garret Demint said he was better _____ than the rest and if no one else would go then he would go. Col. _____ and Col. Richardson both said, Gentlemen will none of you go with Garret Demint ?, must he go by himself and none spoke up, he then took his gun and went on. He made his home with John Demint, their nearest neighbor; Garret Demint was a single man. Richardson's was 2 miles this side of Frankfort, and Mrs. James 1 mile and it might be 2 ½ between them. Shortly after Demint left we heard a gun and knew it must be Indians that had shot at him. There were four Indians and had gotten nearly to Mrs. James, they missed him and he ran and they took after him. They pinned him in on a steep bank and when he jumped down the bank they were so close, they jumped down and caught him before he had time to recover. They then led him up the river in the water's edge some 200 or 300 hundred yards, as a blind, so that when the men came they wouldn't know whether he had swam across the river or what. Mrs. James had shut up the doors and kept close in the house. Next morning these in pursuit took her away.

They carried Demint on up, tied with a buffalo tug with one Indian holding it by the end, another holding a tomahawk over him with another some distance behind, to tell of the approach of the pursuers. The company passing up the river fell on their trail where it came out of the river, but never could overhaul them. It got so late they turned back to Lewis Yesterday's about 4 miles on the road to Versailles where some women and

children had also gathered. The place was so full the men turned their horses into a pound and went into the still house. Old Mr. Wm. Worley, Jimmy Duprey and old Mr. Willhort were all in this company. While they were there they heard the Indians come and get all their horses, but not knowing their numbers they were afraid to trouble them. The whole country was aroused. Some thought they were going to take Frankfort. The Indians had lengthened Demint's tug and made him go in and catch the horses and then made on for and crossed the Ohio, before they were come up with

Col. Woodford and Cave Johnson were crossing to go up and down the river, were on a boat going over ____ there this boat bringing over this Robert Todd who lived above Georgetown about three miles from Newtown. He had been down on the Green River surveying and selling some lands and had stopped the night before at some man's house about 2 miles from Frankfort. In the morning the man advised him of the danger and not to come, or attempt to. But, Todd was so near to his home and was anxious to get there he must venture. While coming down the hill, when he had gotten into the bottom where the Indians had put up an ambush and shot him right through the hips. He had on a pair of shoe boots, supposed the blood all went into them and thus prevented the Indians from trailing him. His horse went down the bottom a piece and he fell off dead. His horse went on a little piece farther and dropped the saddle bags. The gun was heard in North Frankfort, there was not a house then in South Frankfort and the company we met had immediately gone over, fell on his trail, brought him over, horse and all. The Indians had not gotten him, he had a good deal of money in his saddle bags.

Congress gave the three women, Widow Mitchell, mother of John Mitchell and the two Widow Stuckers, 1200 acres of land in consideration of the service rendered by their husbands. Place called Germany.

Benjamin Allen 11cc67-69

I was born July 29th 1773 in Loudon County, Virginia below the foot of the Blue Ridge on Edmond Taylor' place. In 1777 my father moved up to the foot of the Blue Ridge and kept a tavern. They kept a ferry there across the Shenandoah River for those who traveled through Segur's Gap, and this was Ned Segur's ferry. We lived near it and kept a tavern.

Then from there moved up onto the Potomac about 1780 at the mouth of the Warm Spring Branch. It put in between Big and Little Conolloway Creeks, but they are on the Maryland side. Could see the mouths of both of them, by going onto the mouth of the Potomac. Old Barnett Johnson lived a little above the Little Conolloway on the Maryland side; could go into three states there in half and hour, it was said.

The year 1784 was the first year I ever recollect noticing dates. My brother Tom and I had come home on a visit from the Warm Spring School. While at home we saw old Mr. and Mrs. (Stephen) Bile cross the Potomac with their two children, at Yeate's Ford just

below the mouth of the Big Conolloway. They rode over on the ice. Had no wagon. Went with packhorses. This was the only ford along there that we could ride. Mrs. Bile had some tin cups tied to the pommel of her saddle. Tin cups then cost nearly half a dollar a piece. Get them now for four pence.

We came from Berkeley County to Kentucky. Before we came out to Kentucky, a company of 5 men, Peter and William Johnson, sons of this old Barnett Johnson, who lived on the other side of the Potomac there on the Maryland side, a Linn and the other I can't tell (was John Crawford). They went by way of Fort Pitt, down the Ohio to the mouth of the Hockhocking and up it in an effort to locate lands in the Ohio. They were acquaintances and they told us how it turned out after they came back. I was at their house the next Sunday morning, my father he took me up. I saw them dress Peter Johnson's wounds. It scared me from coming to Kentucky. I didn't want to come at all when we came. This happened a year or two before we came out.

They had gone down the Ohio from Fort Pitt to the mouth of the Hockhocking, gone up it a piece from the mouth, and night coming on had landed their canoe to camp. Thirteen Indians came to them, professedly friendly. Simon Girty was with them. They camped together and they stacked their arms together. In the morning when they went to go away, the Indian that Peter Johnson shook hands with drew out his tomahawk from his legging and struck him in the back of the neck. Peter said he saw the devil in his eyes. He said he hadn't seen the tomahawk all morning till he was gripping him by the hand and he drew it from his legging. When the Indians came to bid goodbye they got between them and their arms. Peter Johnson said that if he had had his rifle that nothing but death could have parted him from it. After the Indian struck him, he broke away and ran up the river. The Indian followed him and Peter jumped a gut. The Indian following him, failed to clear it, and went in waist deep, Wah! said he and Peter left him there, never saw anything more of him and crossed the river above. Mr. Johnson ran to the bank and sprang in the river; he made a dive and came up near the middle of the river. The bullets showered so thick around him he instantly went down again. He said he stuck his nose in the mud in the bed of the river. When he came up on the bank on the other side he was fired on again, but he made his escape unhurt.

They were uneasy all night, hadn't slept any. They didn't want to try and get to their guns for they said they were friendly Indians. I recollect that their guns had black stocks. Mr. Johnson could dive like a duck. He used to call it his Indian dive there on the Potomac. Linn, who was one of the party, ran down the river and swam over, but he was shot in the arm, but still swam across. The 3 got together again before night, went off and left their guns and canoes and came home. William Linn, he took up a point of a hill, the Indians caught him and brought him to their towns. Simon Girty knew him, got him released and sent him back.

Linn said the Chief seemed mighty vexed they had let them all escape so, and killed none.

We started from Berkeley County, Virginia in April 1789 from near the branch of the Warm Spring, we started on a Sunday morning. Saw Easter egg shells on the road. We stopped at Redstone in a camp on the banks of the Monongahela waiting passage for 2 weeks, we were only 7 days then getting to Limestone. That was Sunday morning May 1st 1789 that we got there. Men were shooting at a mark, 40 yards, off hand. While we were there a man got his leg broke. A new boat had landed and they were trying to shove it off when his leg was caught between two boats and mashed. They took him, up to the new log house with a shingle roof on it. The cabin had no chinking in it, was made to store away goods. My brother Tom and I peeped into and saw the man.

In three days we got to Strode's Station, and didn't go for the plunder for three or four weeks. Passed along where there was a fresh grave right by Mays Lick, by the side of the road. It was told us before we left Limestone, that it was sort of dangerous; but it was regarded as a time of peace with the Indians; and we didn't wait for any guard or company. We just went along by ourselves.

We didn't stay at Strode's, but went on up to Stephen Biles (Boyles) a short mile from Strode's. Bile had been writing my father frequently before my father came out. Had been in our neighborhood in Virginia on the Potomac.

There at Bile's Station there was a yard about 20 or 30 steps square, a house at every corner and a family in every house.

Jas. Webb the morning before he started on the campaign (Harmers) called up witnesses, that if he never returned & he never did, to give me his fine clothes and my brother Tom, his stud horse. We had nothing to begin life with, neither horse, dog, cat not even a mouse. The horse, which was named, "Brutus" we traded to Jas. Clark who lived on Stoner, for 4 cows with calves and a mare and foal. The next summer, which was the first that we were there, we had to work for a bushel of corn a piece a day and we reaped oats for a bushel of corn a day. The next season afterwards my brother worked 2 months for a cow with John Baker.

In the first settling of Winchester, this John Baker had a little half face camp of red oak logs down where Lingingfelter's house is now in the hollow; his family in one end and a barrel of whiskey in the other and a couple of red oak poles run along at the other end, where the barrel was, for a bar room. Put his half face camp there in the winter 1792-93 and the courthouse was put there in the spring.

Father went out three or four times from Strode's Station killing buffalo and deer. We were three-quarters of a mile off, living with one Stephen Bile. Used buffalo meat for bread and bear for meat. Prepared a little corn in the hand mill. Just took the corn in our hats. Always did so. No trays then. Caught the meal in something like a sugar trough. We got to understand it (hand mill or quern) and would set it high, set the stones far apart, so that the meal would come out faster, and that made it coarser, and then mother would scold. Had but little corn and had to hunt.

On the 6th day of December (I was gone three weeks and got home on Xmas Eve) eight of us started out on a hunt to lay in a supply of meat enough to last us till next summer. Father and I had two guns. He took me along to bring in a load of meat. They would skin the buffalo, cut off all the good meat, and then sew it up in the hide. It had no bones. Buffalo was mighty coarse meat, and a good deal like cornbread. We had it for bread. These bear were kind of fat and we had them for our meat. The 1st night we camped at about where Mt. Sterling now is. Not a stick of timber was amiss then. Frank Wyatt told my father about killing buffaloes and I couldn't get to sleep all night.

Next morning we took breakfast at Morgan's Station and fed our horses on frosted corn. Nobody lived there then, they had gathered some corn and put it in this outhouse. They to whom it belonged was not there. This was the 2nd day. The winds blew and the leaves were dry, saw several deer but couldn't get a shot. It had been a very dry fall and which made it so we couldn't get within 2 or 300 yards of anything for the rattling of the leaves. We kept on in this way for 3 or 4 days. We seen plenty of deer and game, but we couldn't get near.

On Saturday night we camped close to the Mud Lick spring. We thought maybe some buffalo or elk would come in. There, Austin Webb took sick and I think it was Jerry Wilson who was sent to go home with him. When we started my father had given me a shotgun to take. It was a small one that he had brought from Virginia. While at the Mud Lick I heard a turkey gobbling, and I asked my father to let me go and shoot at it. He let me go and I shot a big gobbler. We had brass moulds that ran 60 shot on one side and 78 on the other. This time my gun was loaded with buckshot.

When we started out that day, Frank Wyatt was on the right of the Mud Lick, and my father who stuck with me was on the left. It was about 5 miles to the mouth, and whichever got there first, hunting along the way, was to wait till the other come. We hunted all the way down but we didn't kill anything.

My father and I got to the mouth of the Mud Lick about an hour by sunset & sat on our horses. I proposed to my father to let us ride on, he objected saying he had promised to wait. While we were setting on our horses, Peter Harper came along, riding with his gun on his shoulder, hunting for his dogs. They had ran after a bear and he had lost them and allowed they were down about the beaver pond. He told us to build up a fire and he would be back that night and camp with us. The mouth of the Salt Lick and the mouth of the Mud Lick were right together. We rode down right between the forks of these two creeks. We hobbled our horses and turned them out into a small cane patch that was there right in the forks. We were a little lower down and more in the mouth.

After or about sundown we built up a fire, but neither Harper nor Wyatt came. It was not more than a mile or two from the forks down to the Licking. Next morning I asked my father to go home. I wanted to see my Mamma. He said that after we had roasted some of that turkey we had killed the previous morning, and if neither came by we would go. It was stuck up on spits and while it was roasting I saw what we called Connnoway

ducks down in the forks of the creek. I was fond of shooting them and went down and shot but I didn't kill any.

I came back and set my gun down by a stump, close by my fathers. He was setting by the fire watching the turkey on the sticks. I looked up and saw these dirty, black looking, naked Indians & in the cane where our horses were. I said to father, Indians! Indians! and ran. I had started when I spoke and he caught up both his gun and mine & came running along with me before him. He then told me to run ahead. The Indians were then within about 30 steps and raised this yell like wolves howling. We crossed Salt Lick in about 70 yards from the camp and went out on the other bank. When we got there and were going out all three Indians fired. Two shots hit my father, shot him right through, the other shot missed him. There were four Indians, one kept reserve I expect.

My father wasn't quite to the top of the bank when he fell. I had run about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile on after they fired (so I was told by the men who came out to bury him and tracked me on) I stopped and looked back and wondered why they were so quiet and there was one in about ten steps of me. He held his tomahawk in his left hand and reached his right hand out and beckoned to me. I reached out my right hand and he came up and took me by the hand. There was another Indian 10 or 15 steps behind him. Both of them shook hands and appeared to be very friendly. The 1st one took me by the arm and the 2nd by the other. They took off my hat and saw that I had red hair and patted me on the head. They then run with me back down to the bank where my father was at. My father was not dead yet. They struck him two times in the side of the head near the ear, while I stood on the bank there looking down. The one that did it had silver bobs in his ears.

The little Indian, the one that first caught me, looked like he might have been 21, younger or older. He stood behind me while I was there and gave an inquisitive grunt. The one below with the ear bobs shook his head with the guttural sound as in reply to the others interrogative as many as three times. I didn't understand my danger, or what this meant till I saw the same process afterwards with Watson. I was only going on 16 then. I never cried any, not knowing what might be my fate next.

They immediately tied me with buffalo tugs and took me back over to camp. The 1st sign I had that I wasn't to be tomahawked the 2 that had me went with me over to the camp and two staid to finish my father. I didn't see them scalp him, but I saw the scalp afterwards stretched on a hickory loop at the camp. They soon caught up the horses and put on the saddles, gathered up everything and then went over Salt Lick again, 5 or 6 miles from there onto the Licking, just below the Greenbrier Trace, which led from Kentucky to Greenbrier. When we were about to start there at the camp, the 1st I knew was when one of them whacked me a lick with a stick, and said Whoa! motioning for me to go forward.

When we got to the Licking we took off it about a mile and we came to a camp where a man was building a fire on the side of the Licking. When they went up to it, it appeared as if it was just starting to burn. The Indians had seen the smoke and knew it must be some hunter. They saw the smoke at some distance. This was about 5 or 6 hours

after we had left the Licking. I didn't see the smoke any sooner than they did. They called a halt, and left one Indian with me while together the other three crept up towards the smoke. The 1st thing I knew they raised a yell and after they got some distance they fired a single gun, but they never touched him. There was no bullet hole in his clothes. When the gun fired the Indian that was with me and the horses, told me to get up and we went to the camp, or place of smoke. Just as we got there they brought in Watson.

He couldn't have run more than 200 yards. I don't know why he couldn't run better, or they caught him so quick. They hadn't hurt him, caught him by a foot race. Watson said he had lost his hat and one of the Indians went back on the track and brought it in. They then began to jabber Indian a good deal to one another. Three of them could talk English pretty well, the other couldn't speak English at all. It wasn't long however till they told him to pull off his clothes. One of the Indians was gathering up the plunder, which was some cornmeal, corn etc. Two of them were standing before Watson talking, the little Indian the one that wanted to kill me was standing behind him. Watson had taken off but his shirt, I suppose they didn't want him to bloody his clothes. The little Indian would turn first the edge and then the pole of his tomahawk, making as if he was going to strike Watson, he would draw back and then turn it again. At last he took Watson with the pole of his tomahawk in the back of the head and knocked him down. They now tomahawked him and then took the rest of his clothes. They took his shirt and his moccasins off him and his scalp. I was 4 or 5 feet from them when this was done and dared not move out of my tracks. Watson was a big and tall man, six feet or maybe a little over. He was just recently from Virginia. Watson had a beautiful wallet of corn. The Indians just poured the corn out. They didn't even let the horses eat it and then took the wallet along. I took up some of the corn, as we were about to leave and put it in my pocket. One of the Indians asked me what I intended to do with it and I told him I was going to parch it. He then patted me on the head. They took along the cornmeal. The Indians had some camp kettles along. That night they cut off some tolerably fat buffalo meat they had cut into fine pieces, boiled it awhile and then thickened it with this meal for supper. I thought it was elegant. Watson had a canoe in the river with 4 beaver traps, some beaver fur and some little plunder. They loaded our two horses with it and never rode them anymore after that. They took everything along that was loose. There was no keg in the canoe that I saw. They didn't stay long, after packing up they put up the Licking. It was waist deep and we went up a branch about 2 miles (never offered to get on a nag after we packed them, traps & beaver were king) and there we camped. After we got a fire built up and a tent stretched, which they had taken from Watson. The one that had told Watson to remove his clothes, told me I must pull off my clothes. When he said this to me it made me think my end was near. I had on a cloth coat, bought it in Hancock, Maryland, it was called Fries, the cloth was, also a cloth vest. They then brought me two calico hunting shirts, sort of red, with the arms ½ worn off and put them on me. Then they tied a blanket round me with a buffalo tug and then tied a piece of a blanket round my head, then they patted me on the head and said "Indian". When I laid down they tied the buffalo tug to a sapling at the head of the camp and two laid on either side of me. They got a hemp linen shirt off my father, packed his hat and mine and Watson's fur, they never put them on. I don't know where they got the calico hunting

shirts. They never put on a stitch of our clothes. They had something round their heads too. One of them had something like a silk round his head.

"It had commenced raining before we camped, just before we got the fire built up, and it was just getting dark. It rained that night and the rain turned to snow before morning, it started by nearly daylight. Couldn't see 20 steps before, the snow fell so thick. We hadn't gone far before we came to a gang of buffalo, there were well onto 40 of them. They left me with a little old Indian and the three of them went on and fired their three guns. Then he said to me "come on". They had killed three buffalo. Buffalo have sort of a hump and long hair, 6 or 7 inches long like a man's. At night they stretched this on sticks. One Indian set apart for that special business. He scraped them and stretched them, 5 or 6 inches across the hoop and carried them by his side, hung in his belt. It was very clear they meant to sell those scalps of the buffalo to the British for human scalps. Every man took his load of buffalo meat, cut off a piece of hide, wrapped the meat up and packed it. We went about 2 miles and camped, there we cooked our meat and ate it. They gave me a leather purse of salt to salt mine. I never saw any of them use of it. They had dried buffalo along which they carried.

When we went on the next morning they left all the fresh buffalo that we had not eaten, except some that I roasted and put in my bosom. After we had killed the three buffaloes mentioned above, we came to where 3 Indians had passed cross our direction, and we were going straight down to the Ohio. The Indian I was with put down his tomahawk in their tracks, touched his breast and said in that way they were like themselves, Indians. It had sort of stopped snowing by the time we passed there. They made a print of a pipe tomahawk there as they crossed their trail. Colonel Baker, later told me it was to show they were Indians. Nothing happened at camp the 2nd night. The next day we waded Kinincinick, 10, 15 or 20 times, sometimes it was waist deep. They had nothing but moccasins and leggings on and I had moccasins and pants. The laurel thickets and ivy bushes were very numerous along the creek (when we lived on the Potomac we had lost many sheep when they would get up in the mountains and eat the laurel and ivy, we saved them by pouring melted lard down their throats, deer could eat it and live off it, because they had no gall). The Indians went along like a dog would, crossed right straight, and I had to follow, they never looked for or took a log. About sunset we crossed the last time, it was cold freezing weather and the rocks were slippery. I slipped up and lost my gun. They got before me and while I was fishing for it they stood on the bank and raised a terrible Ha! Ha! at me as they looked back. I got it out and came on.

In about 100 yards we came upon a large gang of Buffalo and three went on to shoot as they had done before, leaving the little old Indian behind with me. The buffalo in a whole drove came running by where we lay. I was afraid they would run over me and I treed. The old Indian went up with his gun and shot down a buffalo, this was the only one that was shot. It was a monstrous 2 year old, looked so fat and slick. We camped there and had plenty to eat that night. Boiled much as we had the night before. They pointed at that Indian, his name seemed to be Um; said Um killed a buffalo and laughed about it.

After sundown an Indian gave me a kettle and told me in English to go to the creek and get a kettle of water. It was 70 or 80 yards to the creek. When I got there I was out of sight and it was going on night, the ford was shallow and there was a thicket of ivy bushes on the other side of the creek. I thought however, if they gave me as good as chance as this to clear myself this time, I would get an even better one after this and turned back with my kettle. As I turned and came up I happened to cast my eyes to the left and there I saw that same little Indian laying with his gun behind a log. I went on in and after a while he came in from the opposite direction and thought I, you don't fool me. That night after supper, they only ate at night, they might eat all night if they choose, they never eat in the daytime, sometimes they set up nearly all night eating.

Although my clothes from being wet froze on me, yet I fell to sleep. I got so cold I couldn't sleep, woke up and got up to get warm. When I woke the Indians had a gourd with shot in it. They were holding it up to their ears and rattling it and at the same time they were singing, Hee Ho Yoh! Hee Ho Yoh! They called it fine music. The big Indian the one that was about 6 feet 2 inches tall came to me and asked me if I would go home with him. I told him "Yes". I didn't know where my house was. He put two silver rings on my fingers and a powder horn with some yellow lace on it over my head. From this I suppose he took me to be his. We were out a 4th night before we got to the Ohio. We only killed another deer before we got to the Ohio. In the evening of the 5th day, about 10 o'clock we got to the river. The Ohio was pretty flush. It had backed up Kinny for 10 miles. Col. Baker told me later, these were Shawnees that I was with. He knew from the place they crossed and their color. The Shawnees were the darkest of the Indian tribes. It was only 30 miles from the Ohio to where they lived at Old Town. They got two crafts made that P.M. It was surprising how quick they would cut off at any time in the winter on the banks of any creek. Some handed down the logs, while others took and tied them. They made me help carry them down. Just as I was handing it down to one of them the log slipped out of my hands and struck him in the ham. It knocked him over in the river up to his neck. He caught hold of the raft and said Wah! Wah! The other Indians laughed mightingly. He seemed powerful mad. It scared me, but he hopped up in the raft as if nothing had happened and without saying anything. They had happened, just all, to come in with a load. They laughed at him, but I dare not. They brought in the logs and the bank went off almost perpendicular. I staid there and let them down. We had finished the 2 rafts, ready to cross, and had pretty well gotten the plunder on. The one that I had knocked off was in the raft fixing the plunder, beaver traps, beaver fur and everything loaded to start. Another was on the bank handing it down. They hadn't put on one single thing they had taken from the men. Had them along and the two mares. I was on the 2nd bank.

All at once I saw the Indian that was on the raft motioning up the river. It was in a place where we could see 5 or 6 miles up the river, in one stretch. They always chose such a place to build their rafts. The one on the raft then came up on the bank and talked Indian for a good while. I had not seen the boat at all, but I only judged there was one from their signs. It now came into my mind as to what they were going to do with me. So, I kept my eyes on the little Indian, and I endeavored to be near the big Indian, that had

appeared to claim me as possibly his own and to fly to him for protection if the little Indian went to tomahawk or molest me.

They now took all the plunder off the raft again, hid it behind a log about 100 yards off and covered it over. Then they tied the horses way back, 100 yards from where they next tied me in the bottom. Two or three of our guns were empty, the one with which we killed the deer, just before we got to the river was unloaded. All of these they begin loading up, pointing to the river, and talking Indian all the while. While I was wondering what they were going to do with me in this issue, the big Indian who claimed me, came to me, bringing a buffalo tug and a strap. With the tug he tied my arms close behind me, he then tied a knot in one end of the strap across my back, the other end of the strap he tied to a sapling as high as he could reach. I could still lay down and he said to me "you lay here till I come back". This was news to me, who had expected to be tomahawked. Presently I heard them begin to fire at the boat, and I supposed it to be about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile higher up.

I thought it was a good time to get loose, while the fighting was going on. I still felt a little apprehensive, lest one might be left behind to watch. I worked a long while, there were no knots on the sapling and by going round it and pulling and working at it, I loosen the strap so that it at last slipped down the tree to where I could get my hands to it before. I then took it all as it was and hastened off through the bottom about 2 miles to the river hills. When I got there they were yet firing at the boat. Here I stopped more at my leisure and worked at the buffalo tugs, with which my arms were still tied, stood under a big chestnut oak. At last it came undone and there I left them all, lying there together under the oak. Then I had to go up about ten miles to where I could get across the Kinny and then back down 10 miles again to the Ohio. It was just about daylight again when I got down there and I was only about a mile from where I had started the evening before. I was cold and felt tired. I laid down beside a log for 10 or 15 minutes, but did not go to sleep. I had traveled all night through laurel and ivy thickets, it was just about the change of the moon and it was dark and cloudy. That day I went about 40 miles. While I lay there beside the log on the bank, which was about two miles above or below from where I had 1st started, I heard a boat going down, I could only hear the rowing. I was within a few steps of the bank but it wasn't light enough yet to see. I thought at first to call to them to take me on board, but changed my notion.

It wasn't long then till I set out again and went down. Just at dusk, as I got to Kennedy's bottom, which is about 3 miles wide and nearly opposite Manchester, I saw a smoke in the bottom, along the edge of the water, till I got to where I thought they had come down for water. I then crept up and looked over the edge of the bank. Thought I would see if it was whites, I would stop, if it was Indians I would go round. The camp was about 50 yards from the top of the bank. There was a white woman and 2 children. They had only been there a few days, had torn the boat apart and made a camp on a ridge pole. The men were out hunting. She never saw me till I came into camp and she squalled out, I soon pacified her however. She had a kettle of hominy on boiling with a big fat opossum in the midst of it. I thought it was the best dinner I ever tasted. I hadn't eaten any now for two days. That night after supper, and about the time we were going to bed,

or talking of it, we heard a hollowing over the river. The men had come in from hunting, just a little after I got there. Our light could be seen from across the river. It called there a long while. At length one of the men named Tucker said if any man would go along with him, he would go over and see what it was, whether it was Indian or not. They went and were gone about an hour. They had a canoe, which they kept there. They brought over a young man whose name was Black. He had been in the boat that the 4 Indians had attacked that had taken me. It was a family boat coming down from Fort Pitt. In the boat was old man Black, his wife, 4 sons and a daughter. The boat had come to and one man was just about to come to for wood. The Indians began to fire. He said the first thing they did was the Indians shot his brother, who was in the forepart of the boat. He had the cable in his hand and was going to jump out. They then shot the only horse they had in the boat. They shot his sister through her breast, but not through her body, it didn't kill her. The men in the boat were taken with a panic. They cried out they surrendered a long time before the Indians quit firing. It happened to be in a turn of the river, out where the current beat it in to the shore so that the boat was kept there and couldn't float away. The Indians now made the men take the boat over the river. There they took 3 of them out of the boat and tomahawked them there on the bank. The remaining son they took out to the river hills and left him there with his mother and sister in charge of the old Indian, while the other three Indians returned to the boat. He allowed they went down to get more plunder. They had flour, whiskey and iron in the boat. The men had offered them whiskey while they were taking the boat over, but the Indians wouldn't drink. He said they didn't drink till they got upon the hills.

The old Indian went off and set down with his back to them about 40 yards away and rattled that gourd of shot. This was the next morning after they had been taken. Thought he had evidently got too much. He went to his sister who had a pair of scissors in her pocket and got her to cut loose the buffalo tugs. He started off in his stocking feet. He said he started with a hope of getting down and getting more men and retake his mother and sister. Col. Baker went up but it was too late, the Indians had gone. This was the youngest of the brothers. This was on a Saturday night. The only time I ever was with Black was Saturday night and Sunday morning till after breakfast.

After breakfast a boat came down and was hailed. They sent a canoe ashore and took me to the boat. It was one Redman who had been well acquainted with my father in Virginia. I left my two rings with that woman before starting, she had asked me for them and I gave them to her. I told them of the moccasin tracks that I had seen, that I had been afraid all that night that I was with them and that I thought it was dangerous for them to stay there. It was not long after I left them that they were all killed or taken. I never knew more from that day to this what became of Black. When we got to Limestone I staid there that night and inquired of the way to Col. Bakers. Monday morning I went on out there and Mr. Redman went on down the same morning, he informed me on parting, to call at his house on the way, it was 4 miles beyond Bourbon and he would lend me a gun. This I did and staid the night, the next morning he let me have a horse.

Colonel Baker knew me, his Aunt Bile was in our settlement, Stephen Bile's wife. I staid with him for three days. He was living in Mason then, I had gotten there just as I left

the Indians with calico hunting shirts & blanket. He gave me new clothes. I had my old pants and I think my vest. He gave me a blue hunting shirt and a new hat. He had me to wait and talk with him and for company. It was dangerous coming along the Limestone road, even with a guard.

Colonel Baker was the one who told me the man's name was Watson. I have some doubt whether or not it may have been Watkins. Watson had recently came to this country from Virginia and he had been with Beasley trapping, as Beasley had told Baker. Beasley had gone out to kill some meat and when he got back he found his comrade gone, he never waited to bury him. Harry Martin did that, but he came on our trail. We had horses and left a good trail, come on our tent and staid in view of it all night and if any Indians came out he was going to shoot. Went back just before day. Harry Martin accidentally came upon Watson a day or two afterwards and buried him. He had been out hunting down the Kentucky. I was very well acquainted with Martin. He was a fearless man. Beasley was a good hand in the woods.

The McMullen (McMillan) family came from Berkeley, below where we lived. Bob McMullen came riding along, alone, down the ridge on my place (Howard's Upper Creek, eight miles from the mouth of the Red River, and eight miles from Howard's Upper Creek), with his gun laid before him, the muzzle to his right, on the saddle and had gotten to within fifteen steps of where an Indian lay behind a log, that was to his left, when the Indian took deliberate aim at McMullen and fired. The ball entered the pommel of his saddle, don't know whether it went through or not, Indians shot with monstrous little powder. McMullen just turned his gun over, had a bullet that carried about thirty to the pound, and shot him through, shot right through him. The Indian had never moved or offered to go. The place was not more than 400 yards from my dwelling. McMullen was going right by a honey locust that is yet standing, the top of which bends over and forms the prettiest bend for a gallows you ever saw.

Peter Harper was a sort of yellow man. Had come in by the same way we had come, by the same trace, to where we were sitting on our horses, at the fork of Sale and Mud Lick. He said he had lost two dogs. Thought they were at the Beaver Pond. Said it was two miles to the Beaver Pond. The next day, Monday, about twelve o'clock harpers horse came into Morgan's Station (on Slate Creek in Montgomery County), with pine knots tied onto the saddle. Harper was never seen again. James McMullen was out hunting in the same woods that Harper was in. (so were the Indians that killed Allen and Watson).

Wyatt, who my father and I were to meet, had killed a buffalo the night before. It was late and he couldn't leave it. Wolves had been known to steal the meat out from under the heads of men who wrapped it up and laid on it. Wyatt said he had gotten ready to come over in the morning when he heard the guns and he was afraid. He had killed his buffalo on Sunday evening and had camped by it. Bob Craig, Steven Biles, Bob Spohr and Billy Tabbs thought we had been gone too long and they went out to hunt for us. Wyatt told them where he had left my father and they went there and from here to the other side of the Mud Lick where they buried him. They threw some chunks of wood over him beside

of a log. Billy Tabbs said the wolves had nearly eaten him up. All they knew him by was his teeth. He had a very pretty, full set of wholesome teeth. They got in the same night that I got home. I was a little boy then. They told me they could see every track I had made and it was they who judged that it was a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, the distance that I ran.

Isaac Baker and one Dickinson from Jessamine had gone down to Grassy Lick to kill deer. No deer came in that evening, it was about the full of the moon. As they returned home in the moonlight along a long ridge that led down to the lick, the way they had gone. As they passed they saw something behind a log. Neither said anything but kept on their way at a uniform speed, till they had gotten some distance on. One then asked the other if they noticed it. He replied "yes", but he thought it may have been a calf, to which the other said no calf would be lying there that time of the night. They continued on their way to the fort fence. Isaac Baker was foremost and as he got near the fence or was going over it, he saw something under the fence in the shadow. Baker cocked his gun and was going to raise it to his face to fire, when the Indian fired and shot away the guard of his gun, the bullet going about $\frac{1}{2}$ its breadth into the stock, cutting off $\frac{1}{2}$ of his little finger and passing into his side. I hunted with that gun many a day after that. Dickinson's arm was broken. Baker ran around the fence and got into the fort from the other side, with his gun cocked and on his shoulder. Dickinson gave back and got tangled in a tree top, where he was caught by the Indians tomahawked and scalped. He was brought in the next morning, but didn't die until twelve o'clock that day. This was June 30th 1790.

Joshua Baker of Mason, never moved up from there. They were the three brothers, John, Joshua and Isaac. Joshua Baker hadn't gone after those Indians when I left there, at the end of those three days (his captivity). He told me afterwards that he went with about thirty. The trail was too cold. Found they had gone or, at that time were going on to Old Town, now called Frankfort. There was no evidence they had killed the mother and daughter.

When we came out from Virginia it was a time of measurable peace; but afterwards the Indians broke out and did a great deal of mischief on the Ohio River. The company that went to bury the dead, found a Bible with Daniel Greathouse's name in it. A keelboat came down with every person in it dead. They stopped the boat at Limestone. They found an Indians fingers in it that had been chopped off to prevent him from climbing aboard. (Probably the Indian swam out and laid hands on the gunwale, whereupon one of the defenders, chopped the fingers off to prevent him from climbing aboard). Joshua Baker wouldn't let me go up home until I got company. The first night I stayed at Upper Blue Licks where they made salt. The second night, at Redman's in Bourbon County and so on to home.

A party of ten men pursued some Indians that had stolen horses at Strode's Station. They overtook them at the Mud Lick. It was a rainy misty time. A Dutchman that was with the Indians in some way, and had hid in a treetop, was found out and gotten; and he told of an Indian, so hid, that they went out and got. When they had brought him out, McIntyre and all the men, flashed their guns at him but they didn't go off. David Hughes, a little Irishman, that was our Captain in Wayne's, the first man I ever mustered

under (I wasn't in Wayne's Army), maybe he was Captain then, came up and said, "Clear the way boys, let me shoot that Indian". His gun flashed too. They then gathered up and took the Indian and brought him to about four miles below Bourbon Courthouse (Paris), just four miles a waste house. I stayed there myself, when we went after Hulse's goods. Nobody lived in it. One Joseph Lancaster had lived there but he was gone, so the people told us. John Whitesides was the second on watch. Stephen Bile's turn came just before day. He told me he got a little sleepy and fell into a doze, but heard the Indian go out and thought he would let him go. It would be better than to take him up to Strode's Station and to show him how weak they were, and let him go back to the Indian towns and tell. Whiteside and Bile had a fight one court day in Winchester one day about that very thing. Whitesides accused Bile of being a Tory and a coward. Biles was a low and heavy man, and whipped Whitesides three times, and made him cry enough for it.

Major Andrew Wood was the first Magistrate I think in the county. He didn't know the first letter in a book. Col. Sudduth did all his writing for him. A monstrous bright man. Wood was long legged and slim, he could run over 500 miles in a day. It was said that nobody could keep up with him. He walked after breakfast 3 miles, rived 1500 clapboards and went it back again before night.

Jimmy Baythe had his arm or wrist broken in the battle of Blue Licks. He, James Walker and James Howard all joined lands about two miles below Hornback's Mill on Johnson Creek in western Clark County. This was the first I knew of Baythe.

The first flask bottle I ever saw was a pint bottle. Valentine Crawford said he gave ½ dollar for it.

Col. John McGuire and Josiah Hart, my uncle went down on Slate riding along. The Indians fired on them and shot Hart's horse down and wounded McGuire in the shoulder. Hart's horse was shot in the side and fell down and got up and took Hart off the ground. The bridle on McGuire's horse got tangled in some bushes. A great big Indian came up with his tomahawk and was about to attack McGuire, when McGuire quickly cocked his gun and turned it towards him. The Indian treed. McGuire then took out his butcher knife and cut his bridle loose & so got away. There were 5 Indians that had shot their guns, but before they got them loaded again the two whites were off. When they had gotten away they stopped and loaded and waited for the Indians but they never came up.

Sarah Graham (Revised) 12cc45-53

Old Fort was the name of the first fort where a pile of rocks is now on the creek. McGary's Station was right where the Courthouse now stands. Start from McGarys' or the Courthouse now, and go down Main Street to the creek to (where the rocks now are) Old Fort, you will think it a mill. The Boiling Spring rises at Dr. Slovens' and runs right down through where Old Fort was. I was at the place the year I was married, the first of July 1794, when it was called Harrodsburg, out of respect for Harrod, a distinguished

man (as Harrod's Run also), not that Harrodsburg was there. They tried as early as at that time to get the County seat at Danville.

Hugh McGary married Matthias Yocom's oldest daughter, Caty, for his second wife. It was said he would go to see her, two miles off, while his first wife, who had been a widow Ray, the mother of General James Ray, etc. lay sick; and that one of Ray's boys, as it was thought, used to stop him in the road, as he was going back and forth, and appear to him as a spectre, wrapped up in sheets and talk to him of it, as the spirit of his present wife. After he married her she would tongue (mouth) him. He would watch sometimes $\frac{1}{2}$ day trying to slip around her when she got in one of her tandrums (sic), and if got a fair catch on her he would hold her till he got weary and he would say to her, "Caty ain't you most done, I'm so tired," continuing his hold on her till she would submit, "I've said all I want to say," or "I feel right easy," he would then let her go. Twas said the widow Ray could manage McGary when a whole army could not do it.

Her brother Jesse Yocom, before the Battle of the Blue Licks, would fall out with his father, tree him, and tell him, "now show your damned old gourd," they were both behind trees. Matthias Yocom married a widow Duncan after his first wife's death. Widow Ray raised two sons. General Ray's wife was a Tolbert. Her brother Isham Tolbert was a member of Congress. General Ray was one of the commissioners to fix the county seat of Bath, when it was located at Owingsville and was at our house to dine. After peace McGary got a place on the Ohio above Maysville. The Indians hid under the fence, they would have burnt him if they could have gotten him. He left and went to the Red Banks where he died. Malumphy said he commanded there that day. Well, said McGary, he would give him squaw play. Squaw axe he did it with. The Indian women laughed and said it was a squaw trick.

Charles Spillman, (her father) got into Kentucky November 14th 1780. I was 7 years old the May before. There was not at that time a hewed log house in Kentucky. The 1st square log house was put up this side of the Kentucky River in Jessamine, the next summer after we came".

The militia in those times had no other shirts than buckskin hunting shirts, and they wore moccasins and bearskin hats". We first settled over by Danville. Lawrence and Crow's Stations were where Danville now is, about a mile apart and Fisher's about a mile this side. I hadn't seen a fence for fourteen days.

The 1st man I met was old Colonel Logan. He met us just above the Crab Orchard where he lived and gave us a pumpkin loaf. His wife did not do anything else but bake in the ashes, what he ground in the hand mill and gave it to the people moving out, he was so glad they were coming. Logan was a Cohee. My father built the first winter, out in the open clearing, about 70 yards from the station. Fisher's Station was in rich cane land and the mud so deep and swampy it was almost impossible to get about. "Well Mrs. Spillman, I believe every woman in the station has been in this business but you and Mrs. Holtzclaw." "Oh well," says Mamma, "they may make as much fun of me as they please, it don't hurt me."

Jimmy Coward would get them all by the ears carrying favors and by telling tales and then taking sides, wherever he might happen to be. The women use to quarrel a great deal.

My mother brought 4 pounds of unpicked cotton. From the seed she got out of this, she raised 14 pounds of picked cotton the first year, besides letting Aunt Sooky Holtzclaw and Mrs. Copeland also have some of the seed from which they also raised cotton. My mother gave 7 yards of cotton for one sow shoat. With 9 yards she got some salt on Bear Grass, and a little money besides. The same year she also raised 200 lb. of hemp". Mother's sifter had gotten rubbed and spoiled bringing it out to Kentucky and she made it new by running across horse hair with a darning needle. Mrs. Fisher saw it and said mother should have hemp and flax seed, if she had to steal it for her, if mother would fill her one.

Got one half the load of game anytime for sending his horses with the hunters. Sent four cows by Mr. Barbee. He got one half for bringing the other half. They gave the richest milk when we came, fed on the cane. More milk than now when fed on the bluegrass pasture.

Mr. Stiles in his anniversary sermon, described the country as so fat that 190 bushels to the acre was a common yield. One year at Fisher's Station, Elias Fisher, son of Stephen Fisher, planted his corn very thick on purpose to raise a big crop. They chained off and measured an acre carefully, and found it contained twenty barrels, one bushel, one peck and one pint, which was accounted the greatest crop ever known in this country.

A Negro, whose master Abraham Linkhorn lived at Crow's Station, cut his throat. Abraham Linkhorn two or three weeks before the Blue Licks Battle had started one Monday morning to go to Virginia. He had been out to look at the country and make ready to remove his family. After he started he turned back to get something at Danville and saw five Indians. He ran and they took after him and caught him. He said they were spies. If he hadn't run they wouldn't have troubled him, but when he ran they knew he had seen them, called him a damned fool for it. Made him run the gauntlet, and kept him about eighteen months.

We were forbidden to wander off from the station, but one Sunday a parcel of us had gone off to gather wild cherries and pawpaws and there came to this sinkhole where was a spring in it to drink. The boys saw the tracks in the edge of the pond and told us to fly for our lives, the Indians were in the sink. The boys were soon out of sight and I was left, the last one behind and had to guess my way home. When I came in I could hear them, they were all talking about it. But, it was the Sabbath and I never let on or told a word of it. Because my parents would have read me such a lecture. I would have wished myself somewhere else.

Spy Indians were about every week. I once saw Girty's half-moon, it was 3 or 4 inches long, suspended on his breast. He came and cried, as I heard him at the some times

say, "give up, give up, prisoners of war, you'll be taken before morning." This was after I had been going to school and about Girty's last visit, the people were getting too thick.

Cornelius Yeager, Stephen Fisher's son-in-law and Ab's brother said to Girty, to come a little nearer and he would show him fair play. Girty was in the habit of going round to the stations in this way and warning them to surrender, but nobody ever did.

About a mile from Fisher's and the same from Danville, Jim and Bob Nourse, took a notion to have a still, they gave my father directions and he made a wooden one for them, and this was the first whiskey made in Kentucky. I went to school to Thomas Threlkeld, right by where they were at work. Began it in March and many a drink of beer I got there, 1781 this. They sold their whiskey for \$8 a gallon and the people bought it and got drunk on it, neither being in Kentucky or the high price could prevent its use. Fourteen (14) persons that I knew their faces, committed suicide, and I never thought before , it might have been this still.

1. Anthony Garnett
2. Old seaman, had a bottle of whiskey tied up with him in a handkerchief.
3. His wife
4. Old Billy Buford's son
5. Milly Renso (?)
6. Esom Ballinger, her brother
7. Jas. Nourse
8. Mrs. Foley
9. Mrs. Cox
10. Wm. Paulin
11. Harry Jeffreys
12. _____
13. _____
14. _____

Threlkeld's was the first school ever about in that section. Silas Barber, a northern man, taught a year in a school that my father built almost himself. He then took sick and an Irishman taught there. This was at the Forks of Dick's River.

In 1781 was the year the pioneers attempted to settle out (move from the station to their future homesteads) and the Indians beat them back. There were two Mrs. Kirkhams, sisters, both Campbells, very soldiery women. The one was at Mr. William Gains', about two miles from Fisher's Station. In the night the Indians came around the house, hooted like owls and ground on the hand mill, in the corner of the house etc. They put out Moses to go and give the alarm. Presently Moses came back and knocked at the door and they let him in and put out Bob. He found his way to Fisher's Station. Next morning they (the besieged family) put out very early and came on to Fisher's Station also. When a little company was raised to go in pursuit of these Indians, Mrs. Kirkham would go along back home to suckle the calves which she had left at home penned away from the cows. Said she reckoned the Indians would all be gone.

The other Mrs. Kirkham lived about 5 miles from the station to the left as you go to Danville. He had built a cabin, planted corn and hemp etc. One day the Indians came in. Mr. Kirkham slipped out and hid in the hemp patch. Mrs. Kirkham at once made up with the Indians and in doing so she delayed them as long as possible. She showed them her silk dresses and whatever she could to please them. At length they put her and her two youngest children on a horse and started to lead the other 3 children. They told her they had killed her husband but she knew better and never let on. They had stopped and were tearing up some of the clothes to tie up the children's legs which were being torn up by the nettles when she seen the dogs. She was so glad she jumped up to run before the men were in sight. An Indian threw his tomahawk at her while another picked up the next to the youngest child and dashed its head against a log. But, the men were on them immediately, this was all they did and they had to run. The child was only stunned and readily came to. The mother regretted she had not set still and prevented as she would even this. She was the first to see the dogs.

Old Michael Woods, at Smith's Station, 2 ½ or 3 miles from us was gotten by the Indians on the forks of Dick's river. They had tied him and were taking him on to Barnaby's Rock. This was named after an Indian called Barnaby who staid there when he hunted, it had a chimney to it. The rain came on and the tugs, which he had been tied with, became wet and stretched. He found that he could get them off. The rain came on harder and harder and the Indians said, "lets run" to which he agreed and put off. But not the way the Indians had intended. They told us this when we moved down there, I suppose it was in 1781. They say an Indian can run faster than a white man, but not the breath of a white man.

The father of Phineas and Eli Garret had moved out from Smith's Station to near my father's place on the forks of Dick's River. Their mother sent them out to get the cows and the Indians got them. They kept Eli for three years. His brother Phineas never got back. The last Eli ever knew of his brother was on the Ohio. As he came home someone asked him his name. When he told that person, they said they had seen a little boy by that name in a boat of French and Indians being taken down the river. He was crying and said his name was Garret and he was going to see his Mamma. This was also in 1781.

Nobody ever killed at Bowman's Station, I believe.

Colonel James Harrod had a difficulty with one Smith; but the neighbors had them together, and Harrod was reconciled. Smith, it was said, never got over his grudge. They, with Stoner, were out on Paint Lick or Red River, beaver trapping. They had made it a rule to get breakfast alternately. It was Stoner's duty this morning. Smith came in, said to Stoner the Indians were about, he had heard a gun and that Harrod was killed. They had Smith and Stoner up before the court many times, but this was all that could be gotten out of Stoner. Harrod was found, it must have been fourteen years after he was killed, in a saltpeter cave with sedge-grass around him, twisted apparently as thick as a mans wrist. It was supposed that was to carry him by. Sedge-grass is very tough when green. It was strongly suspected this was done by one person only; one would have to be at each end.

The man that was shot dead in the forehead at Harrodsburg in 1777 stuck his thumb in the wound, crept off and was found dead in the leaves.

It was in Harrodsburg they fed 3 Indians to the dogs to make them fierce. They quarreled and bristled all up as they ate".

Mr. Stiles spoke of a man that was wounded out of the station (McGary's). The gates were unnecessarily shut, and they dug a trench and got him in. He did not explain. The picketing would have fallen if they had dug under them. There was however, a wet spring, at times, there and it had ran off the earth between the two picketings. I was there often when it was picketed and saw the place where the man was hauled in. The man had thrown himself behind a log, and from there got into a ditch that was on the outside. This they made deeper and tried to get him in by feet first, but couldn't; they then dug again and took him in by the head, turning it and pulling him in.

This McCoun staid out when all the rest had beaten back into the forts, but he wasn't afraid, and only his family had gone from the cabin into the station. One evening there had been an alarm of Indians seen about, and at the fort they made sure McCoun was killed. The next morning a company went out to know the truth of their fears. When they came near the house, they heard a great laughing inside. They asked him for God's sake what he was laughing at. He replied who "could help laughing?" He had tied corn to two ends of a string; two chickens had swallowed it; and when one moved he drew it into the other's throat, and he in turn had to swallow and disturbed the other one.

The Yocums lived on the Roanoke in Virginia, had a wife and raised 12 sons and three daughters. Everyone of them that I knew there had farms, but Felty, who was killed while they lived in Roanoke, which was then the Indian frontier in Virginia. The Indians killed him and all his children in their own house. She got away, but went back that night and laid in her dead husbands bosom all in a gore of blood. [This was in Greenbrier County, in 1763, during Cornstalks raid. D. Payne]

The old people came out with Matthias. The Yocums were clever neighbors; great for log rolling; but quarrelsome among themselves.

Captain Mitchell, his son, and one John Lancaster, also Alexander Brown, some time in the 70's went up to Pittsburgh to get corn; and brought flour and six barrels of whiskey. Were coming down the Ohio, when they stopped at the shore one day and Captain Jim (Captain Jim was a Shawnee) with his company of men came aboard. They all seemed in good humor. Mitchell showed them over the boat, gave them a barrel of flour and one of whiskey, and at length requested them to roll out their barrels, telling them he wanted to be going on. Ho! Ho! Ho! laughed Captain Jim, saying, "you, your flour, your whiskey, are all mine." They then took all over to the other side, and whipped the men all the way to the Indian Towns, every cut they could get; he, Mitchell, walking, they riding. His son (Mitchell) was burnt before his eyes.

John Lancaster was lying all the while, pinned down on his back with four pins. He made a great noise with his pains, and it rained and it grown cold, so as to increase them; so that he couldn't keep still, notwithstanding their threats. So that at length, his Indian came and loosen the pins and took and laid him down by the fire, leaving one foot unpinned. Captain Jim was mad and drunk; had been falling out with his squaw. Came along, jerked him up and sent him to bring wood. Scolded old Captain Mitchell, told him to go to the fire and warm himself. Was an old man and they didn't tie him. As he went Captain Jim took up the tomahawk and sunk it into the old man's head. "I saw the blood run", said Lancaster, "I went out for his wood but took care never to return". Was living, I think for ten days on roots. Came to the Ohio, went down a piece on a little raft, had feared to lay down on the shore, he was so exhausted, for fear he would never get up again; and was lying with such feeling, floating along on the raft, when he heard towards morning, chickens crowing on the Ohio side. He sprang up, got to shore and found a cabin. The man told him he mustn't lay there; the Indians were friendly with him, as well as the whites; but gave him provisions and sent him on home.

The Shawnees were almost gold-yellow and small. Choctaws were tall and large, six feet high and more. Indians were taken prisoner when Malumphy was killed (1786) were settled over at Danville. Indians would give twenty or twenty-five prisoners, sometimes, for one of theirs or exchange them for match-coats, as they called them.

My father's youngest brother bought the horse on which Colonel Christian was killed (April 1786). Mrs. Christian would never let it come home, couldn't bear to see it.

McGary had branded Harlan and Todd as cowards but a few days before this battle, both were killed. Col. Boone told them it was a horse bend there and if he would go over, to go 2 miles below to a good ford.

Ezekiel Fields & Colonel Russell from Virginia they were laying warrants on the Kentucky. Here they were taken by Indians and carried to their towns. They were two nights and one day burning Colonel Russell. Fields had small hands and feet, the rains came and while they were taking care of the rest, the deerskin with which he was bound gave way, so that he could slip them off and he put out. The last time he heard of the Indians they were on one hill and he was on the other. In the morning he hit on his own track near the wigwams. The day had been cloudy and he couldn't see the direction of the cardinal points. In 5 days however, he got across the Ohio on a raft. Fields afterwards lived at Crow's station. He was among the lost at the Battle of the Blue Licks, suppose he was either tomahawked or scalped. His widow married a McClanahan near Winchester.
[This was the same Ezekiel Fields that was taken captive on the Kanawha in July 1774 when one Walter Kelly was killed and Col John Fields barely escaped. His father Col Fields was killed later that year at the Battle of Point Pleasant. D. Payne]

Mr. Miller and Mr. Fry were both killed at the Battle of Blue Licks, they were living in one yard at Lawrence's Station. The lane is now there, that separated Lawrence's from Crow's Station, continuation of the road leading from the mouth of Hickman to Danville.

Crow's Station was towards the Knobs and Lawrence's Station towards Harrodsburg and that lane was there when I first came to Kentucky.

Each of these men had a pre-emption of 1400 acres. Fisher's Station was a mile down towards the mouth of Hickman. Stephen Fisher was the only man that got back there from the battle of the Blue Licks.

We had a half-witted young man to work for us (farm for us) that year, named Absalom Yeager. He was in the first company to the Blue Licks and got over the river, when he came back he stopped on the bank to right his saddle. Billy Barker passed him and hallowed to him "for God's sake what are you doing". The balls were falling as thick as hail. Yeager said it was a borrowed saddle, old Mr. Spillman had let him have it and he knew that if lost it he would have to pay for it. He had 9 bullets in his hunting shirt, one made a little scab on his hip. Barker was afterwards overtaken by Yeager, about a mile from the river. He told Yeager that he had given out. Yeager got down and gave him his horse. They were talking later and Baker told him he believed that he would be willing to do almost anything for a friend, but he couldn't have done that. "By God", says Yeager, "I was fresh and no run down Indian could catch me".

There were no others, besides those we have mentioned, killed at the battle of the Blue Licks (August 19th 1782) from around Danville or Fisher's Station. Jesse Yocom said he didn't know how many they burned, but the smell of a human burning was the awfulest smell he ever smelled in his life. Logan went with a company to bury the dead, the orders were given for every man who could carry a gun, to go and help bury them. My father Charles Spillman was along. When the word came of the defeat there was not a man left at Fisher's station, but Fisher himself, who had been wounded in some occasion, some time before. My father said that when they got there, they couldn't tell one dead man from another. The weather being so warm they had swollen much. He said he thought he would be afraid in battle, but when he seen all the dead it made him feel like fighting. Such was the panic this bloody tragedy cast over the community.

Lawrence offered my father the whole 1400 acres of his preemption for one little black horse to carry his family back to Virginia; exclaiming, that after all their toil, they had to lose the whole country.

The day of the battle, the sky, the women's clothes, everything they had on looked red. The time of St. Clair's defeat, the men waded through the swamp and down the branch, in the light of a red moon, then in eclipse.

The first man ever hung in Kentucky was one Walker. He had fell in with one Sprowl at Lexington with whom he had had some acquaintance in Virginia. Sprowl stabbed a man and Walker coming along soon after saw his knife or dirk sticking in the man and he drew it out and in this situation was discovered. Sprowl appeared once or twice to different persons, told them that he was armed and that he wouldn't be taken, not to hang Walker for that he was innocent of the charge &c. Mr. Rose said Walker was of a

respectable family, which he knew, and he visited Walker in prison and lent him a book. Betsy Kitchen, a bad woman went and offered to marry him, because if married he wouldn't have been hung, but he refused. On the gallows he gave a solemn exploration stating this all came on him in consequence of him being with Sprowl and warning others of the danger of bad company. His brother came out but he got here too late to see his end.

John Hinton was killed at Fisher's Station. Had gone out to get simblins at a pit on the outside of the station yard. The road ran from Dick's River, back of the station, and the fence, facing it ran across the sinkhole outside of the station. There was no garden outside of this road fence. The Indians shot Hinton and dragged him into the sinkhole. Hinton when found, held the simblin with a convulsive grasp. The men tried to get his hand open but could not; and buried him with the simblin in his hand. This was in 1781. They of the station just went back to fiddling. Hinton's family was in the station too; wife and two children, wife's sister and family of W. Elsey Hinton. She had been married away in Greenbrier. Wife's sister was wife of Jacob Copeland. Copeland when he moved from there went into Garrard County, within five miles of where I lived there.

The women might go out in the morning as much as they pleased. The Indians wouldn't shoot them, but if the men went out they were sure to be killed; and had therefore to lay still.

Simon Kenton's name, when I knew him, was Butler. Mr. Graham brought him home with him one day, and Kenton peeped in and asked if I knew him. The year Kenton came to Kentucky was the year Boone came. They didn't know of each other till they accidentally met on a point of the Licking at the Lower Blue Licks.

When the Indians got Kenton, they tied him on a wild horse, cruppered his neck to head and tail of the horse, tied his hands behind him, and then let the horse loose. Fortunately it followed most of the other horses and at night, came with and stood among them. He had been terribly rubbed and bruised by being knocked and beaten against the limbs of overspreading trees. The Indians now took him off; and now he met with Simon Girty. They had been schoolboys together. Girty asked Kenton, who that was for; alluding to a fire that was kindled. Kenton told it was for him, and upon Girty's intimating a determination to procure his release, adding that he had suffered so much already, he didn't care if he got him off or not. Girty appeared exceedingly boisterous and enraged, and seemed to swear greatly; but the Indians still refused. At length he succeeded in getting his ransom for fifty match-coats. At the expiration of a year, Kenton ran away from Girty and was again in Kentucky.

The last year that we lived at the Station, fall, I suppose of 1783, my father went in to get my Grandfathers legacy; and that year the three Fearis brothers went in, the same time with my father, married and brought out their wives to a place south of this somewhere on the frontiers. Their names were, Nathan, the eldest, John and William, I think. They had been out here to see the country and now gone back, married their wives and then went out to settle. Two of them had married two sisters. They were in cabins, were

attacked by the Indians and the men treed. Their wives clave to them, and would not be entreated to leave them, but just hung to their coattails, till they were all killed, and then got away. This was accounted one of the hardest battles fought in Kentucky.

One Captain McFarland was bringing a company through the wilderness and met with a defeat. My two cousins, Christopher Spillman and James Jones were killed. My cousins left families in Holston, wives and two or three children. Of six or eight men, he McFarland was the only one that escaped. His wife and four or five children were lost. My husband, Mr. Graham was at that time coming out with his father's relations; they had but six in company and were but a few miles behind McFarland's company, also weak. That morning the post, who had been with them part of the way, loaded up his gun and started off. They had told him he had better wait. He said he meant to kill an Indian that morning. In about a mile they came on his horse in a creek. My father went to lead him out. The men said, not to, for he would be killed. My father replied, the Indians were not there that did that mischief, for there was the mail and he would go, and he brought the horse to Danville. When he had got hold of the bridle he looked up and saw the post cut all to pieces and stuck on the bushes all around.

In order to render their force as formidable in appearance as possible, they put big coats on the women and made them ride with sticks on their shoulders. Sally Thompson, an old maid, raised in my father's neighborhood, came riding up, making her will. My father kept telling her one bullet would kill both, two persons as well as one, if she persisted in remaining by his side, that she wasn't going to be killed and there was no use in making her will out to him, &c. Sally Thompson married one widower Tullis, a deacon in Cane Run Church, soon after she got to this country. They and Billy Barber went to the Ohio country. Tullis and Mrs. Barber then married on the deaths of their mutual partners. Dr. Thomas Barber at Paris, nephew of Gen. Thomas Barber of Danville and son of this Billy Barber.

McFarland had staid on the ground, the last man, but couldn't stay to bury, and had thought his wife and children dead. Before leaving, found the little Drake girl, washing the paint from her. She said the Indians were badly whipped, and pointed to the hillside where they had buried two. Dragged away all but two of the killed; those two were dead. The little Drake girl made the Indians to be eighteen, but my husband, and another young man, who had feared the Indians would come after their horses, watched all night at the blockhouse at which they were and next morning at grey twilight he counted nineteen passing in file, round on a hill to one side of the blockhouse. At this time I was ten miles from home, at my uncle, William Smith, on Dick's River. McFarland came on there, the most distressed man I ever saw, and spent the night. Next morning very early news came that his wife and children had been brought in by the next company that passed along. His wife and children had taken the wrong end of the road at the time of flight. He couldn't wait for breakfast or couldn't eat, but set out at once for the place where his wife and children had been taken.

In large letters on Culpepper Courthouse was this inscription, "Jas. Spillman, from England, killed by the Indians under a brush fence by a bow and arrow."

They experienced great privations on Grant's Station, on Dick's River. He was about two miles below us where we lived on Dick's River. Andrew Gimblet had ventured (1781) out about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the station during some very dangerous times. Some persons being determined to scare him, went and waylaid a pathway in the pea vines, near his cabin. When Andrew went by they shot their guns, which were only loaded with powder. Andrew ran towards his house and his wife met him at the door, having heard the guns, exclaiming, "Lord Andrew, where are you shot?" Andrew said "Oh Lord! Molly I don't know".

The children in the spring nearly lived on the pea vines, of which were very luxuriant. They were very much like the black eyed pea, only a little flatter. We used Buffalo meat for bread, and bear for meat. In the spring of their settling Grant's Station they got a little salt and corn from the Pittsburgh country. Barbee's black man said they accused him of parching the corn, but he didn't. He put his hand in the mortar and ate the meal as he pounded it. The supply was so limited, he became so weak, he could hardly carry a bucket of water. This was before we came.

The grandchild of this Grant, Squire Grant's little girl, and one Saunder's little girl, then living in Fayette, had been to see each other. On separating each turned and went towards its home. Grant's little girl was killed. I saw his widow at the Harrodsburg celebration in 1824, in Harrodsburg, at Mr. Bush's. Was living with her son somewhere over there. The Indians asked the little girl if the scalp cut was sore. She said, "Yes", they then cursed her and tomahawked her. Would have recovered but for that When she saw her father coming she cried, "Indians, Indians", he said no it was her father. She took the clotted blood from her eyes and kissed him, as he took her up in his arms. She lived two or three days and would have survived, but the leaders in her neck were cut.

We raised three crops at Fisher's Station and then about the 10th of March, 1784, moved over onto the fork of Dick's River. The fall before we moved, one Mr. Davis, that was living about three miles above the place where we afterwards lived, was killed and his family taken. Mrs. Davis had gone out in the night to bring in some clothes. She saw the Indians go in the cabin and kill her husband, and into the kitchen and kill all the Negroes. There she stood in agony, saying, "I must go in", and then her heart would fail her, and she would turn back, and then go again.

The Indians took four children, two boys and two girls, and sold them to the French. The oldest son was at that time away on some business on the Ohio, and came home again. The children that were taken were exchanged for and came home one day while Mr. Rice was preaching at the Fork Meeting house. Mrs. Dougherty said she thought Mrs. Davis might have waited till preaching was over before she went out (to greet her long captive children). Mrs. Davis afterwards lived at old Mr. Grants. After this tragedy her countenance put on a change, and she got all her sleep alone in the daytime. She would be up and walk the room all night.

Mrs. Harrod after being brought to Harrodsburg to attend the celebration had to pay \$15 (believe it is \$15) for her week's board to Dr. Graham.

Patrick Scott

11cc5-9

11cc17-18

My father came down in the spring of 1778 with Clark's Company, and stopped at the falls of the Ohio. Patton and Swan were of the party. They planted corn on Corn Island. I have heard my father say, as he was to set at night in his cornfield he thought he could hear the corn going Tick! Tick! Tick, it was growing so fast.

Built a fort above Corn Island, on the main land. I remember there was one man killed, out toward the swamps, this was after the fort was built.

Captain Isaac Hite was at McAfee's Station when the Indians attacked the station. He came to Harrodsburg in a remarkably short time. I do not recollect how many seconds, but he was quick. He lived at Harrodsburg when we did. While we were at Harrodsburg, Abram Bowman lived at Bowman's Station on Dick's River.

Old man Riddle (Isaac Ruddle) was a great rogue, and George Riddle, his son, was as great a rogue.

Three years after we came over here, they wanted to press a horse for Logan's Campaign. I ran him into the cane to hide him.

We settled at this place about the fall of 1789. My father came to Kentucky with Clark's troops that were going against the O'Post (Vincennes), 1778. The next season we went to Harrodsburg. Boonesboro, Harrodsburg, and Whitley Station were then the only settlements.

On coming out, there were thirteen families that came down the Ohio. We got to the Falls (Louisville) on 24th June 1778, (*Shane says Error, perhaps first of June*). The day the sun was eclipsed totally. My father's name was William Scott. I was born in 1774 and was four years old when we came out.

Clark started from Louisville the 24th of June. Governor Hamilton had taken O'Post, and Clark came down with a company to go and retake Post Vincent. We came down the river with that company, spring 1778. Clark mounted a black-jack log on a pair of truck wheels, that is when he got into the bend, below Post St. Vincent, and then sent in word to Governor Hamilton to surrender or he would blow him to hell and burn him body and soul.

Clark settled these thirteen families on Corn Island. Of the thirteen families, one was James Patton's who died in Louisville some years ago. Another was this Lynn's.

When we came down there was no one living on the main land. There was nothing there until Clark came back from the O'Post. He then built a fort on the bank. Raised a half-acre of corn on that island. It was a warm sandy soil and my father used to say that at night he could hear the corn grow.

We went to Harrodsburg during the fall of the hard winter, 1779-1780. We didn't remain at Harrodsburg over the winter. We staid there two or three weeks and then went to Corn's Station on Cane Run. Corn's Station was about six miles from Harrodsburg on a branch of Cane Run that came in from (?) towards Danville.

George Corn had a bullet shot into his mouth which knocked in his fore teeth, at the battle of the Blue Licks. He swallowed the bullet and gulped it up again in 2 or 3 days afterwards. Old Mr. Corn who owned the station, had a son Ebeneezer, who lived in Clark Co. He was sent to the penitentiary for burning his Negro to death".

Old Colonel Stephen Trigg lived at what was called the Vineygrove, near Corn's Station. He was killed at the Battle of Blue Licks.

Hugh McGary was a creature without consideration. He was by nature a savage. He married a Yocom. She had a bastard child, as well as he, when they married. He went to drive her bastard child off; she said to drive off both; and they did. Daniel McGary, a son of old Hugh, lived in Montgomery County, was a trifling, gambling sort of fellow.

I was at Corn's Station when Riddle got back from British captivity (taken at Isaac Ruddle's station). One McCune, who was at Bowman's Station, when Riddle got there, went out and got a hoop-pole, of which he had a parcel, and wore it out on Riddle. McCune had been a fellow prisoner, and had been planning to run away, when Riddle went and told the British on him, who put McCune in irons. "Now", says McCune, "tell on me again.

Michael Stoner came to a tree that was a good deal scratched by bears. He climbed the tree got on a limb and hallooed "The house". The bear came out, and Stoner having no arms, had to fall off the limbs.

Col. Bill Lynn was a very mischievous fellow. He always carried an old British musket. He would make snakes crawl into it and then shoot them out against a tree. He was out hunting on the Salt River and five Indians took after him, three in the rear, and two on the flanks. He killed the last of the 5 just at the brush fence that was around the fort. He was asked when he got in if he ran booty, he declared that he didn't. Lynn was a very swift runner. A great many bets were made on him, but they were always lost. He said he didn't want to encourage gambling. A number of men from Harrodsburg were out on Hardin Creek buffalo hunting. One day they turned out on a hunt and at night when they came in Lynn was missing, and it was, No Lynn! No Lynn! On the next day they turned out and found him. He had been tomahawked and three of his fingers cut off".

(Shane's notes, this was Ben Linn at this place, a brother of Colonel William Linn). But, B. Linn had not been tomahawked.

Old Sconce was an Irishman; came from Greenbrier out here. He had a houseful of girls. I was then just grown, and quite fond of going there. One son, living there now. The son, William Sconce, lived at the mouth of Strode's Creek. The old man, "Bauld Robin Sconce", lived on the headwaters of Little Flat Creek, towards Towles. He was here before I came.

Joe Jackson was making salt at the Blue Licks, and taken by the Indians, when they came to attack Bryant's Station.

My father was pack-horse master in Braddock's army. Got another pack-horseman's horse, one night, blacked over the ball of his face, with a camp kettle, and so drove him two or three before he was detected.

My father moved thirteen times in one year, this the year before he moved down here from the Redstone country. My mother carried me on her lap. My father took a bed, opened a place at two ends, put one child in one end and the other child in the opposite, while the third, the stoutest, rode the horse, saddle bag style.

David Crouch (Revised)

12cc225-229

I was born in August 1767 on the heads of the Monongahela in Randolph County, Virginia. My father was one of the first settlers there. He came to Tygarts Valley when I was three years old. Tygarts River Valley is one of the heads of the Monongahela. My father lived in Tygart Valley for 17 years. (1770-1787). When three years old my father moved to the Tygart Valley. We were forted almost till I was a grown man. In fact the Indians did mischief in our neighborhood after I left. I came with my father to Kentucky in 1787. My father lived for some time on the South Branch, went from there to Carolina, was 2 or 3 years on the Yadkin, lived in the same neighborhood, not station as Boone. Then he came back again. He wanted to live on the gun and the range. As soon as the range was gone, he wanted to move. When we came to Kentucky, it was 5 miles this side of Lexington.

The range there was as good as a wheat field, when it gave out he wouldn't stay, he moved to Bourbon, and from there again, in due time to Ohio, where he died. The trouble on the South Branch with the Indians was before my recollection. My father said he lent his horse, saddle and bridle to some man to go against the Indians. The man was killed and the horse &c. he never got. We were about 50 miles from the South Branch, we had mountains to cross in going there. They were so steep a horse could hardly carry a man over them. Never a wagon could get to the South Branch and I don't know that they could get to it now (from Tygart Valley). Once a year my father would send to the South Branch to get two bushels of salt (80# to a bushel), that would last us a year, sacked it

over on horses. There was a way to get into Greenbrier, but that was not much better than the way to the South Branch. There were two or three pretty stiff mountains on that way. The South Branch was a rich country, settled earlier than Greenbrier. There was but little settlement in Greenbrier & perhaps as late as ours, especially in the back part of Greenbrier.

Mrs. Crouch's father was from the South Branch. Her grandfather and her husband's father were from the eastern part of Maryland. My mother said I was four years old when I left the South Branch. It was the earliest thing that I recollect, crying over a little toy my cousin Ashby had. I told him that he might as well give it to me as I was going away and he might never see me again and it has been so. My grandfather Ashby was brother to that Ashby that made early pre-emption settlements in the state of Kentucky. Most of the people of the South Branch were married by the Squire. Had no preacher living there. But, my mother and father were married by one McCue, a traveling Presbyterian preacher, only stopped in a day or two and then he went on to Greenbrier where he lived. One Scarbrough, an old man that went about here teaching some time ago, I don't know what happened to him, said he knew McCue well.

I was born 14 January 1767, was married 5 December. I would have been 20 had I waited till the next January 14th.

Joe Redding was the first preacher that I ever knew. He used to stop at my father's, he, and sometimes John Taylor, both were traveling. The first sermon was when I was 7 or 8 years old. I recollect the text, "Behold the axe is laid at the root of the tree &c." We had only traveling preachers. John Warrick's was the highest up in Tygart's Valley; David Hedden's was next; Jos. Crouch's was next, he was my oldest brother. He moved from there to here and then to Ohio where he died. Then George Westfall's, the son, his father and his were the first two forts, I think occupied in the country. Ebenezer Pettis or Petty was next, John Cassidy, my wife's father was next, then Jacob Westfall, the father of George. Old Jacob Westfall afterwards had something of a mill, sort of a tub mill. The first fort that ever was there was old Jacob Westfall's. We lived there the first summer of the first year we were there, then they began to build other forts; next was Col. Benj. Wilson, then Barker's settlement below Wilson's Station.

In Tygart's Valley the forts were not more than 4, 5 or 6 miles apart. There were some 10 or 12 forts. All the forts were stockaded, with bastions for the sentries to stand in at night. It was something like 25 to 30 miles from one of our settlement to the other.

It was the most beautiful country for wild fruit that I ever seen. If it had not been for the wild fruit and the game, that country would never have been settled as it was. Of the fruits in kind were the serviceberries. They were growing on trees as thick as your leg and about as high as the joice of a common log house, with bark resembling that of the maple. The fruit was round and red and not like the haws. Under the trees we would spread a sheet and shake down $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel. We also had whortleberries and cranberries. There were 2 miles of cranberry swamps by Westfall's, 500 bushels could be gotten there.

The first difficulty with the Indians that I can recollect of was the killing of Darby Connelly's family. He was settled out about 3 miles above Warwick's. His was the highest up of any family; up near the head of the river. I suppose when we first settled in Tygart's Valley the Indians were peaceable. This being a year or two, maybe three years, before the Battle of the Point. I can just remember it. When the Indians came into what is now Greenbrier they would sometimes come over onto the head of our river, into what is now called Randolph County. The Indians killed Connelly and some of his family, though not all. For I remember the oldest boy being in the fort with me and being about my age. His name was David too. I think this was in the spring. They most always did their mischief in the spring.

Frank Riffle and William Currans were killed next. They were living in Geo. Westfall's fort. They were shot at their farms, I expect they were plowing. Late, at near dusk they started for the station. The men were before and were shot. Susan Shaver, a married daughter of Riffle's and some other woman, the only one that was with her, I expect it was one of her sisters were the two women. They were behind and were to ride, when the heard the guns they mounted the horses and rode to the fort. The horses galloped and Susan Shaver's horse, as he came galloping along, just jumped over her father. It was so dark she never saw him. She only saw a bulk or something, didn't know what it was. The Indians had stripped the clothes every bit off of him and stretched him right across the road. Both the men had families.

The 3rd inroad of the Indians was at a time of the meeting of the commissioners to adjust land claims. This was the first and only meeting of the commissioners ever held there. After this they went out to Greenbrier. There was very little difficulty in settling the land claims there, it was not a hard matter to do. They had set a day or two at my father's (Mr. Crouch's father) and were pretty nearly through when a case came up in which they had the need of a man in Greenbrier to prove some fact. They sent off Thomas Lackey as a messenger after him. As Lackey went he discovered Indian sign and turned back to alarm the station. His discovery and return happened to be seen by the Indians who waylaid their own sign in ambush. Lackey got back to the station that night but didn't stay. They went on up to Warrick's Fort, 10 miles above. The next morning the commissioners, who were men appointed by the settlers and had families, for whose safety they were also alarmed and six other men went out to examine the sign, about 6 or 7 miles. When they got there the Indians fired on them and killed John Nelson, John McClain and Joseph Ralston and shot my brother John Crouch through the arm. This was the cost of this.

The 4th inroad was when John Alexander and his stepson Jacob Everman were passing from Hadden's Fort to Warwick's Fort. The Indians fired and Alexander was wounded in three places and took Everman prisoner. He was with them 10 years and never came back until after we had come to Kentucky. His step-father and his son when they came to Maysville, a year or so before we did hear of Jacob Everman by some Indian trader to whom they gave \$20, it may be, and he got Everman for them.

The 5th - Mr. Leavitt's family lived $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from Cassidy's Fort in a clearing. It was the last of March or the first of April, for they were engaged in clearing land. The family had all been out assisting. Mrs. Cassidy's father had been there the day before and all that day making a plow. The Indians never troubled him though, even though he was alone, because they saw his gun beside of him. A part of the family, Mrs. Leavitt, her oldest daughter Lurrena and her daughter, Jane along with Jane's little illegitimate child came to the house to eat dinner. The rest of the family were yet in the fields, these were William Sr. and William Jr. another son, Jas. who was about 14 years old who had cut his foot so that he couldn't walk about and was employed in taking care of two little twin babies, Dany and Tom who were about 9 months old. There were also two others, Nathan and Katy who were in age between the twins and Jas. When they came to dinner, Mrs. Cassidy's father started for his house. They wanted him to stay, but he said he could get home in time and declined. Mr. Cassidy got home, set down and was eating when old Mr. Leavitt came running into Cassidy's Fort with the alarm that the Indians were there. With the men remaining in the field, and them seeing my father leave, they attacked the house. When old Mr. Leavitt saw the Indians he ran as fast as he could to our station to give the alarm. Jas. forgot that he was lame and picked up a twin under each arm and followed on after his father. I suppose Nathan and Katy got to Cassidy's also. William, the oldest took off to another neighborhood to spread the alarm. All of the family that were in the field escaped.

When the Indians came to the house the old woman ran and got as far as the barn, where one of the Indians attacked her. The other Indian took in pursuit of the two daughters, who had started up a hollow. The old woman told me there were but two Indians. The one came up to her and the dog flew at the Indian. She said she couldn't help but laugh. He turned around with his tomahawk and cussed the dog. However, she was tomahawked and scalped in the yard. She fell down and didn't stir, pretended to be dead. She lived for 8 days after. She was a most dreadful sight. There were not many that could stand to stay with her. I went some, couldn't get out of the room when they had seen her. She was sure her daughters had escaped as she had seen them running and the contrary was never told to her. She wanted Mrs. Cassidy, or her mother to take Lurrena, her daughter and keep her till she married".

Had the children ran towards the fort instead of up the hollow, they might have escaped. But, they ran up to where it was so steep they couldn't get out of the way and the Indians just came up and took them. Where the Indian had tried to take Jane prisoner we could see where she had put her heels down and tried to hold back, he had to drag her. When he found she wouldn't go along with him he tomahawked her. Her little boy wasn't dead yet when my father and uncle got there. They said the Indian had knocked its head against a tree and then threw it over into a sinkhole, not far from the barn. When they brought in the bodies to lay them out, they would jerk around so they couldn't keep them straight. Jane was cut and gashed most awful. They couldn't get them in coffins and had to bury them so.

In Barker's Settlement lived one Jonathan Buffington, nobody was forted up at the time we speak of. All living out until the season that the Indians became troublesome,

which was almost always in the spring about corn planting time. Buffington went to the South Branch of the Potomac to get salt and while he was gone the Indians came and burnt up his house and destroyed his family. Whether they were taken captive, whether they were first killed & thrown into the flames or whether they were shut alive in the flames and consumed of them alive he never learned one particle to enable him to know.

After the burning of Buffington's house they took one Dougherty and his wife, old people living alone prisoners. She was too frail to travel and two Indians staid behind and tomahawked her. They then took her scalp and bringing it along and when they came up they shook it in Dougherty's face. Dougherty lived in Barker's Settlement.

From this they went to Alexander Roney's, they shot Roney down in his yard and then went into the house. They took Mrs. Roney and her boy prisoner, her face was dirty and smeared over, they told her she was an Indian, no, she said, she was a white woman, and a right pretty little woman when she was dressed up. When they tied Dougherty by the fire at night they told him they were meant to burn him when they got him over the Ohio to the towns. They didn't have to tie Mrs. Roney. The Indians had to pass over the West Fork of the Monongahela to get over into Ohio. An express was sent to Major William Lowther of that neighborhood who raised men and pursued. They came on them in the night. It was a rainy time when they found they were in sight of their camp. They turned back about 3 miles and shot off all their guns in a hollow log and loaded them fresh. They then came again, crept up and waited till near daybreak. They had crept so near they could punch them with their guns. Mrs. Roney lay between two Indians, Capt. Bull and Capt. Johnny. She rose up twice, the little Indian dog said, Whoo-boo and she would raise and say there were white people about, I really believe. At length they became tired of her disturbing their rest and told her to lay still _____. This was what Dougherty said and the men were so close they could hear her talk. It was said that one bullet shot through two Indians and the Roney boy, shot them all in the head. It was said they killed 17, all but one and that he bled mightily. They tracked him to where he had ran up the side of a stout branch and thought that he must have jumped into a deep pond that was there to keep them from getting him. Dougherty called to them not to shoot him, that he was a white man. Father said this was later than the Indians had formerly come & he had hoped they wouldn't. Mrs. Roney afterwards lived at Ebenezer Petty's Fort. The women there were threatening to drown her, for whenever she got a dram she began to cry about Capt. Bull and Capt. Johnny that she lay between that night. The men were going to drown her when they got back she talked so. She would say she was really sorry for Capt. Bull and Capt. Johnny.

We never pursued the Indians much from our neighborhood. If they did mischief they could get away and couldn't be tracked and we never could do any good following them. If they had taken horses we could have followed them. I don't recollect of them ever taking any horses from the valley.

Old Jacob Stallnicker and Adam, his son lived in Jacob Westfall's Fort. They had been to Col. Ben Wilson's Mill they had gotten their flour and were returning home. The Indians fired and killed Adam, his father escaped on his horse. The old man said, I think,

he saw but two Indians. I saw the tree that Adam fell against, the blood was there a long time. I saw him after he was scalped and nobody would have known him. He had been as pretty a man as you would see in a month, but his face was now all sunk away, to be not wider than your hand.

John White lived at Jacob Westfall's fort, and he was killed by the Indians in the neighborhood of the fort. He had married Adam Stallnicker's sister, Caty. Adam helped to dig the grave. Jacob Westfall had gone to the upper part of the valley on business. Adam Stallnicker also helped to make the coffin which they sent up to bring White down in and while they were gone he helped to dig the grave in which White was to be buried. It was in the middle of summer. They found him so black and mortified they couldn't bring him and so they brought back the coffin. Not long after was when Adam Stallnicker was killed, he was put in the same coffin and interred in the same grave, which he himself had prepared.

There were 8 or 9 families living in Warrick's Station when the Indians attacked. They came in the night, they tied up a bunch of splits into faggots and threw into the back shed of Warrick's house. This was sort of a back shed that formed part of the stockading. The roof was of clap-boards and these will crack when burning and when they got to burning the cracking woke the inmates. Warrick got a stick, punched a hole and let the bundle fall through. As soon as he saw it he knew it was Indians. It was tied with a buffalo or bear tug. He then punched the other boards loose so that all the fire fell down, or they couldn't get up in the loft and throw on water. A black woman was poked through and was told to go and alarm the nearest station. There was a barn about 70 or 80 yards from the fort the loft was full of grain, and below were two horses. The Indians next set this on fire. The horses ran around until they broke open the door, got out and escaped. Warrick had a Negro man that understood shooting very well. At first he wanted to go and open the stable door and let them out, but his master wouldn't consent to his meeting the danger. He then watched at the fort gate through the port-holes and saw an Indian which appeared in the light of the fire and he fired. It was not known what harm was done, but no more appeared in the light. This fellow also got up into the loft when it was first known they were there and cursed and abused them. This was the only time that we lived there that the station was attacked. I think he said it was attacked a 2nd time after we left there. John Warrick's oldest son, Capt. Jacob Warrick was killed at the Battle of Tippecanoe. John Warrick was in the Battle of the Point and fought from sun up till sun down. James was then a baby and I nursed him while his father was there.

We came to this country from that & old John Warrick together. My wife's father came in the spring by water, we came by land. My wife was his oldest child, he had no son then grown. A great part of the old settlers moved out when we did. The swamps were drained by the new settlers and brought it was said fine corn. Indeed too we did not know how to make a living, but mostly as our fathers taught us, we lived by hunting, knew little of farming. (Mrs. Crouch demurred to this and maintained we had stock &c.) That station was erected in Randolph the last year we staid there. It was Randolph County while we yet lived there.

Traveling by land was the cheapest way to come west. We drove our stock. It was the fall season. We had narry a river to ferry at all. The Greenbrier and the New River were the only rivers of any size that we had to cross. It did not cost us \$5 to come, stock would fall away, travel only so far, and having the range at night. We came through Greenbrier onto the Holston and into Kentucky on its south side. Lexington was the crack of the western part of Kentucky. Everybody wasn't satisfied when they saw it. We lived a mile this side of Bryant's station for sometime. I carried my gun half of my life for fear of Indians and never saw a wild one. I saw 17 prisoners Ben Logan had taken the year I came. I went down to Danville to buy some salt and there was a blanket hung up at the door of the fort house where they were. I lifted up the blanket to look in, but they never turned their heads to see me, but kept them turned the other way. The house was full. John Cassidy was the first person at Morgan's Station, he had a station at Licking at that time, came to Morgan's Station in the night.

Half of truth in it, McClung's Sketches, that I could witness.

Old David Morgan, brother of General Morgan lived on the West Fork of the Monongahela only about 30 miles from us. Was 70 years old at this time, was in an encounter with two Indians. He killed one, then in a scuffle with the other he got the Indian's finger in his mouth, the Indian had got his knife out and intended to kill Morgan with it. Morgan at length got it out of the Indian's hand and ran it into him, handle and all. He then flayed the Indian and tanned his hide. Was ever after called Savage Morgan, my brother Jim Crouch saw a razor strop that had been made out of the hide.

Mr. Crouch had a sister that married a Ryan. That sister's son living in Mercer, married into a family of Runyon's. Runyon's lived on this side of the Kentucky River, between there and Lexington. The whole family joined the Shakers and the younger Ryan's wife thought that she must go too. She left twins lying in the cradle and went. This brought Ryan into a conflict with one who he beat very severely. Another one that came to his house he nearly beat to death. The man thought to go to the law, but the magistrate advised him to keep away and leave Ryan alone

Joshua McQueen (Revised)

13cc115-129

Came to Kentucky the year after the Shawnee treaty at Boonesborough. Clark went on his first campaign after I came.

Ashe's family and all of Polk's, but himself were taken. John Sappington was out at the head of C__ Creek and was taken, and this John Ashe, one of the children was with the Indians.

The first place that I went to when I got through was, and it was the same time as Crawford's Campaign was to Natchez.

I was 7 or 9 about when I lost my father. When a little grown went out to Holydays Cove on the Ohio, here we were driven, routed by the Indians.

The British complained of Morgan's Riflemen picking off the sentinels. It was murdering and Washington had it stopped.

Went in again and came out again with a stronger force and built the station. After awhile I listed and went to the coast and was in the battle of Brandywine, Trenton and Lexington. Then I was on McIntosh's Campaign, then on Munsey's Campaign, which was on the head of the Allegheny, where 11 were killed; after which I was discharged and then went with the flour.

Came from Trenton to Pittsburgh and from there went on McIntosh's Campaign, across the country to the head of the Muskingum, about 100 miles from Pitt. A man there would go off after some horses, 11 were killed, and only one got clear. Went on Munsey's Campaign on the head of the Allegheny where 11 more were killed.

On the Muskingum the weather was extremely cold. A snow had fallen, and the top was crusted, so that we got no provisions from Pittsburgh, and were allowance to a cup full of flour, smoothed off, 2 times a day. At the Munsey Campaign we had to cut down the wild cherry to get something to eat, and this made the men sick. We had to get home as we could and many men perished.

While at Holyday's Cove (present site of Weirton, W.Va.) two of us were going up one day from Greathouse's, it was the last of March, first of April, we had been down to help at a raising. There was a little Dutchman behind us about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. As we got to the fort we heard guns go off. There was a little snow on the ground, we could see where the Indians, Two of them, lay on the ground and rested their guns in the snow on a log and fired. We had passed as near as 10 yards to the white oak top cut down, where they lay. They had been afraid to fire on the two of us. It was so soon in the spring we had no thought of Indians, and thought it was some of our men shooting. Sometime before we found it out. About four years I was out.

The year the snow fell in April and killed all the rye, was the year they had to give back from Holyday's Cove. I had to go back and drive the cattle. Some went as far back as Ray's Town. The next season they came back and had an additional garrison. Then the Continental Army was calling for men. I was at Holyday's Cove the time I enlisted, I wasn't drafted.

Greathouse's was just below Holyday's Cove about two miles. The son that was in the boat coming down the Ohio was Greathouse's son. Dutch deserters, Hessian and English too. I hadn't been up the river when these things happened at Louisville. They wanted me to go up on the O'Post campaign that September. I told them that I wanted to go and see my Mamma that season on the Mingo Bottom. It was then that I went up with five men in a canoe.

Saw Thompson Phillips who had been with Clark, gotten separated in a hunting party from his companions, and lost the place they had agreed to meet, and had been 21 days out. Lost his gun and wet his powder crossing some stream on a raft. Wasn't smart and had worn his finger ends to the quick, picking hickory nuts. Had lived five days in a hollow tree, was bare-footed and most naked. The snow was on the ground. He had met with an Indian dog and killed it, but it was so poor he couldn't eat it, put it on the fire and baked it and a little of the blood made him sick. Ate some ground cherries too, but they didn't agree with him.

Widow Davis was taken at another station, but at the same time that Polk's wife was taken. He was killed, not her. But, her two daughters were taken.

We had killed a yearling bear and saw another about half way across and we were making after it when we heard the Indians yelling and the dogs barking. We knew they were Indians and the rest wanted to go back, but, I at last told them if they did that I would go up by land by myself. Otherwise I would take them safely through. They were afraid the Indians would go up and head in. We went on up that night and after we stopped, as I and one man more went out to hunt I saw this Phillips waving his chunk & standing by the shore waiting for a boat. This was up by the Kenawha. Their provision had given out and each man had to take care of himself and get home the best way he could. He and his companion had went two sides of a ridge, but had never met. They ran out of provision like we did on the Munsey Campaign. Three of us agreed to go over after him and if he proved to be able to give a satisfactory account we would land and take him in, if not we would shoot him. Jacob Wheat happened to know of him, for he had gone part of the way in the campaign and turned back on account of sickness. As we went on up he cried for more to eat like a child; but, he was stout and well before we got to Pittsburgh.

My brother Tom was taken in Crawford's Campaign. A Frenchman, that he didn't see what became of. They burned the Lieutenant and made Tom run the gauntlet. There was not a sound place in his head when he got through. But, a squaw gave, I forgot how many buckskins for him. The three were separated from the rest of the army, they got way down on the Ohio and being nearly starved the Lieutenant shot at a raccoon in a tree, the Indians heard them and took them. The British had him in irons a great while for saying something about Simon Girty. Girty wouldn't stay with the Americans because they didn't give him a commission. Tom lived and died in Indiana, he had three sons who were Methodist preachers.

Joseph Proctor was in Estill, was a Methodist preacher sometimes too, 50 miles from Lexington.

Station Camp, the place they went to, way up the Kentucky River, from out of Boonesborough to hunt.

It was easy to have plenty of hogs and great gangs of cattle and plenty of horses very soon. But, capital and labor were soon as necessary and were to be provided. It cost us nothing, but we could get nothing. Labor and mind will destroy all difference.

Killed Buffalo up at Station Camp after I came to Kentucky to hunt when they were besieged, brought in their loads at night.

Was at Drennen's Lick when the Buffalo came in from every side so constantly that you couldn't have possibly driven them all out. When I went up there from Spring Station on Beargrass, between Louisville and Bullitt's Lick, there were 20 persons killed that belonged to a company on their way from Virginia to Louisville. There were about 100 in the company. Had gotten some 6 or 7 miles past Drennen's Lick and suppose they were getting pretty nigh to Louisville, got sort of careless, 20 odd of them killed. This was the 2nd or 3rd year after I came out.

"Time I was about Drennen's Lick, had staid in the garrison, was ready to go out in the morning, and two men had been out sawing, perhaps for a bowling alley. As they were going back out, one a little before the other, two Indians waylaid the place, one man was shot and the other escaped, he got into the cane and there was no chance to catch him, the cane as thick as hemp.

James Hoy, son of Major Hoy and Crook were killed at Hoy's Station. I carried Major Hoy's son in on my horse, he was heavy and made my horse sweat. They had went to Drown Creek for some pine tops for old Mr. Crook, an ailing man to make him a drink and one of the Crook boys went along. James Hoy was shot with an arrow in the right side from behind a big white oak that the road passed and not more than twice the length of a door from him. They had got within two miles of Drown Creek. Crook was shot. Captain Williams was with them, he got clear, he was on a pretty swift creature. Suppose to have been 15 Indians, Hoy and Crook were school boys". (This relates to Drennen's Lick, above paragraph). I ran out and would have shot one of the Indians, but, they all hollowed to me that I would be killed and I turned back. It was only 100 or 120 yards from the fort. I had gotten to within 40 or 50 yards of where he was scalping the man, I could have killed him. There were perhaps a 100 men at the fort.

I had a camp and would go out and hide my horses in the cane and kill game on the 2nd creek all day and then back in at night to Spring Station. There was a little Dutchman with me, named Barrackman. A good many people got killed in the night, the Indians came to know that we traveled then. I staid a year about there. McQueens camp was on 2nd Creek (Joshua McQueen). I lived with Ralph Matson (?). Ralph's wife was a better soldier than himself. He was a thick short man. He feared to venture out and was slow on foot.

Col. Sullivan once went express to Pittsburgh in 5 days and nights, all alone, traveled upwards of 100 miles a day.

At Fort McIntosh the Colonel could take a small fence rail on his shoulder and outrun any man that we had, he could always outrun the Indians, he was a very active man. Dan Sullivan went to the O'Post, he was the stoutest man I ever saw, and a soldier, every whit of him, he was shot all to pieces there in an Indian fray.

Someone preached to our Mechlenberg's Brigade at Valley Forge, from the text, "soldiers be content with your wages." The brigade was drawn all up around the preacher. The men kept their hats on and cursed all around, Washington was there. He and I kept out hats off, I saw no one else who did so.

Col. Dick Campbell commanded at the Munsey Campaign (Munsey Indians) it was called Broadhead's Campaign, but Broadhead didn't go.

Many a buffalo was killed by the whites and only a little of the rump taken out, or a thigh bone for marrow. The Indians never shot them but when they wanted them. This was their great natural park. They could come here and get fat bear, buffalo etc. Were always in order. The Indians were more numerous here than in Pa. and as least as bad.

Some little reed cane grew up in Mingo Bottom, and some few buffalo stayed up that way, two were killed up against the Mingo Bottom, but they were very seldom ever there. I think there were more cattle in Kentucky at its 1st settlement than there is now. The roads at the Blue Licks were 40 yards wide and were that for a good distance. Many a man killed a buffalo just for the sake of saying so. Indians had formerly lived in the Mingo Bottom the back part of it was all a prairie.

John Sappington, George Brown, and Tom Mannon (?) and 2 or 3 others were on heads of Crow Creek. Ginseng was a good price then and they went there to dig. One Dr. Knight came out and promised a pretty high market for it. John Sappington shot a tame bull and it run on him and hurt him in the knee and he couldn't run. When he came to the camp the Indians lay in ambush there and caught him. They started, 2 Indians with him and John Ashe. John Sappington had a good buffalo dog, who when they had gotten way down towards the Ohio, clear on Mud Lick got after some buffalo. The two Indians went to kill the buffalo and left Sappington with John Ashe. (The Indians had noticed Sappington looking homeward and said that he was going to run off and he did.) Sappington had made the horse, Brown's horse which they had stolen kick so & kicked him so he worried him down and so they put him on his own horse. He had his arms tied behind him and a kettle tied on his shoulders so that he couldn't guide his horse well. His own horse would go at his word anyway. He told John Ashe that he was going and begged him to go with him. He said he would carry him home to his father. He began to cry, said he was afraid the Indians would beat him. As his horse went on it brushed him under a limb against a tree and tore off the kettle".

A party of us that were there once before killed 9 buffalo in a lump. Armsted Blackwell, Christian Mowerly, Geo. Bruner, Ben Harris, Geo. Brown & myself. Ben Harris eat so much marrow that he foundered and never got over it. Blackwell cautioned

him, but he thought a man couldn't founder. One bone is as much as a man ought to eat, be he as hungry as he may.

My horse and John Sappington's would go home when we had loaded them with buffalo or bear meat, a straighter course than we could. Right through cane and all. They wouldn't touch a tree with it.

It was 20 miles to Yellow Creek from Mingo Bottom, Holyday's Cove. John Sappington and I went up and spent a day and then came back & killed 21 deer in the time. We got 2/3 a pound for the deerskins. They took them to the old country and dressed them in oil some way & that made the finest kind of buckskin breeches.

When Crawford's defeat was, George Brown would stay around hunting up for Bowman's and others and wouldn't come away. At last the Indians got his mare. The next day the Indians came on them in pursuit and killed Bowman and Sam, a mulatto man belonging to Richard Elson. Brown was shot in the arm and it broke the inside bone. One of there horses came running by and Brown being a light active fellow he just sprang on him and went off clear. Jas. McQueen kept following along behind Geo. Brown his brother-in-law, trying to get on his mare. At last he was separated from Bowman and the mulatto & the Indians got so thick he had to hide. It was 9 or 10 days before he got in and never would have but, he jumped on a little fawn & caught it. Younger brother perished to death.

Next spring, from Mingo Bottom came down to Limestone and on to neighborhood of Madison, 7 miles from Boonesborough and 1 ½ miles from Hoy's Station. For 2 or 3 years the Indians were very troublesome there & on Silver Creek and the frontiers.

I went up to Mingo Bottom and married & then came to Boonesborough. Had spent that year at Spring Station before going to Mingo Bottom. Came to Spring (Station) coming back from Natchez, 27 of us rowed out, they were all Frenchmen but one other man and he was of a sort of people that file their teeth. Live in some hot country way to the west somewhere. I was the only American in any boat, there were three bateaux, all French and Spaniards.

Nat Tumbleson was with me in the flour business. He was to give me so much a month wages. He had the boat ready and was going down just as I was dismissed from the Army. He broke and I never got anything scarcely, would have done rather well had not the Natchez people revolted & listed under the British. Nat and I had another man with us only. One of these was a flatboat, good deal of flour.

When we got down by the Wabash, this man was a great hand to eat Buffalo marrow and he got out to kill a buffalo, and he was to meet us at the first creek that he couldn't wade across & be taken in. Going along the shore you could see Buffalo most always. This was the other side of the Ohio from here. We went down and tied the boat about 40 or 50 yards below the creek, and was waiting there, when here came along an old man and woman (whites) that had been taken from off the Cumberland, & been separated

from the Indians, that had taken them, as they, the Indians were going up the Wabash. Fell in the rear in a bend someway and turned up the Ohio, suppose the Indians didn't care much about them. We run their canoe 4 or 5 yards up the creek, on this side and took them in. When he came down on the other side & threw down his buffalo meat, saw the turkey, he thought it was Indians, and that we were taken & ran off. We found it out from seeing his meat laying there, & I ran after him for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile and then fired my gun but could never get sight or answer and I then turned about. The man and woman then went on up, got safe from those savages. This our fellow hand, we afterwards found, after we had gone the whole trip round, there at Louisville.

When we had passed Fort Massac they pursued us to get some of our flour, but didn't overtake us. We passed Fort Massac (?) in the night. Learned of this pursuit afterwards. We had a heavy swivel on board and 3 or 4 muskets for our defense. I left Tumbleston at Natchez and he had enough, from what little he had sold to get a piece of land joining Col. Hutchins. I could have gotten \$800 a year for overseeing there, from the French, what few Americans were there were Tories and had to run away. (Rich, able men, Phil Austin and John Austin.) Phil Austin was a nice workman, made many and many a hundred dollars, lived at the mouth of a creek called Big Black. He was gone when I went up. They had all to clear out when the French came. I think they went to a place called Pensacola. But I do not know, never knew anything more of them.

As we went up, they broke 7 oars, passing the raft at the river DuPont and stopped to mend them. We lived on bear's oil and rice stewed up. They put on some of this and I went out to kill something. I had gone on and killed a doe and taken half of it, and came round a point and there was a camp of say 50 Indians. I dare not be afraid. They were cooking there, and I just went on and put my half of a doe across the pole. They lay there hunting with their squaws and children. An Indian took me by the coat into his wigwam, swung his kettle of lie (lye) corn on & warmed it and gave me a horn spoon (Buffalo, black as the ace of spades) after I had eaten as much as satisfied my immediate appetite I began to shove aside the rich fat some. 1st breadstuff I had eaten for 4 months except 3 biscuits so full of worms we couldn't eat it. He noticed it and asked me what kind of fat, I answered muckquaw (bear) "she, she." It was "sha, sha", he said, dog meat. After that I slackened off a good deal. They all went down to the boat and that night most of them got drunk, & the French had to tie some. We bought ourselves a painter, gave \$6 didn't think a bit more of a dollar then, than you would here of a 4d or 9d at most. Money was plenty there, every jackass had money, didn't care about there as we do here. Always had plenty them French. Painter meat eat a good deal like mutton. This was a great big fat one. You could hardly tell the odds for the taste of it-the ribs if you didn't see. Painters live upon fresh meat altogether.

John Phipps had been trapping up on the Mississippi (4 years business) and his comrades had gone down the Mississippi to Orleans with the oil and fur (at Orleans they always put a bottle of oil on the table to put on the meat, them times). He and I spent the winter there hunting. I sold buffalo meat for 9d a #. Phipps and I went to the mouth of the Ohio, crossed the cypress swamp and killed 2 great buffalo bulls, and then took them

up the river and sold them at 9d per pound. Killed as many geese as I pleased at that cypress swamp. Never killed but one swan.

We just escaped a gang of Shawnees that had passed down the Mississippi, and they had been beat on the Scioto, they were going to Arkansas. They would have killed us had they met with us. I gave my money before I went on this hunt to one Joshua Baker, \$100 put it in the bottom of his trunk. Thought if I had any friend it was him & when I got back he had gambled it all away. When I sold the buffalo meat I got a little to take me on.

There were 6 of us that went from Genevieve to O'Post. Phipps and four others. All French there then. Baker had his wife and children there, she was Nat. Tumbleston's sister. He lived at the English Mills. When the English built Fort Chartres they built these mills. When I was there, the fort was just half fallen in the river, was of nice smooth hewed rock. Several pieces of cannon there yet to from 6th line back. And from there I, and one Frederick Lawson (?) went on foot across to Louisville. Moses Henry was a gunsmith at the O Post there. He made me a gun with 6 rifles & got me a beaver hat for work, ploughing etc. I did for him. No soldiers were there.

We came across and struck a little above, afraid to cross at Louisville and came round by Bullit's Lick and from there down to Spring Station. Laurens couldn't swim, I made a raft and put him and the gun on & swam and pushed it over, at about dark, about three miles below the falls. Heard the buffalos working the saplings with their horns in the night. It was bulling time. I told Laurens we would kill one of them in the morning. Shot a heifer. Then drove the buffalos out into the barrens to make a road for us and then went up (wouldn't go along up the river) we lay very contented where the buffalos were, knew there were no Indians there and came round and went by Bullit's Lick, they were making salt there, to the Spring Station. Jim Brown was at Bullit's Lick for salt. In the morning he went out to get his horse & got in a sinkhole where there was an Indian and his boy. They both shot at the same time. Brown wounded the Indian in his leg. He later came into the fort at Louisville, begged for his life and got it healed.

Stayed there till after Clark's campaign & then went to Mingo Bottom. We were kept on the Ohio for a week, stopped by the ice, just below the mouth of the Kanawha, Jacob Wheat, Dick West, Dick Wells, Dick Pillows and myself. Before this we had gotten a barrel of flour set into a sycamore, they had cut out a place, they got it from a boat that had been taken by them, and the other boats had told us of they having escaped.

Hamilton Carr and John Nyshwammer (?) we found at the mouth of the Kanawha hunting, and Nyshwammer(?) staid about there till the Indians got him at last. He was found in his canoe.

After my narrow escape (p. line) (?) 5 Indians crossed over between Holyday's cove and the Mingo Bottom, and camped, and that night a snow fell half a leg deep, they were found, intercepted, and all killed 2 little girls had been to a neighbor's house, fell down

Tried to get to there canoes twice or 3 times but couldn't. Brown, Sappington, Bowman were the main hands, Cox's engaged in it. Bowman got killed Crawford's campaign, that campaign my brother-in-law, Geo. Brown got on the horse that came along and cleared himself.

(This man of no education & but little observation or reflection as his statement evinces. On the Ky. River miles above Frankfort, near mouth of Glen's Creek Rev. Shane's comment.)

John Hedges (Revised)

11cc19-23

John Hedges lives at the crossing of the Paris and Winchester, and Iron Works, or Clintonville and Middletown roads. Diagonally across from the Stony Point meeting house.

It was for some time a prevalent custom for persons to take a lease on lands in the more central parts, free from probable incursions from the Indians, till they could either go out to there lands in safety, or have opportunity and means of getting lands of their own. The lease was to secure their privileges, and the lessor (sic) thus got his lands cleared. But all did not take these precautions to secure themselves, or to do justice to others. Many squatted down on lands, not knowing or caring whose they were. Some who had leased, enchanted with the abundance of the cane and the ease of raising pasture fell too easily from the original purpose of settling themselves and by attempting to follow up the range, which thus soon ran out, reduced themselves to poverty and some of them thus lost some of the finest lands in the country. Improvidence, once scarcely to be practiced, when the face of things changed, was then the ruin of thousands.

The currency of the country then was cows and calves and horses. More current than our bank notes now. Have heard a horse cried off in Paris at so many cows and calves.

Irish mostly from Pennsylvania country and South Carolina. Mostly Presbyterians. Virginians were called Tuckahoes. You could tell where a man was from on first seeing him.

John Hedge was here in 1791, Monday, November 3rd. Morgan's Station was taken in 1793.

Mays Lick, settled in 1784, was then a Station, when we came to Kentucky in 1784. There was no settlement from there to the Blue Licks. About 5 or 6 miles from there one Ready Money Jack had some cabins. Five or six miles this side of the Blue Licks, where one Holyday since kept a tavern; within a few hundred yards. Ready Money Jack was from Monongahela country. Was less afraid of Indians, the people in that country were more accustomed to them. He kept a kind of tavern there and gave himself that name. People were afraid to encamp out of the settlement, after leaving Mays Lick.

Higher up, about 2 miles of Millersburgh, was the Irish Station.

Had been a station called McClellan's Station, but the people were just settling out, pretty much dispersed at that time between Paris, and Millersburgh was settled _____ 9 or 10 miles from Paris, between Paris and Lexington. But, at that time they were settled out in a little neighborhood. The neighborhood still retaining the name Wilmot's Station. You might see a dozen little cabins at a time.

Hood's Station was up by Winchester and Stroud's. That winter they were beginning to build some cabins at Winchester.

Constant's Station was opened 2 or 3 miles this side of Stroud's on a road that had been opened to Maysville from Boonesborough and intercepting that one from Lexington about this Ready Money Jacks. This road was cut for Stroud to move up on and for the others to get salt &c. Stroud moved up about 2 years after he first came out here at all. That was the only road at all through here then. They went on from Paris on the road that was about that time made to Hornback's Mill, till it intersected the one leading to Stroud's. They went up it to Stroud's and then on to Hoods and so on the old trace on the ridge to go to Mount Sterling.

Seven or eight years before some mischief had been done at Constant's. His was the first station built out of Stroud's. Hood and Constant's were both in existence when I first came to this country. Stroud's Station was the most prominent station in all that section. It was on the head of Stroud's Fork of Stoner. Shull's Station was on Stoner near the head.

When I first came here the buffalo bones covered all the grounds. Said some men used to come down from Stroud's, and the interior, when the buffalo were poor, and kill them for sport, and leave them lie. The trace that passed on to the Upper and Lower Blue Licks led through here, and they would kill them on it. It went from Strode's Station. There was very little cane through here. Mostly covered with wild-rye and pea-vines.

The trace that was a Buffalo Trace from Strode's Trace to Harrod's Lick, on Stoner was called the Salt Spring Trace, and the trace made by Stroud avoided crossing Stoner so often. The Buffaloes took a straight course.

Stoner's Deposition in the case of Payne Vs. Strode &c. at Paris. In 1776, Stoner was out to kill and hunt under the Virginia Government and was passing from Boonesborough to Blue Licks and lost his horses and marked his way back so as to find his baggage and it was from that called Stoner's Trace for some time.

Moses Thomas }
Testimonies
Enoch Smith }

Would take a lease for 5 years, clear as much as they pleased and enjoy the range till it was gone, and then move. Most of the people when I came were on leased lands till times became more safe.

A Mrs. Young and her child were taken at Morgan's Station in 1793. Her child was _____ on the Ohio River, and she exchanged at Wayne's Treaty. The husband, Mr. Young escaped from the Station. A young woman that was scalped on the road, and was left, got well again and came in. Young, that husband escaped from that station. A man took off his wife and 2 children, was pursued by two Indians. She waded Slate, it was pretty deep and after they crossed her clothes were in her way and he took out his knife and trimmed them off. She led along the little boy and he took the child and his gun in his arms, treeing whenever the Indians came too near, thus keeping them at bay and thus brought off the only woman and children that escaped. Harry Martin ?

Smith's Station was not far from Mount Sterling. It was Mount Sterling that was settled in the spring of 1792. Winchester wasn't thought of then. Some of the people that I was moving that winter 1791-2, and one or two of the company, went aside to a father-in-laws at Smith's Station about 1 ½ miles from the road. Troutman and his wife we were moving. A Tanner going upon to the Peeled Oak Fork of Slate to live. Spurgen was going on with a cabin at that time and there were one or two others going on. Mount Sterling was on the trace that led from Lexington and Stroud's Station to the Slate Iron Works. Moved Troutman there in the fall of 1791. Some Negroes were killed afterwards in the same neighborhood.

When coming out the wind was a great deal against us, and we had turkey pot pie till I got so tired that I never wanted to eat any more as long as I lived. At this Ready Money Jack's we got some hot corn cake and milk, which ate admirable. Our pot pie had been made of flour ground on horse mills, in Monongahela Country. That winter we got hog and hominy, good and abundance of it. I traveled a great deal that winter, and off from the public roads the people were ready to thank me for my company.

Wolves beset me once when I stopped all night near Mount Sterling.

Fall of 1792, I went to Bullit's Lick by Lexington, Danville, Bairdstown &c. Fall of 1793 I went to Mann's Lick twice, same route, only road. Crossed the Kentucky at the mouth of Hickman. After peace was made they got to make salt upon Sandy, salt lick on the Ohio at about the same time. Blue Licks had been used. But, was not used but for making a very little salt the year after I came. The year of Wayne's army, salt was as high as \$4 per bushel and pork got up to same price.

In August of 1793 at Mann's Lick wolves came round the wagons again. They were mighty bad in them days in Kentucky on young cattle, horses and calves.

James Beath helped to settle Stroud's Station in 1779. Went to Grassy Lick with two others, Swearingen, was one, I think he got clear. They were watching the Lick. Beath

was shot through the shoulder. He and the other were taken. His wounds were not dressed until he got in, and the flies blowed him (swelled due to infection by flies). Packed him several days and this was the month of August. He was taken to Detroit and kept about three years. Sold there and released at the close of the British War. Had a wife and 5 children. Mrs. Beath had a sister, Mrs. Douglass, whose husband had been killed and left her with three children. She afterwards married Ralph Morgan. Another sister married a weaver, an Irishman named Howard, and during this time he had the charge of 3 of the families. Beath was a very interesting conversable man. After all his scuffles, and got back to his family and he had settled down on a part of these lands and made considerable improvements, he was likely to lose his land through conflicting claims and got _____ and sold out, and moved over to Ohio and died in less than 12 months. He, and old Tom Kennedy, Joseph Kennedy's father, within three miles of Paris, were the first settlers of Stroud's Station.

Somewhere where Chillicothe now stands, they had been a day or two without anything to eat, and killing an old dog, divided it equally with him. He tasted a piece, but it was so unpleasant, he threw it down, and couldn't eat it. One morning the flies had blown him so, and he felt so sore, and tired, the Indians, when they got ready to start, said Ho! As usual, and Hod! To the pack, meaning for him to take it. He felt so indignant and was so angry he thought he would rather just die, than carry it any farther. He said Ho! and be damned if he would carry it any farther. He went on, they taking it after some pow-wowning. When he had the gauntlet, and old Indian took him and dressed his wound, and he was afterwards sold to a British officer.

Jeptha Kemper 12cc127-133

Came out from Fauquier, Virginia in 1785. Coming down above Redstone, the Monongahela was very much obstructed by rocks, the water being low. After that we had a ride, but when we got to the junction, forming the Ohio, the other rivers were low, and the freshet could not be perceived.

At the time we were coming down, General Butler was part of the way, company. He had thirteen boats (?) freighted with goods and men, destined to the mouth of the Miami, to form a treaty with the Indians (Treaty January 1786). We started from Virginia the 1st of September and waited two weeks at Wheeling, on account of the Indians, for Butler, for convoy. From there we came in company to the mouth of the Kanawha, where we stopped to dry his goods, which had been a little damaged by wet.

When we got to Limestone, most of the houses were new, and the people hadn't gotten into them yet. There was no settlement from Limestone to the Blue Licks, and the path that far was fresh; nor from the Blue Licks to Bryant's Station, but that part of the path was much plainer, being used more on account of the salt works at the Blue Licks.

In those times salt was, at first measured. In doing this, it was first passed through a sieve into the measure; and if anything caused the floor to jar in the least, so as to settle it, it was emptied out and sifted again into the measure. It of course was now perfectly dry. But when the rule was adopted, that a bushel must weigh fifty pounds, the salt was left so wet, that it would drip along the road, as it was carried home.

John Graves, from Fayette and one Thomas were at the Lower Blue Licks getting salt. They had taken the wagons out for wood; something had happened that led them to go back, leaving it there; and when they returned the Indians had chopped the spokes of the wheels in two with their tomahawks, and had taken the horses out of the wagons, and were standing by them, waiting apparently for their return from the Licks. When they got there they saw the Indians. They were on the top of a ridge and the only way was down the hill, whose sides hung like cliffs. Graves said he gave one lunge, and off went one shoe, and another lunge and then the other (climbed better barefooted); but Graves said he made no stop for his shoes. Both got into the Lick. They said it was of a moonlight night; the Indians had been looking down upon them in the Licks, from the top of a cliff.

Death of John Saunders daughter on Daviess Fork. We moved onto the Daviess Fork of Elkhorn. John Saunders lived about a mile and a half from us, and a mile to the left of the road from Lexington, by Bryant's Station. John Saunders and Sam Bryant were brother in laws on Daviess Fork. John Saunders little daughter had been to see her cousin. She started home and they parted on the road. Bryant's little girl, when she got home, told her mother she expected her cousin was mighty scared, for she heard a dreadful howling like wolves, after she herself had parted from her. Saunders little girl had been intercepted and tomahawked, and left for dead by the Indians. She however lived for three days. She said they were yellow men, with rings and beads. There were six of them. She said they come and took her by the hand, and dragged her around and after that she remembered nothing. Her mind came to her and she could speak, though the brains were seeping out of her head. This was just in the edge of Bourbon, about five miles from Bryant's. Sam Bryant and I think John Saunders moved down onto the forks of Licking.

Timothy Peyton was shot in 1788. Timothy Peyton lived at Thomas Lick, five or six miles east from Grant's Station. He had been into Lexington and was now on his return. Saunders' daughter had been tomahawked earlier in the evening. The Indians from there had gone across to the road, and there met with this Tim Peyton. He had started in company with another man from town. But, his company said, Timothy had been showing him how fast his horse would go, that he would strain his horse, till he got way out of sight, and then hold in till he, himself came up, keeping a uniform gait, and then let loose again. Peyton was shot just at the place where the road crosses the creek, but held onto his horse which continued to gallop about two hundred yards, to where was a little branch. In jumping the "drive" the stirrup leather broke, and Peyton fell. The Indians made no chase, probably thinking they had missed him, and immediately disappeared. When his companion came up, he asked Peyton what was the matter. His horse was standing near him, picking around. Peyton replied, the Indians had shot him. No, answered his companion, he reckoned he was mistaken. Peyton swore he saw an Indian

step out from behind a big white oak, not ten steps from him, and shoot at him. The man then went up to him and found the bullet hole. Peyton was taken on to Grant's Station in Bourbon, and died that night about midnight. Many endeavored to pursue the Indians; but stock was so plenty in that country, and there were so many tracks about there, they could not strike their trail.

We had been in the country about a year when these things happened. Before this we used to go out and gather the dry cane, which was then mostly down and dead about us there, and with it boiled maple sugar water in the long nights in the month of January. After this we children were afraid to go about any more at night with our torches. But, the Indians used to say, the whites were like hogs, you might rouse them up a while, but they would lie back down again. William Triplett, John Bradford, and Benjamin Martin were at my fathers the night the above incident transpired. About this time people were moving in on almost every day of the week.

Gillaspie, killed. Gillaspie (Daniel Gallasby?) had been out hunting and met with an Indian trail. He hastened home and passing round to all the neighbors, he gave the note of alarm, "the Indians are about, take care of your horses" – till night overtook him ere he could get home. The Indians waylaying the path heard his horse approaching, through the mud, and catching the reins of the horse's bridle, took Gillaspie.

Widow Hank's family was also on Cooper's Run. On April 11, 1787 (really 1788) after Peyton was shot, the widow Hanks was attacked, but not immediately. Her husband may have been a kinsman of Nancy Hanks. The family lived in a double log house on Cooper's Run, and about ten miles from us. The dogs were heard barking very fiercely in the direction of an ash-hopper, that stood about twenty yards from the house, just outside of the fence. The men or part of the family in the larger room, noticed the barking and shut to the door. Two girls were spinning hemp in the room across the passage (the dog-walk), and who had not noticed the conduct of the dogs, and their door was yet left open. The hemp was hung from the loft; the Indians set fire to the hemp and the house caught. The flames spread to the other part, and when the family could no longer remain, the door was thrown open and they rushed out. Mrs. Hanks was shot through the body, went a little piece, kneeled down by a stump and died. The widow Gillaspie, whose husband was killed as sited above, with a little child in her arms, a sister and Michael Hanks made their escape. Another brother got out safely, but thought he would have revenge, and lifted his gun from behind a tree towards the fires; in the act of shooting, when one, still outside of him shot him down.

Four were killed, the two girls, Mrs. Hanks and her son, and four escaped, Mrs. Gillaspie, her child, Michael Hanks and his sister. How the two girls were killed is not known, but their bones were seen in the ruins of the house, but an Indian was killed in the encounter, either by the girls, or by the Indians themselves through an accident. The Indians had borne him off to a small branch. Here a hollow sycamore had been previously cut down, and had fallen over into the water. It had stood on one bank, and had fallen over onto the other, and broken in the middle. The Indians had put their fallen companion, very securely hid under this log; but the wolves who had discovered the

retreat, had dragged it forth and left nothing on the skeleton of bones but the hands and feet.

Those who escaped made their way to the neighboring houses, with the determination to get, as soon as possible to Bryant's Station. A company of twenty of us, went down with Michael, who came up to get assistance to bring them up. On learning their determination, the neighbors at Bryant's generously agreed to support them in their needs, as everything they had owned, except some stock away from the house, had been destroyed. The attack had been made on Saturday evening; we went down on Monday morning. On Sunday, Michael said he was there and saw some bridle bits and some other things in the fire, which were gone when we came on Monday morning. But, this was to mean to tell. (Because it was stolen by some white man?).

They used to spin more hemp in these times than they did flax. Every family had to wear their own make. They had no stores, and if they had, they had no money to take to them. There was never any money in the country until Wayne's army came out, and he bought all the horses up for the cavalry and the poor for packhorses. We had a fine lot of them in Kentucky, then. Forty dollars was the highest price for a packhorse.

There was but one hewed log house in Lexington, at this time. That was on the hill, one Smith, a Dutchman lived there. The courthouse was built of logs, rived with the whipsaw. The other houses were all cabins. Ephraim January had the only store there. You could have put it all in one wagon. If there had been much buying one or two families would have bought it out. But it was so hard to get the goods there, and they cost so much at first, that there were but few purchases.

We went on Scott's campaign on the Wabash for 4/6 d. (4 shillings, 6 pence) a day and found our horses (furnished our own horses). Some lost their horses, worth a hundred dollars.

They had been so harassed, those who lived on Brashear's Creek and at Louisville, you never saw people more glad to see others, that they to see us upon our return. They came from five or six miles on the way to hear from us; and would have had us stop and eat every hour of the day as we passed along; coming to their fences, by the roadside and asking if we were not hungry, didn't we want something to eat. We were as hot as pepper to get on home.

One fellow named Crim from Fayette, went down on Brashear's Creek, was one day plowing his land; his dog kept barking very fierce at a log heap that was at the end of the row. Crim plowed on, although it was on the outside of the fence, until the Indians shot him down. They would have taken the place, but the women in the house, on hearing the fire knew it to be Indians and resolutely seized their hats - "put on their hats"- and marched out with their guns to the conflict.

Bland Ballard II, said his father had a clearing about one half mile outside of Louisville. There was an extensive clearing around the station, then a skirt of woods,

then Ballard's settlement succeeded. He took all his family out to this clearing except for one son, Bland Ballard II, who remained in the fort, refusing to go. Mr. Ballard was out in the yard, when fifteen Indians came along and shot him and were tomahawking the door. His son Bland Ballard II, heard the gun, said that was Indians after his father. Went out, treed, fired, saw and hid, and treed again, till he had killed six out of the fifteen Indians. They then said Whah! and cleared out.

Captain James McMullen had gone out somewhere one day, with another person, to show him the corner of a survey. The horses were left at the fence, and they proceeded on foot. They returned and had nearly gotten to the fence, when they looked up and saw Indians standing by their horses. Capt. McMullen raised his gun, shot an Indian and run. His companion, I suppose was killed. Three Indians pursued McMullen. He turned again and shot one. There were not two left; one much swifter than the other. McMullen saw a steep hill before him. He ran up that, then down the other side, to where there was a large rock. Here he concealed himself until the other two Indians came to the top of the hill, and stood looking to see which way they had gone, when he killed another. They then left him.

In consequence of his bravery, in Harmer's Campaign, no one was ever elected to the Legislature (Virginia) with more honor than McMullen. Some of the old Virginians said he would never have known he was a fool, till he saw how many smarter men than were than himself.

St. Clair's Chaplain spent a week at Elijah Craig's. Mrs. Craig said he boasted, "he was appointed by Washington", but, he couldn't ask a blessing as long as her finger. His legs were so long, that he couldn't keep his shins from being barked against the trees as he rode along.

Some man over the Ohio, at the mouth of the Little Miami, had been to a meeting. When he got home he concluded to go and gather sugar-water. The Indians saw him coming and hid behind the trees. When he bent down to get the sugar water, they tapped him on his back. Before they had gotten far with him, however, he got away from them again. Coming home he set down to rest awhile, then, told his wife he believed he would go out and kill a deer. He succeeded in getting his game, but got bloody in bringing it home, he set down his deer, his gun and his hat by a little branch and was washing his face, when on looking up he saw the same Indians that had taken him before, now between his gun etc. He just broke and rushed into a thicket of prickly ash, where the Indians did not venture to follow him, but with loud peals of laughter. When this second time he got home, he found the thorns, though unperceived at the time, had nearly tore him to pieces. He hadn't felt it before owing to his danger.

They hung men for stealing horses, after the treaty by Wayne, in numbers. Before this it was all attributed to the Indians.

Henry Cooper said that while they were hunting salt-petre in the mountains in early times, they found where a man had been tied in a cave and left there to perish. There was

the hair and bones. They supposed they knew the mans name and the persons that did it, that he was a horse thief; that they had followed their horses that far, and were determined to prevent him from stealing any more. There were Indian race paths over on Little Slate, as beautiful and smooth as a floor, where the Indians used to try the horse they would get in the settlements. Once upon a time, two men came on the paths, and were so delighted they just galloped their horses along them. When they got to the farther end, some Indians rushed out from their coverts, and aimed to seize the bridles. One of the horses turned clear around, before he could recover himself to start, the Indians grasping at the bridles the whole time. Both however made their escape. (Mr. Kemper had a fancy that every party of Indians that ever existed was composed of six).

Mrs. John McKinney and her son John 11cc25-27

John McKinney's widow and son are living on Green Creek, near Clintonville, to the right of the road from Clintonville to Paris, and not a mile, direct course from Paris.

We came out to Kentucky in the fall of 1785. There were three hundred in our company. We started out in September. Had to wait while our company collected.

John McKinney first came to Kentucky in 1779; he died in Bourbon County in 1825. He died near Clintonville.

He was at the Battle of Point Pleasant. He said the Indians ambuscaded, and let them pass by, and then attacked them. He and nine others flew to one tree. He was wounded in seven places. An Indian and he got into close quarters, he went to draw his knife and it was gone, he had left it in camp. The Indian struck a blow at his head with a tomahawk and he dodged, and the tomahawk cut three of his ribs loose. Only one of them, besides himself got in that night, and he died. (*This incident concerning the Battle of Point Pleasant is found in Shane's interview with a Mr. Ware of Fayette County. 11cc75*).

John McKinney's fight with the wildcat. It states in the pamphlet, that he went to the schoolhouse and opened the door, and the cat was in there picking up crumbs. He got in, shut the door, and fastened the window, thinking to have some sport. Chased it round till he got it mad, and it sprung at him three times. He at length got fastened in him so fast, that it took two men to get it loose. Two women that heard the noise, came to the door, and looking him and seeing him in sweat and tears, ran back and got some men. By this time he had leaned over on a corner of a table, and smothered it to death. Asked him what was the matter. He told them they need not be scared – it was nothing but a bit of a cat. The cat had torn his buckskin dress, and fastened its claws so deep in him, that it took two or three men to extricate him.

John McKinney was surveying down on Licking (when shot by Indians). The bullet struck another mans powder horn, went on into his shot pouch, and striking a piece of leather, glanced off again, and struck McKinney in the nipple, sinking into his breast, but

he drew it out by the thread of his shirt, which was not broken. There were two Indians hid in a treetop and they were not seen until after they had shot. The Indians crossed Licking and ran up a steep hill, so that they were afraid to follow them. Blood gushed out and they hollowed he was dead; he pulled it out and said no he wasn't, here is the bullet. This was before he moved to Kentucky with his family.

Moses Shopshire had seven horses stolen, for which he went way out the Mississippi and got them. He castrated a buffalo bull that had gotten tangled in the vines near Lexington.

An Indian came and stole a horse, after we came here. Our house then was an outside house, and we were in the midst of a canebrake. Chimney not carried up higher than one's head, and the entrance to the door only covered over with loose cloth. We saw the tracks of the moccasins. They were in the neighborhood. This horse belonged to a neighbor, but was taken out of the cane, just at the back of our field, which was not very large then

Ephraim Sandusky (Sowdusky)

11cc141-145

Jacob Sowdosky, my father was born in 1750, died 1832. He was camped down by Higbee's Mill in June 1774. It was a wet time and they were washing and drying there. Jacob heard the buffaloes out on that flat, went out to kill some and shot three. He thought he could out run them they stood about so. (He met a drove, coming into the creek to water. They run about and stopped, as he went in among the flock and shot them.) Afterwards he shot a young buffalo bull in the nose, and he ran so, he had never seen the like. After that he thought it would take a horse to run with them.

Douglas the surveyor was killed, his heir was an only daughter. All the estate fell into David Ross' hands. Thomas Carneal was Ross' agent. Douglas' daughter lost her virtue and married a worthless man, who thought only of her fortune and David Ross easily found means of getting it from him. Douglas had this survey at the Big Bone Lick. My grandfather said the estate owed him 40L and he never would go unless they would give him half his wages and also an overcoat for one that had been burned at a sugar camp where they were making sugar.

Jacob Sodowsky and his party went down the Mississippi in 1774. They went down the river in two canoes. When they got to the falls of the Ohio they sent forward my father and John Smith to see if there were any signs of Indians, that would prevent them from making a portage. They came to a little path; the night previous it had rained, and there they saw the fresh tracks where the Indians had come down that morning for water. They knew the Indians encampment must be somewhere near in the bottom there. They first pushed off their canoes, got in, and went on down over the falls, thinking if death was to be, it would be preferable being drowned, than being massacred.

While they were on the banks of the Mississippi at Orleans, they overheard two men who were captains, as they were passing along in conversation. One of them remarked that they looked like people in distress. The other replied they were 100's of such people along the Mississippi. Well, they were God's people said the 1st captain and he would see who they were. He obtained from them a narrative of their adventures and took them on his vessel and carried them around to New York. On their way when they had gotten far around towards New York they one day discovered an elephant's tooth and spoke of it by its name. A Scotchman, seeming to hold him in contempt, asked him where he had ever seen an elephant's tooth. My father replied that he had just seen such things at the Big Bone Lick. When the captain heard this he took him into his room and obtained a statement of the whole affair relating to Big Bone. On their final parting the captain opened his chest of money and told them to just take whatever they would need. I don't know if he ever got anything back.

The family had gotten news of the affair and never knew but what they had all been killed, or taken until he had gotten to within 3 or 4 miles of his place on the South Branch of the Potomac. His father was then killed by the Indians; his mother was yet living. The Hites, the Van Meters and the Inskipps were all on the South Branch.

Andrew Sowdusky, my grandfather, was watching a lick to catch their horses that were running at large in the mountains. Another man was with him. When the Indians came on them he saw a white man, whom he knew and he thought he would be safe with. That very man tomahawked and killed him, probably fearing he would make disclosures on him.

Before this time my father's older brother, Samuel, along with the rest of the family and two or three other families being in a cabin, had a very fine dog which my father had been after him to kill. He was a great big dog. One morning between daybreak and sunrise, just as they were getting up, they heard the dog and an Indian. There were only the grandfather, Samuel and another man. The last was so scared he just stood stupefied, as if frightened out of his senses. He couldn't have done anything to keep the Indians off. The dog sprang on the foremost Indian, seized him by the throat and actually pulled him down. All that they could do, they couldn't hit the dog with their tomahawks. At last they made out, after shooting the dog through the loins, to separate him from and to rescue the Indian. The dog recovered and died of good old age, but was never of anymore service. This broke the attack. The cabin had a double door, upper and lower. Grandfather shut the lower, and stood in the upper ready to fire. An Indian behind some bushes, my Grandfather shot some parch corn out of. My uncle Samuel, jumped, and in the hurry of the moment, seized another man's gun and couldn't shoot well. (The gun of one of those who was absent) It was a double barrel gun. He put it back and got his own, but by this time the Indians had all gotten out of the yard. One was about 60 yards from the cabin behind a dead oak. My uncle would put a cap on the top of the ramrod and hold it out for him to look at, and fire when he found no one would fire. The Indian waited and began to peep, and began to put his head out more and farther. At length he got it out so far and Sam fired and down the Indian fell. He was not hurt however Sam had knocked

the dry oak in his eyes. The ball struck above the top of his head and only went in the breadth of a bullet. Two Indians picked him up under their arms and carried him off.

A Frenchman came up in about twenty steps of the door, and put two bullets, a double load, into the facing of the door. My Grandfather also fired and missed. The Frenchman all the way out said he had killed one great big damned Englishman. He dropped his knapsack in the yard, somehow, he let it fall and didn't take time to pick it up. It had three pair of moccasins, besides other things in it. They both had fired at the same time, the Frenchman and my Grandfather.

My father said Harrodsburg was settled first.

James and Anthony Sowdusky went down in 1773. They came from the South Branch of the Potomac. These were my uncles and they were in the expedition by Bowman. Marshall is wrong by complaining. The towns were strung out up and down the river for 5 miles. Bowman failed to get around according to arrangements till just at day. They were to march around half way and lay in ambush, till they met Bowman. The Indians discovered them and they were deprived of the advantage they would have gained. A Negro brought in the report that Girty was only three miles off at another town with all the warriors and that an express had been sent for them. Instead, however, of Marshall's panic it was the failure of Bowman to get around that determined Bowman to withdraw. They got a great many horses which they brought off in a hollow square; keeping a company of troops to drive off the Indians when they came up, they did not want to fight, but only to delay the arms.

Lower Blue Licks Battle, August 1782. Anthony Sowdusky was saved at the Blue Licks defeat by Boone's son's death. He got young Boone's horse and came off. Just as Sowdusky was starting he heard a man begging for him to take him up, for God's sake not to leave him. When he had got him up and came onto Licking River, just as his horse had jumped down the bank, seven or eight bullets were fired into his clothes, and only one grained the skin. He, the man was, run down before getting to Licking and couldn't run any further. Just reached his hand out as he walked along and caught the bridle. The Indians were insight; Boone's being killed saved him. He had gone to get his horse where it was hitched and two Indians were there untying him. He thought his horse was wounded he stood so long when he jumped down.

When the army reached the Blue Licks they saw three Indians passing up the other bank, smoking their pipes. When the Indians were seen, a council was held of the officers, Trigg, Todd and McGary. Boone's opinion was asked and he said as a private man he could go where any man did, but as an officer his advice was not to act, that he didn't think it was prudent. McGary said the greater the danger the greater the glory, any man that was not a coward to follow him.

Mrs. Blackford said there was scarcely a house in Harrodsburg that had not lost a father, husband or brother. She said she had never seen such a time in her life. She was the daughter of Anthony Sowdusky.

Clark's campaign to the Pickaway Towns was in 1780, the fall after the hard winter. Every fifth man in Kentucky staid to protect the settlements, the rest, about 1000 in number went on the campaign. They scraped up corn in Kentucky and made bread before they started. The season was remarkably forward. Clark passed up the river with the main army on this side. Col. McGary led a company on the opposite side. When they had gotten up to now Warsaw, McGary came upon about 19 paddles and more in the process of being made and Indian budgets. The Indians themselves had retreated. Orders came from Clark for them to come over. They had started on that side at Louisville. One company came over; the last was to come yet, about 18. The Indians after they had discharged their guns on them, came down on them with tomahawks and knives. My father had gotten his, of the three canoes full first and was just going to push out backwards (his mother had told him never to suffer himself to be shot in the back) when the volley came and they all jumped out into the river. One man was pursued by an Indian with a tomahawk, and as the man would rise or dive, the Indian would strike him in the head or the butt. The man was sent to Louisville to the hospital and died as a result of the probe running into the skull. 500 guns, I suppose were shot from the Kentucky shore when the Indians made this attack.

The army took the village, cut up their corn, destroyed their towns and came back with only about 18 lost. The battle was on the 1st of August. When Clark came into sight the Indians appeared calm and composed, walking or standing about in perfect order. Clark ordered Major Harrod to occupy the point of woods off to the left. My father said that he was mighty pleased when he heard the order to Harrod. He didn't want to go where those Indians were so composed (were only 300 Indians). They thought that in that point of woods they would be pleasantly situated. On getting there they were surprised to find Indians. The first they knew a gun was fired and killed one man. The action was then brought on. The Indians possessed a ground that was full of ridges, about a gun shot off, they fired, then run till they got another opportunity to fire. The firing after all did but little execution.

As the army returned they heard of the intention to build Fort Washington. My father helped to cut and to lay the logs of the first blockhouse that was ever built where Cincinnati now is. They crossed and re-crossed at that place.

Jacob See, John Shelp, and John and Joe McNeill, etc. came over on this side of the river to hunt, and made their encampment in the head drains of Clear Creek (Shelp's wife previous name was McNeill; these two McNeills were Shelps stepsons) See came over these fidges and met with a strange dog, whose ears were cropped and which he took to be an Indian dog. He found also a piece of wampum. He said, in fact, he could smell Indians. He went to camp and told to Shelp his apprehensions. Shelp received them in perfect jest and would treat them in no other way. This produced a coolness between them, and See, with the sulky indifference, peculiar to these reckless times, determined to share with his hunter companions the danger of what ever fate might be impending.

After lying in wakeful mood a long time, he heard sounds which he knew not whether they were Indian or wolf steps. A surly growl of his dog was heard and then the retreating footsteps of the sound. He now got up, put on his hunting shirt, tied his belt around him, with knife and shot pouch, and taking his gun, lay with it in his arms, the muzzle down between his legs, and the breech in his arms. In this attitude he fell into a quiet sleep. About the time the owls begin to hollow, that is just before day, he heard footsteps all around him approach where they lay, but was unable to arouse himself from his slumbers.

Suddenly a great number of guns fired in upon them, and scattered the fire all over them. See jumped up and ran off the distance of about seventy yards with all his strength. Somehow, however, he had the impression he was shot in the hips, and stopped, at seventy yards in his course on the opposite side of a large tree, to ascertain the extent of his wound. While standing there, two Indians who had seen him start, and were in pursuit, came up behind the same tree, stood a moment to listen, and then passed on. See finding that his wound was not dangerous, or rather that he could run, for he had no wound at all, left his two friends, Joseph McNeill and John Shelp further to pursue their course alone, while he should turn aside and reach the other side of the encampment to get horses. He stopped the bells on the horses and cut loose the hobbles. He untied them and made off without delay for Harrodsburg.

Joseph McNeill, the eldest of the two boys, got out and got into a tree top. Next morning he said he could hear Indians whooping and hollowing about the camp, till at length they went entirely off and the sound of their noise died away in the far distance. After the Indians had left awhile, Joseph McNeill said he heard See's dog passing all around through the woods, howling and moaning and discovered at length that he encircled the spot where he was, coming nearer ever round, till at last he came and looked into the very tree in which he was, and on seeing him, fondled on him with great delight. Finding the Indians were now finally gone, McNeill left his retreat and directed his course towards Harrodsburg, striking the Kentucky River near the mouth of Shawnee Run.

The dog here got on the chase of some Elk in the bottom, and it being too late to cross the river went on up the bank to seek a place of lodging for the night. He found some projecting cliffs with recesses in the rocks, into one of which he crept. While he there lay, he saw distinctly two wolves pass the mouth of the cave. A third came along, and had gotten one half way along, when it turned it's head, and accidentally saw the boy. Starting back, it gave a bark, and then bounded in. The boy screamed, and the wolf was still frightened and kept at bay. In the meantime the dog came to his rescue. The boy crept farther in, and the dog and the wolves were snapping at each other all that night.

The next morning he crossed the ripple at the mouth of Shawnee Run and came on, striking the Harrodsburg trace. This would have led him straight, but on reaching it, he took the wrong end. The dog started the other way, and would go some distance. The boy then called to him and coaxed him on. The dog would come, jump up, fondle him,

but all at once would fall down and run off, with his tail hanging down, until nearly out of sight. They got into Harrodsburg that night.

The first thing See knew of his dog was a salutation with every expression of joy as See met the dog the next morning after the dog came.

McNeill, got up and run when See did, and the Indians, seeing See run, did not go up to the camp immediately, but waited till morning. McNeill said when he got up to run, he seen Shelp bleeding at the breast, but See thought Shelp had started to rise before the Indians had yet seen him. Shelp was scalped. His head has been found down in the neighborhood, with the marks of the scalping knife on it, since I've been here.

When the dog circled the camp, every time he came near the tree top, into which the boy had jumped, he would lift up his head and smell.

Jacob Sowdusky came down the river in company with the surveyors, James Douglas, Isaac Hite and John Floyd. He carried the chain on that survey on which William Levy now lives. Douglas offered him 000d (1000) acres of land there for his summer hire and he wouldn't take it. He said it was far off, and he didn't know if he would ever be back.

Elijah Foley (Revised)

11cc133-135

We started from Frederick County, Virginia and settled Bowman's Station, fall of 1779, about the middle of December. My mother was the first white woman there for some time, and our coming was the first settling of the Station. There was nothing but a camp there, till some time in March, because it was too cold to work. As soon as we had gotten a good camp, Colonel Abraham Bowman brought his family from Harrodsburg; and by spring we had twenty families that had camped in the snow and remained during the winter.

Foley	William Robinson
Thos. Aikens	Jas. Darnall
John Bowman	Robt. Bowmar
Wm. Bryant	Wm. Allen
Chas. Al	Jas. Cox
Peter Polly	Wm. Morrow
Edward Polly	Benj. Berry
Jas. Polly	Jas. Allen
Thos. Ferrier	Joel Collins
A Marlan	Chas. Helms
Jos. Aikens (son of Thos.)	Edward Purtle

All these were heads of families and wintered there in camps.

In June by planting time, there were thirty one or thirty two families there. There were that many cabins, over thirty. The cabins were built on each side of a hollow, in the form of a half **H**. The main lines were probably 150 yards apart, to give the stock room to get in. The run went down through the H, and then, in about a mile, emptied into Cane Run. The cabins were not stockaded in. The stream ran a north course, and was rather between Cane Run and Dick's River.

Major Bowmar of Woodford, his family and his father's family came that same winter to Bowman's.

The station was kept up for four years; then began to scatter, some to Tennessee and some to their farms in other places. General Andrew Jackson never came to Bowman's Station. In 2 years after we came Col. Donaldson came and settled in the edge of the station and remained there four years. The Indians had broken them up in Nashville. Lewis Robards, who had settled between Harrodsburg and Danville, sometime before now married Col. Donaldson's daughter. They first separated on account of Peyton Short, afterwards, or then of Woodford, or the trouble was first caused by him. But, General Jackson was said to have taken her off down the river two years before they were married and was said to have married her as soon as Robards got his divorce. Mrs. Jackson was a very smart woman. General Jackson had been keeping a little store, while he lived in Mercer between Harrodsburg and Danville, at the widow Robard's place.

Joe Bowman was sent by Clark to take the boat of goods that was coming down the Wabash. They got fired on while in the boat. Isaac Bowman was at the O'Post, at that time and was along. Isaac's arm was broken by the shot. He and an old man and woman, who were wounded too, somehow got out into the cane. Isaac killed a bear and carved with his lame hand. They then heard the Indians, who took them and treated them kindly. They healed Isaac's arm, and he was afterwards exchanged, and died in Virginia.

Jacob Myers, was chain carrier to one Arthur Fox, surveying down on the Ohio River, at a dollar per day. When they had gotten through, there was a vacant tract of about five hundred acres, which Myers wished them to survey for him. On their refusing; he said they shouldn't have a foot of the land they already surveyed, swearing to what he said. They laughed at him for he could neither read nor write. That night Myers started on foot for Harrodsburg, and entered every foot of land, an hour and a half before they come into the office, they having rode. His memory was perfect. This was down on the Ohio. It would have taken them but a day or two to have surveyed the five hundred acres. He then sued for his wages and recovered before Colonel Bowman.

Colonel John Bowman was a man of great voice. He could be heard a mile. Went in through the wilderness alone, and came on a camp of Indians; made a great noise, and routed the whole camp. Weighed 300 pounds striped. He ran 80 miles from Limestone to Harrodsburg, in one day; pursued by the Indians; and turned around and tantalized them, whenever they came near.

Colonel Bowman built the first mill on Cane Run, and the first in the State, I think. I know he built the first on Dick's River. He was sick when he built this last. He would drink a gallon of water a night. Died not long after, weighed 260 common weight. He was the swiftest man of his size I ever saw. He was a jolly man, mighty funny man.

They were shelling corn, the spring after the cold winter, between Harrodsburg and Danville. The Indians attacked them and got between the shelling party and their guns, and killed one of the party. Bowman killed an Indian and took his scalp into Virginia.

Bowman had been twice to this country before he moved his family. He was the first Magistrate, at least in the upper settlement, on the south side of Kentucky River.

The following were all the men killed out of Bowman's Station: The one at Pickaway, (August 1780) was William Bryant. The rest at the Lower Blue Licks, (August 1782) Thomas Ferrier, who left a family; William Robinson, who left a family; Drury Polly; Joseph Smith; Gilbert Marshall, son of Samuel Marshall. Marshall had come into Bowman's Station from Nashville a year before Donaldson did. Those that came from there all went back together, almost at the same time and settled on Stone's River

My father, Richard Foley had six in the family and only had six bushels of corn to go on, for these six of us, till he could raise. In the spring boats came down the river with corn to Louisville. As for salt, we had to get as we could, till we went to the licks and worked for it. Colonel Bowman had raised some corn at Harrodsburg the year before, and had left a Negro man to tend it.

Jesse Graddy (Revised)

13cc130-134

Jesse Graddy reached the Crab Orchard on Sept. 3rd 1787. Scott and Mrs. Searcy had been killed just a little before. Demint was taken in 1790. Fulks, in giving an account of his being taken when a school boy, but then a young man, from off the head of Licking.

Admire, the Dutchman, I came out with went to a station on the Kentucky River, that was picketed in at Germany. He went to see them and they persuaded him to move down and the night he moved there the Indians took 15 of his horses, besides some horses of others. This was in the spring of 1788. There were 3 or 4 families picketed in there.

Couldn't find 10 acres of uncleared land that was not cane. The cane was all through here very thick. The courthouse was in the midst of cane 10 & 12 feet high. Very rank there.

Mrs. Crockett, afterwards, Mrs. Ray was taken when she was seven and her sister (Geo. Carlisle's mother-in-law) was nine years old off of the Clinch River. They were kept among the Indians for 5 or 6 years to an exchange of prisoners. They were 13 and 15, I think.

In 1789 when the first courthouse was established, I had the job of building it. The whole cost just \$22.50 and I made a dollar a day at that. Hired for two or three days, Ben Guthrie to saw some planks too. Buckeye logs just hewed straight on the inside, a platform for the Judge, a place for the Bar and some benches. It was occupied for two years till the other house was built. Clapboard roof. I could saw with a good hand near 300 feet a day in those times. Then a \$100 was worth as much as \$20 now. Land such as this was worth about \$2 an acre in trade. Rather in the summertime that the courthouse was built. The court had met in a church 2 or 3 times. The county had been laid off the year before and court met at the Shawnee Meeting House, a log meeting house about 5 miles from Versailles. They had fixed upon Versailles previously as a place for the county seat. Mathew Barclay and James Foster each had a cabin near the Big Spring and a _____ nearly a mile down the creek, squatters, hadn't even leases.

Fulks: There were three or four children taken from school. The younger cried and the Indians tomahawked them all. Fulks was older and forbore (did not cry). The trader dug out a canoe and brought him down all one night, and the next day hid him in a hollow log, and his canoe in the willows. The next night he was hidden in the same way and the next morning he hid him in a hollow log. The third night they were out of Indian territory and they got home safe.

In North Carolina orphans were not to be drafted for two years later than others, not till they were 18.

The back part of North Carolina was settled mostly by Scotch. The lower part, very few. In the back part, way out in the mountains there were very few.

When we came to this country in 1787, the buffalo were gone. I never saw a wild one. We used to get all our salt at Mann's Lick or Big Bone Lick.

The 2nd year I came, the frost came on the 28th day of August 1789, I think, 53 years ago and bit all the corn that wasn't planted very forward. There was scarcely any good corn in the country after that except some old corn.

General Charles Scott took down some of the prisoners to exchange that time. Scott made two campaigns against the Indians after his son was killed. Scott's tales, eastward in Virginia were, that the corn was so plenty, they took each ear in bushel baskets and that if an ear fell out it took two Negroes to put it back. He said the deer's horn spread 9 and 10 feet. When he was asked how they got through the pea-vine and undergrowth and cane, if it was such as he said, he replied, declaring, that was none of his lookout..

When Col. Marshall sat in that courthouse, they killed a rooster and roasted it in the embers, with the feathers on and hung it on the wall right over where he sat.

Old Mr. Shannon afterwards went out as chaplain under Scott. That spoiled him, for he got to tippling too much, saw him fall off his horse one day in Frankfort, afterwards, he got so drunk.

One Ambrose White came out to bring ammunition to Boonesborough. He was a single man then, I think. He went out hunting while he was there and was taken and kept prisoner for four years. Married here and lived and died on Elkhorn, about five miles from Frankfort.

Tom Bell, at Bryant's Station volunteered to go to Lexington. He tied up his head and they opened the fort gate and he rode out, leaning flat on his horse, the bullets whistling all around him, but couldn't hit him.

At that time Joe Craig was there, said to be cracked sometimes, curious sort of man. He said he was cracked on the right side of the head, got the richest of any of the Craig's, but it was by farming. He went out and threw himself on the ground and wrestled and prayed till at length he got up and came in and told the women they might run the bullets, the Lord would save the city. Some of the women really believed he was a man of God, if ever there was one.

Jonathan Jennings had been out hunting in Mercer, I think, some persons were pursuing some Indians and the Indians met with Jennings, knocked him down with their tomahawks and scalped him, without breaking the skull or killing him. His dog that was with him licked the place till he recovered, and got up and went in. This was before we came out and before we were married. I, (Mrs. Graddy) saw that man with his bald head at quarterly meeting at Black's Station. That was in Jessamine County.

At General Scott's warehouse were built the 1st sloop and the first steamboat in Kentucky. The undertaker (contractor) was one Jarvis. The 2nd trip on sea the sloop tired foundered. The steamboat was taken down to Louisville for the machinery to be put on. It was very long and narrow. This was about 1793 or 1794. I never saw of them after.

Mrs. Falconer (Revised) 11cc135-139

We came out in the fall of 1779, Benj. Berry, Andrew Hampton, John Long, Andrew Johnson and John Falconer had their families with them. John Craig, John Beasley, John Price, Hugh Morris, Petit, Moses Burtt were all young men, or married men with their families not yet in the west, or persons there to guard, or others as the case may be. Some of these after going in never returned to the west again.

As we came out we met with Manoah Singleton, who went I do not know where and Phillip Drake who went on by Lexington. On the way we overtook the Bryants, 30 or 40 in company coming out. William, Samuel and Morgan Bryant were three brothers and then old men. Andrew Johnson, Andrew Hampton, Benj. Berry and John Falconer with

four families came by Boonesborough to Bryant's Station where we stopped, till my husband, who had stopped to fresh the horses at the Hazel Patch had come up. Then, all but Long came out, who only delayed a short time. The first house was put up for him and us.

We cropped it in 1780 and stood it out that year. On March 10th 1781 there was an army coming and we all had to scatter. Supposed the Indians were at the station by the time we got away, that night perhaps. John Craig owned the land and had put us there together on it. We just went and cleared and lived there as long as we pleased. At the time we all left, a young man that had come from Boone's Station to (afterwards) the Burnt Station, was then Craig's Station carried two of our beds with him back to Boone's Station and gave them to Capt. Hays living there. All else that we had we lost, was burnt up, except for one horse that had the pole-evil as bad as any horse I have ever seen & that stunk so bad I could hardly stay on him. Except this horse and what he could carry, myself and two little children, and a cow and calf. We lost all our bear meat and bacon we had cured and the crop of corn. My husband returned with me and our two children and two of his sisters and Lewis Craig to Gilbert's Creek. Lewis Craig helped us to cut the logs and to make the clearing (This was the 2nd time Lewis Craig was out, from nearly about the middle of the winter). My husband then returned to Boonesborough where he had left his father and mother and the rest of their family till he could return for them and brought them also on to Gilbert's Creek. They couldn't get along, either the people, or the goods, more, or faster, for want of horses. He then immediately went to the Burnt Station (Craig's) to get more of his things. When he got there the Indians had burnt the station. He started for it the next morning after we had all gotten to Gilbert's Creek, but by that time it was all consumed, the gate posts alone yet burning. Johnston, Hampton and ourselves, all relations of the Craig's, all returned to Gilbert's Creek. This Craig's Station was afterwards known as the Burnt Station, was on Daviess Fork, about 4 miles from its mouth.

It was Christmas Eve before I got to Craig's (Burnt) Station. My husband had been behind a month. As we came through the wilderness we met all the Craig's returning. (None of the Craig's I believe was out in 1780.) From that time till March 10th 1780 (the day Callaway and Hart were killed at Boonesborough) there was not any thaw and the ground was covered with snow. Throughout all this winter these five families; with the rest of the company that was at Craig's (Burnt) Station continued there in half-faced camps, the cracks covered over as well as could be with cane and the cane in a great body all around them. If we didn't meet with water, at night, in the wilderness, we couldn't eat or drink. The 1st buffalo I ever saw there were perhaps a 00d in number. The woods roared with their tramping, almost as bad as thunder.

Hampton had raised corn the year before at Harrodsburg and had gotten a pre-emption for it. We had to send all the way to Louisville for corn.

I have seen a 00d turkeys roosting within sight of our station. Their crows would be full of mistletoe and they were so fat that when they fell, the fat on their backs would split open.

Capt. Gatliff was out hunting at the time Riddle's Station was attacked and his wife and five children were taken. One died and the other four she afterwards brought back. I saw her.

These families: William Young's, Johnston's, Hampton's, Falconer's and Nixon Chester's, made Gilbert's Creek. Station, it was not forted up any. After we had been out on Gilbert's Creek about two years; that is in the fall of 1783 along came the Craig's. All but John remained on Gilbert's Creek. John came over in Fayette, and was there on the attack on Bryant's Station. Ben Craig's Station was where Mr. Lemmon now lives.

Settled in the spring of 1784;

Mr. Finney
Jas. Smithers
Mr. Gibbs
Mr. Martin
Jos. Falconer

They lived in houses all near together. We were afraid yet to live scattered. The Cook's lived in two of our houses in Fayette. They had gone down to Ennis Bottom but a few weeks, were ploughing, they hadn't got their corn in yet. Hosea and Seth Cook were out at the end of their chimney and were shearing sheep when the Indians came upon them and shot them. Seth got in before he fell, his feet sticking out. Betsy pulled him in and shut the door. Lewis Maston, a brother-in-law of the Cooks & Bohannon were out ploughing. Maston rode by his cabin door, caught up his little child by the arm without ever getting down, told his wife to hide, the Indians were there and rode off without making any stop. She hid and the Maston family escaped. Bohannon was killed and his boy lost, but the boy's bones, as they believed them to be, were afterwards found. Maston died and his widow afterwards married and is now living down by Shelby somewhere.

Cook's, Gilbert's or Woods & the children. Don't recollect who the woman was that killed the Indian. She split the Indian from the shoulder to the hip with a broad-axe while he was contending with the Negro. I don't suppose it was more than an hour till the express came to our house on Gilbert's Creek to go after the Indians, but the Indians had all cleared out.

A man and his wife, she had gotten a little trunk and wanted it moved. Suppose he wanted to go for company and to carry it. While they were gone the Indians came and stole all their children but one that lay concealed under a skin. As soon as the parents came in it rose up and said, "Mamma, the Indians have been here and stolen all your sugar." The children had been playing hide-and-seek and when the Indians came this child had just gotten hid. They soon followed after the Indians and the children were gotten back.

Mrs. Wilson (Revised)

11cc276-279

In her 87th year 26th of February 1841 (born 1754)

Mrs. Wilson came in, in the year 1780. She came from within about 18 miles of Botetourt Court House. In Bourbon Co. went first to Riddle's Station, afterwards to Martin's Station where we were taken by Capt. Bird. The Indians took Riddle's Station. Had the fever just before we were taken and was just getting out of it. Patrick Mahan, my father started in October 1779 and did not get out until after New Year, because of bad weather. He had 20 packed creatures besides what he rode. Were very much afraid we would be attacked, but were not, it was very scary times. The next spring we were taken. We were in Riddle's Station when it was attacked in March 1780. I was lying very sick with the fever at the time and I had a sister so deaf she could not hear a gun. Our family were all very low. The men went out to see what Indian sign they could see. There was one end that was open. The men that were left went to fixing up the breach. Mrs. Riddle joined them with her gun. They didn't happen to come to that open end, or they might have made bad work of it.

Mrs. Wilson's father's name was Patrick Mahan. He had lived a good while in Botetourt. He came out of Pennsylvania into Lancaster Co. Virginia. I don't know the preacher Mahan to be a kin. Of my connections they lived about Lexington, no preachers that I know of. My father was taken at the same time we were and carried to Detroit. He died there, two weeks after we got there. All had sicknesses, the fever. He traveled for two days with his sons holding him under the arms and helping him along. He begged us to leave him at several of the Indian Towns, but we feared that if we left him there the Indians would kill him. We were satisfied when we got him there. Three brothers, John, Thomas and William were taken at the same time and a brother-in-law James Morrow and his wife, who was my sister, also three single sisters, Isabella, Margaret and Jane. I was then single and afterwards married Mr. Wilson. We were very lucky that we were all kept together.

As we were traveling in, Capt. Byrd was very ungenerous to us, he measured out to the men only one cup of flour and the women and children got only ½ cup, nor were they allowed back rations. They traveled by water, or when by land we had to walk. They were longer on the road and missed a days rations. Mahan, the brother said to Capt. Byrd, "I expect we may expect back rations today?" Byrd replied, "no such indulgence would be given prisoners."

Saw an Indian riding a saddle I had and one of my father's horses, he said, "good Kentuck for me." There were three Indians on the horse. Another fine mare that my father had, they had to crest shoot her before they could catch her. The Indian asked my brother, "whose horse is that?" My brother replied that it was his. The Indian said that was a lie because it was his. Nine hundred Indians around there.

Riddle thought they could have defended the place by arms, but they couldn't, Byrd and John Mahan had an agreement as to how much land they should have and how they should live when they went in. But, he let it be carelessly seen that he put it into his coat pocket and they stole it out so that it was never of more use to him.

Riddle got an island and 16 milk cows, and he made a good deal of money there. We were taken onto an island and the men were to go work or go to prison. Capt. Grant was building a mill. They got a York Shilling a day, made them haul the rock themselves, just as the horses did, all but my oldest brother. They finally broke off and decided they would rather be in jail than do such work. One Mr. Jones, a very favorable commissary, a mighty good man, persuaded them to send a petition to Major Halderman. The prisoners never had, had a house hired for them before. They rented a very good house for us. Gave a half a Joe a month for it. Capt. Law furnished the prisoners with clothing. Always after we went to Montreal we had a very good house to stay in. After we were taken first, they wanted us, the single ladies to go into the gentlemen's kitchen and to cook for them. We complained, and Capt. Duncan's lady and Mrs. La Post and Mrs. Mahan my mother, and my brother's wife, Agnes Mahan sent a petition to Major Halderman, telling him that we had never been accustomed to working in the kitchen, and that we wanted houses to live in. We considered it to low, we had never been used for such business. General Halderman granted the petition. The second petition also, to let our men be out with us and if that couldn't be, then let us have someone to wait upon us. They made them give oath they wouldn't leave and set them on patrol.

After John Duncan and other prisoners escaped, all who were left, except my oldest brother were put into prison.

The women of us were generally pretty good with our needles, and we had generally pretty good employment at that; got \$1.50 for every fine ruffled shirt we made. They were in the habit of putting lace edging on their ruffles. She worked an open edge on them and they took a great fancy to that, and we charged them another \$1.50 for that making a total of \$3.00 a shirt. Our needles were very capable of supporting us very decently. When we came to leave we had seven pieces of Irish linen in the house that we had to return. The people that we sewed for were mighty sorry. They always advanced the money or paid when we brought the work.

A loyalist lady came to the prisoner's house to get washing. Miss Judy La Post and her brother were just going to town. They said they were just going to town to get a washer woman. One day their mother was in a store in town when a town lady came and wanted to know if she wasn't one of the Virginia prisoners. She said the report was through the town that the Virginia prisoners were the proudest people in town. She said, "why shouldn't we be, we all had good homes and always had plenty &c." My mother told some of the Britishers, Yes! They had to wash and their husband's to enlist. Mahan used to go by their door just to make them mad.

William kept the journal, used to have a great deal of amusement every night. Whenever we would stop, he would read it to them. They would hardly let him go

because they were so taken with him. He had but one brother, Thomas, that it was convenient to be left with when he died. I don't know if he left it with any of them or not. His widow and his family are all now in Missouri or perhaps, they could tell something about it. I don't doubt that his brother took care of the journal and it may be now that some of the family has it, but they are all in another county from us now.

William died at Wilson's Station about a year after we came back from Montreal. He was but a youth, about 18 years old when he died. Thomas was living at the same place where William died.

Mahan then abused him very much (B. said he would pierce him through and drew his sword.) Mr. Baber was a Frenchman.

Major Du Paster was a great friend to the prisoners. He perished in the ship that went back after carrying us to Quebec. We had no want for food after we got to Montreral.

Capt. Hare was very kind. He would stay behind out of Byrd's sight, to give my father an opportunity to ride his horse.

James Morrow, my brother-in-law was taken the day after we were, by the Indians. We were taken by the whites. They met a white woman who asked Morrow some questions about where he was taken and he provoked her by some rough answers, and she said that he must be burnt. Alexander McKee sent a belt of wampum, which alone saved his life, & that he must be set free. They had sticks sharpened, ready to stick into him and a fire kindled.

The Indians caught Lt. Ravenscraft and they made him run the gauntlet and nearly killed him. Mr. McKinney said, if this is a man, than a man is a strange looking thing. He gave Ravenscraft a coat and pantaloons. Brightened their guns.

Riddle betrayed Ravenscraft, he had 900 guineas gotten from the Indians, in that way, when we left Montreal. Visited Washington and got money off of him. Had gotten a wagon and gone on. Washington gave Ravenscraft and my brother $\frac{1}{2}$ Joe a piece, was very sorry about Riddle.

The first person we saw when we got back to Philadelphia was John Duncan, he was driving a wagon, or we might have hunted the city over for him and never found him.

Jacob Stevens (Revised)

12cc133-138

I was born in Bedford County, Virginia in 1761. In 1778 or 79, some Indians came on Roanoke, 14 or 15 miles this side of Botetourt Court House and scalped three children, all of whom got well. Some of them were Rayburn's. This was in the summer. The people were gathered for about four weeks and forted at one Peter Dierly's, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile

from Rayburn's, right on the bank of the river. This was all the places there were any fortng in that country. In 1775 we moved onto Muddy Creek which runs into the Greenbrier. Before we came, John Keeney's fort on the Greenbrier was attacked by the Indians. We were not forted in Greenbrier. We staid there for three years, then in Botetourt for 3 or 4 years and then came to Kentucky in 1781. The 1st visit was in 1781 as one of 200 Greenbrier Militia under the command of Major Hamilton of Greenbrier. John Woods, ____ Armstrong and James Gilkerson were captains. The design was to have joined a body of troops that was to have come down the river to Cincinnati and then gone on to take Detroit. We stopped at Clark's Station in Lincoln till July when we heard there were no troops to meet us and returned. The Indians stole some three of our horses at the Cumberland and then put off in the roughest mountains so they could not be pursued.

The 2nd time I came out was in Sept. 1781. Rolly Madison, brother to Thomas, George and Gabriel of Botetourt, drove out his cattle and hired me. There were no families in the company, only four or five of us. Rolly Madison settled at the Cove Spring, when I got here I went to Matthias Yocom's Station at the head of Shawnee Run, 4 miles from Harrodsburg, where I staid till 1785. As I came out I saw defeated camps between Yellow Creek and the Cumberland River. Perhaps, it was in 1784 or 85, one man named Shelton, a preacher was killed, after this, the last one that I knew of to be killed on the Wilderness Road.

On the 19th day of August 1782 was the Battle of the Blue Licks. Jesse Yocom and myself went from Yocom's Station. From McGary's Station was Hugh McGary, Captain Ray and Hugh Cunningham, ten went from Harrodsburg. From there Frank and James McBride were killed. Of them, one man and a boy escaped.

Major Bulger, Si Harlan, George Corn, Jim Hays and myself were the five spies that went ahead. When we got to the top of the hill at the Blue Licks, on the top of the hill on the opposite side we saw two Indians walking back and forth on the top of the ridge. The knob on this side was made bare by the treading of the buffalo. The great body of the Indians were concealed just over the ridge in a body of fallen timber (were over the hill right in the fallen timber.) We now stopped till the main army came up where a council of war was immediately called. The army marched in three columns headed by Hugh McGary, Col. John Todd and Stephen Trigg. That order was formed after we had crossed the river, before we had marched in a single column. We passed the Lick and then up the hill. There was a dead buffalo lying in the Lick and one man's horse scared and threw him. In the council, McGary, who was only a private wanted to know by Godly, as he would say when in earnest, what we came there for? They said to fight the Indians, By Godly, said he, why not fight them, then lets fight them, they that ain't cowards follow me. We were then about ½ mile from them. After we got over we lit and left our horses standing and formed behind saplings within 20 steps of the Indians and then fired. The Indians waited for our fire before they broke silence. Early in the firing General Corn was shot right in the mouth taking away all the upper and lower teeth in the right jaw. I saw him spit the ball in his right hand and thought he was shot in the breast and was leaning over, such was the quantity of blood and didn't know of the bullet till he told me, showing it.

Jim Hays, on the other side of me, said he be damned if he didn't shoot one. I told him to take care or he would get it next and had scarcely said it when he received a shot in the collar bone. They both fell down and as soon as they could crept back, got on horses and got back to Bryant's Station that same day. I had shot three times and was just priming for the fourth, when the word was given to retreat. The Indians rose in body, seeming to me 7 or 8 deep in front of us and screaming rushed on. There were 550 of them including 50 white men and only 176 of us. Some said that Trigg never got from his horse or attempted to form his men and laid the blame of the defeat on him (this is clearly Mr. Steven's belief). When I turned to get my horse he was gone. I didn't wait to go to the ford, but plunged in higher up above the ford where the water came up to my neck. I was determined to save my gun or I would have swum over. When I got over I stopped and drew off my buckskin breeches, the bullets all the while were showering around me and one passing thru about the middle of the breeches thigh as I held them in my hands. Jess Yocom, that was with me was made prisoner, saw and knew them and was sure that I had been killed till he got home 12 months after. The buckskins when wet were so heavy and I couldn't run having them on. So I then had on my short leggings, moccasins and shirt. On the top of the hill I fell in with a man who had on red leggings and we ran on together about a mile from the river. The Indians were pursuing and firing on us at every hollow till my companion gave out. I asked him what I should do, he said make your escape and he stood snapping his gun, (which had gotten wet as well as mine so that we couldn't get them off) till the Indians came up and took it out of his hand. It was supposed that he was killed the next morning. The Indians stood and signed and pointed after me, waiving their guns in a circle as a token that I was given up. I had proceeded but a little way when I fell in with _____ Barbee, Henry Wilson (from Wilson's Station on Salt River) and a boy named Nase (?) Coombs from Harrodsburg, and perhaps the only person that got back to that station. Nase Coombs was so overcome with fatigue that we had to rest him and feed him with M _____ (Sweet Anise) that we dug up on the way and that worked him along. By this time I hadn't a stitch on me but a shirt and pair of moccasins. The nettles were green and breast high. Barbee gave me a linen hunting shirt to tie about me to keep the nettles from killing me. The next day about 12 o'clock we got to Bryant's Station.

John McMurtry said that the next morning the Indians took a number of the prisoners aside and killed all that were there together except himself (leaving him for a witness or having made out the compliment of scalps before they had reached him). Supposed they took as many as they had lost for satisfaction.

Old Henry Wilson's brother John was pursued and killed on the trace, 15 miles from the battle ground, so he said to me.

It was supposed about half the whole expedition was cut off, being either killed or taken. Twelve that were taken prisoner got back in about 12 months; among these were Jesse Yocom, saved by them perhaps because he was so swift a runner. Hugh Cunningham, Lewis and Martin Rose, brothers from Froman's Station, located at the mouth of Dick's River where Shaker Town now is. He was killed either in Harmer's or

St. Clair's Defeat. When the Indians got with them to Detroit they got drunk and took the prisoners and hid them.

Hugh Cunningham and his wife were both right Irish. Hugh had been gone so long his wife had made another engagement and was just about to married on the evening succeeding Hugh's arrival and perhaps to a much younger and likelier man. With feelings of bitter disappointment she saluted him coming in, "Well Hugh are you alive yet?" Hugh picked at the reception, crustily replied, "Yes you damn fool don't you see I am?"

Matthias Yocom came to Kentucky in the fall of 1779, he came from off the Roanoke, he moved out with his family where his station was formed. There was no one with him that year and nothing transpired at the station, except perhaps that horses were stolen.

In the summer of 1781, John Barnett (from off the Roanoke, son of Capt. Jas. Barnett, who resided at the Big Spring on Roanoke) living at Yocom's Station and Edmund Tolbert went out about 4 miles beyond Jas. McAfee's, on Salt River to hunt. I was to have gone in company, but couldn't get my horse. As they were riding along the Indians shot two balls into John Barnett. Edmund Tolbert turned his horse and galloped off. When the party from the station arrived they had to punch Barnett's dog before they could come nigh his master to bury him, and then he remained by his grave, howling over his interment. The Indians had left his dog and his horse and had taken all his clothes, except his shoes and hunting shirt, only leaving a musket and taking his, which was an excellent rifle in its place. Barnett was split open in the breast and when we found him the yellow jackets and flies were creeping over his heart. I drew two balls out of the musket that was left. This incident transpired in the latter part of the summer, late in August 1786, while I was at McGary's Station.

Hugh McGary married Caty Yocom, my wife's sister and General James Ray married another sister. James and William Ray were step-sons of Hugh McGary. McGary had a place 4 miles from Harrodsburg, afterwards called McGary's Station, which he was improving, ready for sugar making. McGary's and Yocom's Stations were both at the head spring of Shawnee Run. Jas. and William Ray along with an old Irishman living at McGary's were out in the fields or woods at work making a sugar camp in the spring of 1779, when the Indians killed William Ray. They cut him up and stuck pieces of him on the bushes. Mrs. McGary, William's mother took sick and didn't live long after that, she died that summer. This is what made Hugh McGary so fierce against the Indians. Jas. Ray escaped and made his way back to the fort at Harrodsburg and the Irishman hid behind a log where the party found him when they came from the fort.

The next day Harrodsburg was attacked, McGary killed an Indian on which he found his dead stepson's shirt and he cut him up and fed him to the dogs.

McGary lived at Harrod's Old Town, before he went to his station. I never heard of him having a station at Harrodsburg. He afterwards lived (before he moved to Harrodsburg) at Shelbyville, then moved to Harrodsburg, then to the Red Banks where he died, he never lived at any other place on the river.

The same year that Barnett was killed from Yocum's (summer of 1781), John Hinton of McGary's Station was killed at what was called Hinton's Spring: his face being found in the water. It was allowed that he had lain down to drink and in that attitude had been shot by the Indians. He was out hunting his horses. We lived there a year or two afterwards, it was near McGary's Station, in back of one of the fields, on the outside. There was no one killed at McGary's in the summer of 1780 and nothing happened without it being some horses were stolen.

Jacob Froman's Station was about a mile from Yocum's towards Danville. Capt. Isaac Hoagland from this station went out with some men down to Louisville. On his return he was attacked on Benson and he and one of his men were killed. The camp was attacked in the night. Hoagland got about 100 yards from the camp. When found the ravens had taken out his eyes; and the wild beasts rent and tore him. The other had gotten off into a tree top, where the Indians found him in the morning, shot 5 bullets into him and broke his thigh.

The fall after the Blue Lick Battle, November 1782 a company to the number of 1100, rendezvoused at Cincinnati, from above, and there built a blockhouse in the bottom, on the Indian side, opposite the mouth of Licking (a little below in the flat). Our company went down from Lexington and crossed on the lower side of Licking. At this blockhouse baggage and some few sick and disabled soldiers were left behind, till our return. The expedition was continued to the Miami Towns, about 70 miles in the interior. These towns were taken and destroyed, the inhabitants having time to make their escape. In the upper one or rather an extension of the lower one, and about a mile above it, was a Frenchman who had a trading house, we took and pillaged it, leaving him there. The camp was formed in a hollow square around the lower town, forming on the river bank. Our mess was the second one from the river. We had lit up our fires and were preparing our suppers when the Indians formed on the opposite bank and shot, firing a platoon at once, perhaps wounding one man.

Capt. McCracken of the Light Horse went to the next morning, I was on the sentry as he passed through, and just outside in the bushes, watched a white man. As McCracken passed, he inquired, "Boys, have any of you seen my horse?" The white man said, "yes here he is," McCracken looked up and saw him and as he approached the man shot him in the left arm. Some men who were near ran to the place, but it was brushy and he could not be found. McCracken died coming down the hill at Cincinnati. He was buried just beside this little cabin, a log heap being burned over it to conceal its location.

Perhaps, on the same morning an Indian hallowed from a cabin that was about 400 yards distance, in the open prairie, "Tomorrow we will give you plenty of it." He had a great voice like a bull, and at the end of every hallow – would give a hoo-oo-oo-uh. Clark told them to bring all the Indians in hell, we were ready for them. At that same time directing a six-pounder towards the cabin. The ball went right in by one door and out the opposite side, cutting the poles of the cabin as clean as a chisel. This ended the conversation and without hurt, that we could see any sign of.

While we were there the Indians formed in view and would parade their horses in battle array, right towards the town as if they were going to rush to a conflict. Clark sent three hundred men up the river, first crossing onto the other side, and then re-crossing again, and coming on their rear. In the rout 13 were killed, and we saw no more of them.

In 1785, I went to McGary's Station and from there in 1787 to Madison. It was while that I was there in Madison that we went to Chisell's Mines, and it was in going there that I saw the defeated camps between Yellow Creek and the Cumberland.

The first season that I came out here my wife's brother found a skull near Harrodsburg with an arrowhead piercing into the temple. The spear was sticking there and the temple was split open horizontally around as if he had attempted to take it out by drawing down and the arrow had broken off, while the skull also split.

Jas. and Hedrick Hutton were brothers and were living at Yocum's Station in 1781. This was the first year anybody was living with Yocum. John Hutton was killed as he was fishing down on the river, above the mouth of Shawnee Run.

Our hunting grounds in the earliest times were over this side of Glen's, Greer's and Clear Creek. George Summit, John Summit and John (Peter?) Snapp, his brother-in-law and a boy named McNeil were out on this side hunting from Froman's Station when all the men were killed.



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"The women the first spring that we came out followed their cows to see what they eat, so that they might know what greens to get. My wife and I had neither, spoon, dish, knife or anything to do when we began life. Only I had a butcher knife"

William Clinkenbeard

"The Proctors and some others went back with us to bury the dead. There was an eagle eating on Estill and he couldn't fly. I took after him with my gun stick and killed him. The varmints had thus destroyed Estill's intestines"

Isaac Clinkenbeard

"One Indian was equal to four regulars and two Indians equal to one Kentuckian, this was the common rating of equal forces"

Col. John Graves

"I studied by firelight when a boy, made of scaly bark hickory, it burns almost as good as oil, scaly bark light"

William Moseby

"Women in those times wore nothing but a petticoat over their shifts, and a handkerchief round their neck"

James Wade

"We went out hunting and Boon lent me his rifle, in place of my own, saying as I carried it on my shoulder that if I saw any buffalo it would twist round towards them"

John Hanks

"Would skin the buffalo and cut off all the good meat, then sew it up in the hide, it had no bones. Buffalo was mighty coarse meat, much like cornbread, we had it for bread, bear was kind of fat, we had it for our meat"

Benjamin Allen

"The militia in those times had no other shirts than buckskin hunting shirts and they wore moccasins and bearskin hats"

Sarah Graham

"The first buffalos I ever saw, there must have been a 1000 in number and the woods roared with their trampling, almost as bad as thunder. I have seen 100 turkeys roosting in sight of our station, crows were so full of mistletoe and so fat, that when they fell, the fat on their backs would split open"

Mrs. Falconer

"The first honey I ever saw in this country was at Harrod's house in 1786. Harrod went to the Monongahela Country probably in 1784 or 85 and got a bee gum. Brought it down in a canoe"

Nathaniel Hart

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